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National Music Teachers Convention *to Bring Thousand Musicians of* Marked Note *to Lincoln in Late December.*

BY LULU MAE COE.

NO MORE interesting gathering of nationally prominent men and women has been held in Lincoln for some time than the fifty-fifth meeting of the Music Teachers National association, convening with the National Association of Schools of Music and the Nebraska Music Teachers' association, December 27, 28, 29, 30 at Hotel Cornhusker.

A year ago when Miss Edith Lucille Robbins, national local chairman for the December tri-convention here, presented Lincoln's invitation to the national groups, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Baton Rouge, Pittsburgh, and Nashville also were inviting the music instructors for 1933.

Each representative from these cities was permitted to present the qualifications as host city and and state before the executive board. Not only did Miss Robbins need to present Lincoln's delights in bright terms, but she had to picture it as a community able to entertain a thousand visitors satisfactorily, for, with the exception of Baton Rouge, the other cities had populations ranging from 153,000 to 669,000, with accommodations of equal size, and to exhibit the charms of the plains region, for never previously has this national session been held in the middle west or the west.

Won Unanimous Vote.

But Lincoln as a convention city was represented adequately, for it received a unanimous vote.

Founded in 1876 as a research society, with exclusive membership, the Music Teachers' National association, aided by the co-entertainment groups, is bringing an outstanding musical event to Nebraska. The leading musicians and musical educators of the United States will be here for the programs, said by the national officers to be of exceptional merit. The numbers have been arranged by the presidents of the two national associations of music, although the larger share of the responsibility has been carried by Albert Riemenschneider, president of the M. T. N. A.

As an appreciation of the honor, Nebraska is the first state to affiliate with the national music association for a united meeting. In place of holding its own sessions in the spring, the state association devoted itself to this gathering and the major part of the local expenses is met by the Nebraska group through the state dues. The Lincoln chamber of commerce through its secretary, Walter S. Whitten, has co-operated in the arrangements for the affair, and the civic clubs, musical societies, sororities and fraternities, church choirs, and educational institutions have worked with the committees toward the success of the convention.

All Eligible.

All music lovers are eligible to membership in the group, and active, associate, and student membership admit to all forenoon and afternoon sessions, including the Friday evening symphony concert, and to the Wednesday evening dance, with a small extra charge for refreshments. That is membership admits to everything—but one must bring along the card. Memberships and it is expected Nebraska will enroll 1,000 members in the state and national groups, are secured through the local secretary, Homer Compton 1103 R street, and the application cards may be obtained from the membership committee.

Albert Riemenschneider, president of the M. T. N. A., is known to Nebraska musicians as a leader of master classes in organ for one of the state association meetings. An organist and conductor, he is director of the Baldwin Wallace conservatory. Frederick B. Stiven of the University of Illinois is vice president, Donald M. Swarthout, dean of the school of music at the University of Kansas, is secretary, Oscar W. Demmler of Pittsburgh, treasurer, and Karl Gehrkens, professor of school music at Oberlin conservatory, Oberlin, O., is editor of the national magazine.

In addition to the above officers, the members of the executive committee are Mrs. Crosby Adams, of Montreat, N. C., who has been a member of the M. T. N. A. for more than a half century and is well known for her teaching of compositions for children; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Hillsborough, N. H.; Edward Birge, University of Indiana, Bloomington; Carl Engel, Library of Congress, music division, Washington; J. Lawrence Erb, Connecticut college, New London, Conn.; William Arms Fisher, Boston; Rudolph Ganz, Chicago Musical college;; William C. Mayfarth, Louisville Institute of Music, Louisville, Ky.; Leo C. Miller, St. Louis; Ella Scoble Opperman, Florida College for Women, Tallahassee; Charles W. Mills, University of Wisconsin, Madison.

Earl Moore President.

The president of the National Association of Schools of Music, organized in 1924 and representing sixty schools and conservatories, is Earl V. Moore, director of the University School of Music of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. Serving with him as officers are Roy D. Welch, Smith college; Mrs. Opperman, Mr. Ganz, and Charles F. Rogers, University of Arizona, vice presidents; Charles N. Boyd, Pittsburgh Musical institute, treasurer; Burnet C. Tuthill, Cincinnati, secretary.

On the executive board of the Nebraska Music Teachers' association are the following: Miss Robbins, president, Lincoln; Parvin Witte, vice president, Lincoln; Homer Compton, secretary-treasurer, Lincoln; H. I. Kirkpatrick, Lura Schuler Smith, Elizabeth Tierney, Albert Sievers, Lincoln; and C. V. Kettering, Crete. Miss Robbins is of the Robbins School of Music, Mr. Sievers of Nebraska Wesleyan, Mr. Kettering of Doane college, and the others of the University of Nebraska school of music.

Even musical educators play, and the play hours begin at 5 o'clock Wednesday, when the visitors are the guests of Governor and Mrs. Charles W. Bryan at a reception in the state capitol, and will have the opportunity of seeing our magnificent state house. The general arrangements for the reception are in charge of Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Rosenlof and Mr. and Mrs. John Rosborough, with Lincoln groups assisting.

Plan Friendship Evening.

Friendship evening has been planned for Wednesday at 8:45 o'clock, with music, cards, dancing, and an informal social hour in the Cornhusker ball room. The Nebraska association is arranging the get-acquainted hours through the special party chairmen, Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Van Kirk and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Chenoweth.

The annual banquet is to be held in the Cornhusker ball room Thursday evening. William Arms Fisher, vice president of the Oliver Ditson company of Boston, is acting as toastmaster. Mrs. Fred G. Caldwell is chairman of the banquet committee.

Mrs. Howard I. Kirkpatrick is serving as membership chairman, Miss Tierney on the reception committee and Mr. Witte and Mr. Kettering of transportation. The committee chairmen are being assisted

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Nebraska's Near-Forgotten Quarries Revive As River Work Demands Rock

BY S. W. BROCK, JR.

SOON the bluffs and hills along the Missouri river will awaken to the ring of the axe, the blast of explosives, the clank of the gas shovel, and the shouts and laughter of busy men. Quarrying is again in vogue here after a dormant period of nearly 40 years. For with the coming of the river work there has arisen a demand for thousands and thousands of cubic yards of rip rap stone.

Years ago, quarrying was one of the chief industries of southeastern Nebraska. Thousands of men were employed, and car after car of dimension stone and crushed rock were shipped from Louisville, Richfield, Weeping Water, Nehawka, Cedar Creek, Meadow, South Bend, Johnson and Glenrock. For years most of these quarries have been lying idle, and trees have grown up and died where men once worked.

The days of quarrying have become but a memory. Such quarries as Snyderville, Atwood, Richfield, Bullock, Stoner, Van Court, and Glenrock all recall familiar scenes to the citizen of 40 years ago.

Employed 600 Men.

For instance, the old Van Court quarry at Nehawka when at its height employed about 600 men. All the drilling was done by hand, teams and slip shovels were used for removing the cover, and the rock was loaded by hand.

Quite a contrast is the modern cement plant quarry at Louisville, where the drilling is done by portable machines, capable of drilling 30 feet, the loading and stripping by big gasoline shovels, and the hauling by large 5-yard dump cars driven by tractor engines. The quarrying for the river is a combination of the old and the new. Modern gas shovels and dump cars being used for the stripping of the cover, air hammers for drilling, but the breaking and loading being done by hand.

The advent of the gravel industry into the state, with its cheap prices, dealt the crushed stone industry a severe blow, for quarries could not compete with gravel prices, so that gravel replaced crushed stone in concrete and construction work. Following the depression of 1930, came Roosevelt with his public works program, and a 14,000,000 dollar appropriation for the improvemen tof the upper Missouri river. Twelve million dollars of this will be spent between St. Joseph and Sioux City. The contracts have been advertised, the jobs awarded, and the wheels of industry are gathering speed.

Rock Demand Arises.

With this work has arisen a demand for five to six hundred thousand cubic yards of rock for rip rap. The quarry man has a market for his product. The demand on the river calls for "one man stone," stone weighing between 25 and 150 pounds and being approximately flat and rectangular.

Forty years ago the demand was for dimension stone, crushed rock, and railroad ballast. To produce rip rap stone for the river is necessarily a man power operation. Hundreds of men will again work in the quarries of Nebraska, hand picking, breaking, sorting, and loading the rock.

The expenditure of this 12,000,000 between St. Joseph and Sioux City brings to the fore these once forgotten towns: Rock Bluff, St. Deroin and Aspinwall, and revives such towns as Nebraska City, Plattsmouth, Rulo, Peru and Brownville. They are forgotten no longer, but are reminders of a romantic past, of days when steamboats sailed the Missouri and darkies walked the gangplank.

Excitement Runs High.

The sleepy towns are awakened by the prospects of work and excitement runs high. Men out of work for years will be called from the nearby surrounding country towns, for the NRA makes for shorter hours and maximum employment. Along the Missouri river today one sees tow boats, barges and pile drivers all rushing with the greatest possible speed to "the job."

—Nebraska Geological Survey.

Those slightly supercilious souls who like to think that Nebraska's a one-wealth state will have to delay their comments for a time. While we're out making the Missouri river behave, the crushed rock industry is coming back in a big way, and, once convalescent, proper interest in "diversified" industry may induce it to thrive and take its place among those mentioned. The stony spot on the left is the Ash Grove plant at Louisville and the center photograph shows a busy day at the same quarry. On the right is pictured the old Burlington quarry at South Bend.

South of Plattsmouth, men are clearing timber from a potential quarry, and the sight brings hope to many men. Eight or ten miles north of Nebraska City a gasoline shovel is stripping the cover from another potential quarry and many men are already at work there. From Rulo to Omaha men are combing the hills in search for more rock.

There are eight jobs to be done on the river in southeastern Nebraska, located at Rulo, Nebraska City, Plattsmouth, Omaha, Florence, and three between Peru and Aspinwall. Each of these jobs will, no doubt, require at least two to three hundred cubic yards of rock a day. Thus it is apparent that there is an immediate demand for somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,500 to 3,000 cubic yards of rock a day. This is equivalent to approximately 50 to 100 freight car loads or 16 to 30 barge loads.

From where will all this rock come? Geologically, southeastern Nebraska was once covered, say fifty million years ago, by seas which deposited a series of interbedded limestones and shales. These limestones and shales were then elevated and subjected to the erosion of wind and water and formed into hills and table lands.

Later came the glacial ages during which great sheets of ice swept down from the north across Iowa and Kansas, leaving behind on their retreat to the north a thick mantle of glacial drift over these old limestone hills. Then came the great deposits of loess, supposedly brought in by wind, and laid down over all this area; with the result that today only where the streams and creeks have cut their way through the drift and loess are the limestones exposed.

Such areas of exposure occur down the Weeping Water valley from Wabash to Union; down the Platte valley from Ashland to Plattsmouth south to Jones Point, which is located east of Union. From Jones Point south to Rulo the exposed limestones are thin and are separated by thick shale beds, and are largely covered by thick deposits of loess and drift.

Generally speaking, the limestones along the Platte valley, from Ashland to Plattsmouth, with the exception of those exposed at Louisville, are either too inaccessible from the railroads or are too heavily covered to figure as a great source of river rock. No doubt a certain amount of river rock will come from the vicinity of Weeping Water, although the "sugar rock" there will probably be reserved largely for other uses.

Nehawka Quarry Promising.

The old quarry center of Nehawka is probably one of the greatest potential sources of rock as the limestones exposed there are ideally suited for rip rap production. The bluffs of the Missouri from Plattsmouth south to Jones Point contain many workable limestones and where not covered too greatly by dirt are probably one of the greatest sources of river rock for barge transportation.

To what use will all this rock be put? In order to make the Missouri navigable the river is to be confined to a definite channel and not allowed to spread over a wide area, accomplishing a two fold purpose. Namely, confining the river and reclaiming thousands of acres of tillable land for future cultivation. To accomplish this, mats are made of lumber which are sunk in the river with stone.

Clumps of two or three piles are then driven through them at varying distances out into the river. Stringers are placed between the clamps and filled in with rock. Thus are formed dikes and retards which direct the flow of the river and cause it to drop its load of sand and dirt and build up a sort of bar which diverts it into its true or desired channel. The banks of the channel are then "paved" with rock to prevent further erosion by the river. Confining the river, its depth and scouring action are increased, and it cleans out its own channel and becomes navigable.

Consequently, rock forms one of the important parts of the development of the Missouri river and the quarry industry goes hand in hand with it. Quarrying is no longer a dream or a memory to Nebraskans, but is a reality. Ole Man River has opened Nebraska's quarries.

It Happened In Nebraska Or To Nebraskans

RELICS of a highly cultured tribe of Indians were found near O'Neill — a Gordon woman is in the pure bred cattle business—a Walthill man required 197 skin grafts following a burn—triplets celebrate the 51st birthday — Kearney people still turn out to fires—Rev. David Johnson's Exodus—a Wayne man mends broken toys—Nebraska woman serves Hubbell bank for 50 years.

Prehistoric Reminders.

O'Neill Frontier—During pheasant hunting season, Wilton Hayne, ("Puddle," the baseball pitcher of 30 years ago) of Page, and Roy Johnson, son of "Mike", saw peculiar flakes of stone they knew were foreign material in Holt county. Carefully marking the place, near a creek south of Stafford, the men last Sunday went there and while scanning the surface saw a small piece of stone sticking from the wall of a blowout. On pulling it out it proved to be perhaps the finest made 10-inch long maul hammer head found in Holt county. It is a remarkable example of the polished Stone Age workmanship. It weighs about 10 pounds. With it, just under the maul, was a two-pound war club head, of the same material, but not so well shaped. In the small end of the latter is a well rounded hole similar to those made in starting fire with tinder and friction caused by spinning an arrow shaft with a bow string wrapped around the shaft. In all, about 40 pounds of rock material was found in what is believed a cache of some highly cultured tribe. There are knives, scrapers, and many pieces, including a piece of hematite, pure iron, for making tools and painting face, which had corroded away, leaving the ground flaming red. Mr. Johnson brought the finds to O'Neill.

"The Exodus" In 1934.

Kearney Tribune—Rev. David Johnson Sunday night at the Presbyterian church gave a preview of "The Exodus," the Biblical spectacle which he will present here next summer. R. V. Clark read the poetic lines which connected the many different scenes, and Mr. Clark will again be the narrator next year in the annual spectacle.

Graft Skin on Leg.

Walthill Citizen—Word received from Larry Hogan in St. Joseph's hospital in Omaha, states that Mr. Hogan had 197 pieces of skin taken from his right leg and grafted upon the burned portion of his left leg Monday.

Crowds Go To Fires.

Kearney Tribune—On Saturday evening after the fire trucks had gone to answer an alarm at the Pat Gallagher garage, Central avenue was filled with cars speeding to the fire, many of them driving without lights, even though it was after 8 o'clock. Most of the cars were filled with young people who paid little attention to traffic rules, there being as many as five and six in a coupe.

Tularaemia.

Lyons Sun—The second case of tularaemia has been reported in Lyons, Mrs. Hardy Davis being the victim of the infection. Mrs. Davis had an infection on her thumb dressed by Dr. F. M. Heacock, who was convinced of his diagnosis, but sent in the blood for a test. The bacteriologist of the public health laboratory at Lincoln sent his report and pronounced it positive tularaemia.

Anniversary of Triplets.

Stanton Register—Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Blattert, Mrs. Blattert, Mrs. Herman Schwede and Hugo Weichenthal celebrated their fifty-first birthdays. These families constitute leading pioneers of Stanton county and northeast Nebraska. The Weichenthal triplets, Hugo, Ida and Elmilie, were born in Germany where their youthful education was obtained. In 1901 Ida and Elmilie came to America, settling first at Norfolk but coming to Stanton county in 1902 when they were married. Hugo migrated to the United States in 1902, coming directly to Stanton county. He was united in marriage in 1904. The triplets have lived in Stanton county for the past thirty-one years and are among the respected and outstanding families of this community. Out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Krueger and family of Madison.

He Mends Toys.

Wayne Herald—R. R. Smith whose home is at 902 Pearl street, Wayne, wishes to announce to boys and girls that he will mend their broken sleds without charge again this year as he did last year. A year ago he repaired a lot of sleds and received in return much genuine gratitude which he deems adequate compensation.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Smith is one of the worthy pioneers of Northeast Nebraska, having lived hereabouts nearly fifty-three years. He is no spring chicken, but imbibing the spirit of youth keeps him feeling young.

Santa Needs Much Help To Bring Christmas To Many Lincoln Homes

There'll be rice and beans, bacon, dried fruit, and potatoes on Monday, December 25, for all those looking to the Lancaster county relief bureau for sustenance in these hard days.

They had about the same menu last Monday. And there'll be little variation from it on Wednesday or Tuesday or Sunday.

None of them will be hungry. That food means dinner.

That father, incurably ill, mother, and three children, composing a superior family, intelligent, refined, pleasant, will have enough to eat. Of course, the fact the father is incurably ill, losing responsible positions, in which he has proved reliable and efficient when suffering his attacks, and that, combined with his bitterness and despair at accepting charity and his physical helplessness, isn't going to make the regular round of beans and bacon any better on December 25.

Mother Doing Best.

Just the usual basket, grateful as is the X family at receiving it, will make that day only another Monday. Mr. X is tubercular, acquired in unsanitary working conditions, has been in Kearney twice, and cooperates with the city clinic for treatment; Mrs. X is young, keeping her three little boys, all under five, clean and healthy; her home, for which there is no income, well-managed, spotless; and herself, cheerful and bright—when the family's there.

Miss J is sixty-five, but appears older because of severe chronic rheumatism and bronchial trouble. She has earned enough to pay about three-quarters of her rent, but the last month illness has prevented even this small aid on her part, and the landlord's pressing her for rent has not added to her mental cheer. She hasn't a dime ahead, even for carfare to obtain a job, on those days she can work. Only observation discloses Miss J's plight, for she doesn't tell her woes. To her, Monday, December 25 is only the second day of the week.

Christmas!

But to those living in comfort, luxury even, in comparison with those knowing only the replicas of Mother Hubbard's cupboard with nothing there, for their dog, but for their babies and themselves, December 25 is never Monday or Friday or any other day.

It is Christmas.

And a world cradled in the gentle spirit of Him whose birth date it is learns that giving is more blessed than receiving.

The county bureau is doing its utmost to provide the necessities. It now is caring for approximately 550 families, of which some 70 per cent are classified in need of relief because of old age and the remainder seeking it because of unemployment due to physical incapacitation.

In other words, the county provides care for those who are unemployable. Under the federal emergency relief act of last March, national governmental funds can be used only for whose able to work, and the division between the employable and those unable to work was effected in this county August 1. Because these cases sometimes must be sent from one office to another, when the worker who has been ill is fit again for labor, both county and federal offices are in the Bryant building. There, to the county bureau, come the aged and sick, or those pleading for them, embarrassed, but driven through cold and hunger to seek help for the fundamentals to keep life going.

Deserving People.

These men and women with their little families aren't alien, distant souls, asking for alms. They are friends, relatives, neighbors, living next door, across the street, astounded and hurt that they must come to a public office, to paid workers, asking for the food and fuel they've earned always. They are deserving cases, for the county investigates, and knows the hard, pitiful stories, stories of persons coming to this extremity through no fault of their own.

Workers from the county bureau know that they can provide no Christmas luxuries, no Christmas gifts, no Christmas food for these families. Considering the number to be cared for, it is a great task to secure the routine allowance for groceries and fuel.

But in a world that is rich in spite of its financial sufferings of the last three years, in a world where so many can divide, and would, if they knew where, and in a world of kind and gentle folk, it is too ghastly to know that December 25 is but Monday for some—unless we look beyond our own front windows into the lives of those across the way. Many men and women will be lonely, sad, dreary, doubting the authenticity of the Christmas spirit, little boys and girls will hear of a jolly Santa Claus, but will not know him, will be a bit too hard of spirit for babies, if, ignoring the Yuletide spirit of good will, of thought for others, of interest in their spiritual welfare, we forget.

Good Samaritans' Helpers.

Those who work with them every week, seeking their narrow lives, long to bring a bit of holiday cheer to those who will have only the simplest material food that day. They hope that those who read will bring gifts, not frankincense and myrrh, as were laid before the Baby nineteen hundred years ago, but gifts in that spirit, gifts that will provide a bit of the holiday joy in the bare little homes. Useful gifts they may be—warm underwear, stockings, clothing, bedding—or just a "present" from a good saint, a book for those who read, a potted plant candy for the little ones, a bright little toy, in short, a thought that there are those who care. To call Miss Grace Nicholas, Miss Mary Alice Vernon, or Mrs. Amorette Page at B1866 will be to bring their fullest co-operation in the plan for simple Christmas cheer.

Such thought would mean Christmas at its best, in comparison to the last few years, to that Lincoln family of seven children, in addition to father and mother, in a four room home. Five of the youngsters sleep in one bed, their ages four to twelve the two-year-old has a crib, and the youngest of five months sleeps with the parents. Two years ago, the father was injured and for months his foot has been in a cast, but he is counting the days until his release, so that he can work again. The family has a cot that could be used, if it had bedding, but it hasn't—the children's bed has no mattress, the youngsters sleeping on one thin blanket, with another for cover.

Elderly Hit Hardest.

Although physical disability may bring those of any age to the bureau, its largest work is with the elderly. Mr and Mrs. A have occupied a room on the third floor of a downtown rooming house for years, Mr A paying for it as long as he had employment, working out his rent when the landlord had tasks for him However the seventy-year-old couple has met dark days he crippled, she losing her sight with a cataract on one eye and a second forming, but, because they have been good tenants, good neighbors, the landlord permits them to remain. Mrs. A. tries to pick up a few stray pennies from paper flowers, made from cast off crepe paper from a nearby store, but the pennies are few. Christmas would be Christmas if the worker could take a small remembrance in the basket with her beans and bacon.

Miss J — she who is rheumatic and old—could use a dozen small things, not classed as gifts—but bright delights to her—toothpaste, a pair of hose, shoe polish, buttons, thread. How delighted would be Mr. and Mrs. X if the spirit of good will came in their Christmas dinner —the spirit that would bring a toy

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York Man, 80, Cultivates Garden As Sideline To Running Elevator

When William Gebbers of York can't be found in his garden, he is on his job at the bank, although he had to let the bells ring for a minute while he had his picture taken. The one fills his leisure hours, the other his working schedule, and York residents have seen him in his garden and in his elevator for two decades.

BY MRS. E. E. WELCH

William Gebbers, who operates the elevator in the First National bank at York feels he has had more ups and downs than most people, having run the elevator more than 20 years.

The third and fourth stories of the bank building are occupied by professional men, so the elevator makes many trips every day.

In the time Mr. Gebbers has out side that vocation by which he earns a livlihood he has the avocation of gardener and nurseryman at his pleasant home where he lives with his wife and daughter. The tract where his home is located contains 10 city blocks devoted to the production of trees flowers and vegetables.

A beautiful growth of spruce stands near the house and he has many pine and spruce trees, among which are planted apple trees.

The "glads" and dahlias raised at the Gebbers home are always among the choicer flowers shown in York, and he has many other perennials as well as annuals in his garden

While almost 80 years of age, Mr Gebbers still tends to his duties with the activity of a much younger man, walking to and from his home to the bank each day, a distance of about one mile.

Nebraska's Vital History Faces Ruin As Lack Of Funds Prevents Proper Archives

BY JACK ERICKSON.

One sometimes gets to poking around and when one does, he sometimes finds things which are perhaps interesting, perhaps startling. Your chronicler found something which was both of these while looking over the newspaper archives of the Nebraska State Historical society in the basement and sub-basement of the state capitol some days ago. This is what was found:

In the possession of the historical society are some five thousand yearly volumes of Nebraska newspapers and periodicals which are disintegrating because funds for purchasing bindings and providing proper shelving for them are not available. Of this group of volumes, 450 of them have accumulated during the past year. All of them are slumbering sagas of this state's humanity as recorded by Nebraska editors each day and each week. The whole thing, upon investigation, developed into a fascinating story which led the chronicler into the heart of Kansas to view the newspaper section of the Kansas State Historical society at Topeka.

—Hale.

Here, stacked in the corner of a room on the ground floor of the state capitol, in state historical society quarters, are the annal volumes of approximately 450 Nebraska newspapers. They have been waiting, since the first of the year, for funds with which they may be bound and shelves upon which they may be placed. Meanwhile, they are practically inaccessible for research purposes and are disintegrating from effects of light and air.

A Real Mail.

Let us begin the story with an examination of the weekly mail of Miss Martha Turner, newspaper clerk for the Nebraska Historical society. Each week for the past ten years she has been receiving 450 newspapers and periodicals published in Nebraska. Twenty-two of these are daily papers, some are bi-weeklies and monthlies, but the great aggregate of them are products of the weekly labors of Nebraska's small town publishers. These are all carefully listed and checked on the society's elaborate index system and then tenderly folded away until the year's end when the whole volume is scheduled for binding.

"These papers come to us through kindness of Nebraska's publishers," Miss Turner explains. "Each one of them is a living record of its community, an elaborate historical etching of the hopes, joys and sorrows of those people who make Nebraska the great state that it is."

Until only recently, this work was done in the basement of the library building on the University of Nebraska campus. But within the past thirty days the work has been transferred to the new quarters adjoining the historical society's museum on the ground floor of the state capitol.

There these small town weeklies of the past year or two have been placed under the same roof with their direct predecessors which lie stacked alphabetically by counties in bound volumes in the sub-basement just below. Some of these weeklies extend in continuous succession from as far back as 1891 when systematic collection of Nebraska's newspapers was started by Professor Caldwell of the state university. Later this work was taken up and continued to the present day by the historical society.

Sheldon Stresses Value.

In these bound files lies the real history of Nebraska, the intimate chronicling of every family in every community. Within these pages one will find the events of the world as they have affected individual Nebraska citizens and the acts of Nebraska citizens as they have affected the world. It is to these files that community historians, family genealogists, and others come by the hundreds each year to bring to life the dramas of humanity which lie buried in those pages. But let Dr. A E Sheldon, that grand old superintendent of the society, tell of their value

"This newspaper collection, one of the most valuable groups of documents which the state now has or shall ever have, is a great mine of information and a human, personalized history of Nebraska's progress. Even were all other books and documents pertaining to Nebraska to burn these files would perserve intact the true history of the state.

"They are all made use of at some time or another. Educational institutions often use them for research on questions social, political, and economic as concerns the state; lawyers, bankers and realtors occasionally find them invaluable as a source of proof of legal publications which may be missing from the public records; newspaper reporters, editors and publishers often find them a friend in need when portions of their own files are lost or destroyed—in truth the value of these papers is beyond estimate."

In the corner of the new quarters for the newspaper section, however, lie the 1932 volumes of Nebraska's weekly newspapers. They are tied in folded bundles to keep their deadly enemies—air and light —from eating their paper hearts away. But they are slowly dying for want of their own specialized form of treatment known as binding and a secure place of orderly storage in the form of metal shalves. This they cannot have because the necessary funds are not available.

Books Also Suffering.

"It isn't just so many bundles of newspapers which are disintegrating here," Dr. Sheldon points out "It is a living record of Nebraska life which is fading into nothingness. Here are stories of people, of communities, and of places which can never be replaced"

These files—they are the ones which you see in the picture which accompanies the article—are not alone in their misery. For just below in the storage archives are nearly 5,000 additional volumes which are in the same fix. They have been straightened out and wrapped in heavy brown paper, but all the same they are both inadequately cared for and virtually inaccessible for practical research purposes. They lie against the walls and feel, (if one may take the liberty of granting them figurative powers of emotion), not a little mournful as they see approximately 15,000 fellow-volumes securely bound and neatly filed on shelves which, though they are only wooden—are at least some measure of security.

Those 15,000 bound volumes—and what stories they can tell you if you will only open them and let the pagse talk—have earned the comparative security which is now theirs for they too have had some narrow squeaks. Back about 1910 when their bulk began to overflow the university quarters many of them, along with many volumes of books, were moved. They were placed in the abandoned basement of the building begun for the historical society at Sixteenth and H streets. It might have been a glorious editorial edifice had the legislature supplied money for its completion. Into this basement, with its rather rude roof, these papers and books were placed. As the years passed, leaks developed and water trickled through, damaging the files—some of them beyond repair. Then in 1931 and up to the present time, following two legislative grants of $2,000 each for the purpose of moving and renovation of the books and files, a rescue was begun and now those many volumes are comparatively safe.

Earliest Papers Preserved.

There are also three or four hundred volumes of papers which are kept in a fire-proof vault in the university library. These include the files of Lincoln and Omaha dailies and those of the early Nebraska weeklies. Among this latter group are 100 volumes of papers printed in territorial days from 1854 to 1867 including the Nebraska Palladium, the first paper printed in this state. Its first issue was printed at Bellevue on July 15, 1854 A couple of weeks later on July 28 the first issue of the Omaha Arrow appeared. Copies of both these first issues are in possession of the state historical society. Then there are about two hundred more files of papers published between 1867 and 1891 which are also kept in the fire-proof vault.

"What is the immediate need of the state historical society as concerns its newspaper section?" was the question we put to Superintendent A E Sheldon after pondering the condition of these old patriarchs of Nebraska print shops.

"Our most urgent necessity," he said, "is for adequate funds for binding these 5,000 unbound volumes and for metal shelving upon which they may be stored. Application for funds has been made both to the capitol commission and to the CWA. We seriously need metal shelving in order that current papers may be cared for and thus obviate any question concerning wooden shelving."

It was then that your writer took the trip to Topeka to view the newspaper section of the Kansas state historical society.

41,000 Volumes Safeguarded.

There, housed in the white marble Memorial building, built at a cost of $600,000, is the largest newspaper collection owned by any state in the union. The Kansas State Historical society, founded in 1875 by a group of pioneer newspapermen, has a newspaper collection of 41,000 bound volumes which are kept on fireproof metal shelves and bound with leather backs.

Not only do they have continuous files of all Kansas papers published since 1875, but they have many volumes of territorial papers, early Nebraska, Missouri, and Oklahoma papers, and also a few volumes of papers which are older than the union itself.

"How," we asked Nyal Miller and George Root, who take care of the newspaper and archives sections, "has the Kansas State Historical society managed to be so fortunate in securing all this."

Their reply, summed up, showed that society's success to be due to continuous and active support of Kansas newspapermen who organized and perpetuated the society, a provident legislature, and a state print shop where all their printing and binding is done without charge.

We strolled through the newspaper section of the Kansas society. Here were four tiers of metal shelves. Each tier contained sixteen rows of shelves 36 feet in length and 12 feet in height. Each of these tiers, as well as a basement filled with similar metal shelving, contained bound files of Kansas newspapers arranged alphabetically by counties as well as many other papers.

1854 Paper Exhibited.

Here for instance was a bound volume containing the first issue of the Kansas Weekly Herald that state's first paper published under an elm tree at Leavenworth, Kas., on Sept 15, 1854 We turned to the editorial column written by W. J. Osborn and W. H Adams and found this

"We had the pleasure a few days since, of a visit from our friends, Samuel J. Finch editor of the [illegible] and Ira F. [illegible] [illegible] under an elm tree but seemed very [illegible]

(Continued on Page Seven.)

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Dr. Stromberg, Pastor-Author, Bids For Busiest Man Fame With 43rd Novel

WHEN codes are in the making, it might be a good plan to arrange a forty hour day schedule for the Rev. Dr. Leonard Stromberg.

For it would seem the Oakland man would need a stretched out day to include all his activities.

Not only has he served his Oakland church twenty-two years as pastor, fulfilling the many obligations imposed by that position, but he is author, journalist, lecturer, and traveler as well.

Only last week he pulled the welcome news from his post office box that his forty-third novel, "Goran Malmsjo," a story of Sweden, had been accepted for publication by the New Publishing company in Stockholm.

Nor does the wolf need to figure that one volume alone can't keep him long from the door, for it was in November that Dr. Stromberg received a copy of his forty-second novel, "Der Prairian Blommar," or "Where the Prairie Blooms" from Sweden, where it had been published by the J. A. Lundblad Publishing company in Upsala. The book, a big fat volume, concerns Nebraska's early Swedish settlers.

Not Modern?

The majority of Mr. Stromberg's works have gone into many editions, although he states that he may not be wholly modern in his writing, because he follows through to the end. However, two years ago one of Sweden's well known literary men wrote in the Stockholm Daily News an article on books, in which he stated there is no other writer so widely read in Sweden.

"But I don't have this modern touch of—just stopping. That is, I do not stop just when I think I have come to some kind of a climax and let the reader guess as to the outcome.

"I have tried to bring in some moral and religious teachings in all my stories, and I am glad I have. My work has not brought me great good, but it has given me much joy," the author states.

One of the Oakland minister's novels, "The Ice Is Breaking," was translated into English a few years ago by Prof. Joseph Alexis, chairman of the department of Germanic languages at the University of Nebraska, and had a comparatively satisfactory sale. Heartened by this response, Dr. Stromberg translated one of his own works last spring, but it has been refused by the publishing houses to which he has sent it. Critics who have read it, he has found, declare the translation to be good, and therefore easy of sale, but the writer-translator knows there is a mistake on one side or the other, for he has some lovely, if kind, rejection slips.

Little Swedish boys, also, must learn of the busy bee and improving each shining hour, for the Rev. Dr. Leonard Stromberg, who spent his youth on the far peninsula, has followed that admirable precept through all his life. Although he worked hard for his education and has spent many years as a minister, Dr. Stromberg, who now holds a pastorate in Oakland, has found time to write innumerable volumes, both of prose and poetry, which have met a wide popular response.

Started In Boyhood.

The minister's interest began a long time ago as a young boy in Arboga, Sweden, one of the oldest cities in the country, where he was born July 11, 1871. Although his parents were in very moderate circumstances and both worked for their family of five boys and a daughter, they were cultured folk, much interested in literary questions and devoted to inculcating a love of poetry and the best prose in their children. Dr. Stromberg believes that his parents might have developed a literary ability, had they had more leisure.

One of the Oakland author's happiest memories of his childhood is of the family working together in the long Swedish winter evenings, with one member reading aloud a classic. When the reading was over, the family had its own little round table discussion on the contents.

Dr. Stromberg's mother believed him to have more literary ability than her other sons, and often she talked with him about what she hoped and expected of him in the future. One day he remembers particularly, when his mother took him for a walk in the country, opening his eyes to the wonders of nature, a particularly beautiful nature and environment in that part of Sweden, which aided in the development of the romantic and poetic strains in the boys. On that walk, she said:

Predicted Writing Career.

"Some day when I am not here, you will be a writer. You shall tell people of the beauty of life. But whatsoever you write, be true to God and the highest ideals. Write to teach people to love God and that which is beautiful and valuable in life.

"And do not commercialize what you do. Do it for the mere joy of it."

Inspired by the walk and the words, the lad went home, determined to write his first poem that evening. Of it, the minister says now:

"I did it, and I have it yet. I read it to mother before she tucked me in that night. She wept and said it was beautiful.

"Perhaps it was—to her. Others would have laughed at it. But she understood. Mother-love always does."

A few years later, when her son was fifteen and working in a barber shop for money to continue his schooling, she died. The following winter he removed to another city, continued his barber work, and went to school. In the fashion he has continued to carry on three or four lines of work as a man, young Stromberg did a little writing every day, working toward development in that field.

Success At 17.

When he was seventeen, one editor accepted a poem, and a little later, a second printed one of his stories. There was no dream of great riches with them, for the author received no compensation.

In 1891, when Dr Stromberg was twenty, his first small volume of poetry and short stories, "Little Flowers," was published by a firm in Skovde, Sweden. The youth was encouraged, for the critics looked upon it kindly and it had a comfortable sale.

Co-incident with the publication of the volume, Alfred Hedenstjarna (Sigurd), one of the most popular Swedish writers of the day, called on young Stromberg, read his verses and said nothing for the time being. The potential author was nervous and fearful, but when the noted writer had concluded his reading, he put his hand on the younger man's shoulder and said:

"'Boy, you have it in you, if you only understand developing yourself. Always do the very best you can, and you will succeed. I like your little book.'

"Of course, you know how happy I was. And I have tried to follow his advice."

Entered Seminary.

After a time, Leonard Stromberg went to Upsala, the largest university city in Sweden, where he entered the Methodist Episcopal theological seminary, graduating in 1894. His first appointment was in Ostersund, far in the north near the polar circle. While there, Mr Stromberg wrote his first novel in the winter and spring of 1895. It was published the following summer, and has been reprinted many times.

The lure of a new world and the desire to know more of it brought the minister to Philadelphia on September 2, 1895. Coming with the thought of remaining a few years for study, he has remained and returned visits to Europe in that time. His first three years were spent as a pastor in Concord, Neb., and from there he went to Chicago for an equal length of time, editing one of the church publications. Four years in Dayton, Ia., another in Lindsay, Neb., and six years in Keene, Neb., followed. From Keene, the Stromberg family moved to Oakland in 1912, and Dr Stromberg serves his pastorate there for the twenty-second year, loving his country church and its loyal congregation, and hoping to stay for many years.

Won Many Prizes.

In spite of his varied duties, he never has given up his literary work. During all the years, he has prepared newspaper and magazine articles, stories, and verse, in addition to his prolific writings of books and novels. Dr. Stromberg has taken part in several contests, winning first prizes for both prose and poetry, and he holds the gold medal of the Literary Society of St. Eric in New York.

"And I still am writing," Dr. Stromberg declares. "I am trying to gather material for several books about the Swedish people in Nebraska, and I hope to succeed. And some day, perhaps, if I feel like it, I might try to write a book in English."

Dr. Stromberg is a successful minister; he has traveled extensively; and he has lectured with success on religious and popular subjects. In 1919, Nebraska Wesleyan conferred the degree of doctor of divinity upon the Oakland minister, in recognition of his literary work, and he has been a member of the general conference of the Methodist church. For nearly twenty years, Dr. Stromberg served as secretary of the annual conference to which he belongs.

Five years after coming to America, he was married, and he has three sons and a daughter. The two youngest boys are graduates of Nebraska Wesleyan, and now are taking post graduate work at the University of Oregon in Eugene, where their sister is specializing in music.

Dr. Stromberg is a member of the Swedish Historical society, the Swedish Journalists' society, the Swedish Cultural society, the American Sons and Daughters of Sweden, the Nebraska Writers guild, the Midwest Writers society, the Society for Advancement of Scandinavian study, the Masons, and other groups. In 1917, the American-Scandinavian society in New York honored the Nebraska man with a scholarship for study in Sweden. He accepted it and devoted some time to study in his native country.

Callaway Club Played Bridge 23 Years Ago, Before Sport's Fame

Members of this Callaway bridge club might invite Ely Culbertson to come up and see 'em some time, for when the bridge expert still was devoting himself to writing on literature and sociology, the Custer county adepts had been going strong for several years.

The present personnel of the long time bridge club follows: Top row, left to right: William McCulloch, Lester Willard, John Funkner, Dr. J. F. Davies, Philip Beshaler, Charles Frederick, Harry Lamb, John Frederick, jr., Frank Hagin, Willis Haycock; middle row, Dr. E. C. Hoskin, Dr. R. D. Bryson, E. D. Wieland, Russell Smith, John Frederick, sr. bottom row, Monte Randall, E. G. Woodworth, George Frederick, and E. F. Brega.

Long before "Culbertson," "trick-and-a-half" and "vulnerable" were common household words—23 years to be exact—a group of young men in Callaway, Custer county, were learning to play bridge. Except for 3 weeks during the war when the town was quarantined for "flu," the club has met every Wednesday night, rain or shine, through all the years.

This is how it started. Reverend Dowd, Episcopalian pastor, to promote good fellowship among the men of his church, organized a club. For a name they went to far-off Toronto where Dr. E. C. Hoskin, one of the members, had spent his boyhood. No-na-me, an Indian name given to the Hoskins' summer home on Lake Ontario, was selected.

Tried "New" Game.

What to do for pastime, was the next question. The late Frank L. Haycock discovered in the New York Sun some lessons on a new and interesting game just being introduced from England. Bridge! A combination of whist and five hundred. Just the thing for the new club. The subscription to the New York Sun increased. Later, to avoid becoming provincial and to keep up with the constant changes in the game, the club followed the rules laid down by the Knickerbocker club of New York.

About 8 or 9 years ago, several of the members began playing contract bridge, so the No-na-me club had a running start when this game swept the country a few years later. Unfortunately this group of men are

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Congratulations

On Their Wedding Anniversaries to These Nebraska Couples Who Have Been Married 50 Years or Longer

Mr. and Mrs H E Sutzer entertained at a family dinner at their home, 1028 South Fifteenth street, Sunday, November 26, in honor of their golden wedding anniversary. The out of town guests included Mr and Mrs W O Howland and two daughters, Mr and Mrs H C Sutzer and son, and Mr and Mrs Herbert Smith, [illegible] all of Omaha, Mr and Mrs E T Kyle, [illegible] were present at the celebration.

Mr and Mrs G. W. Brazer of [illegible] celebrated their [illegible] anniversary [illegible]. The picture was taken at the time of their marriage.

Hubbell Woman Bank Cashier Fifty Years

When Mrs. Lou A. Conklin went to her desk in the Hubbell bank on the morning of Monday, December 4, she was beginning her fifty-first year as cashier of that institution.

December 3, 1883, the day following her marriage to William H. Conklin, she began her duties as cashier of the Hubbell bank, and with this December day in 1933 she closed a half century in the same position in the same bank, a record probably unequalled. Flowers from those with whom she has been associated as a banker, the best wishes of friends and fellow townsfolk of Hubbell, and reminiscences of fifty years of banking which have included two [illegible] depressions marked the anniversary.

Lou Arbuthnot Conklin was born January 24, 1860, near Allegheny City, Pa., and came west to Kansas in 1870. For a decade she taught in the schools of Republic county, and arranged the first course of study for the Belleville, Kas., high school. Mr. Conklin died December 3, 1924.

In addition to her work as a pioneer business woman, Mrs. Conklin has made the leisure to have diverse interests. In 1924-25, she was worthy grand matron of the Nebraska Order of the Eastern Star, and for twelve years served as grand treasurer of the order. She is a member of the board of directors of the Masonic-O E S home at Fremont, and has served the Hubbell lodge as secretary.

MRS. L. A. CONKLIN

National Convention Will Bring Thousands Of Musicians To Lincoln In Late December

(Continued from Page One.)

by about one hundred local musicians.

All of the officers and many members of the executive committees are taking an active part in the convention program. Among those who are known previously to music instructors of Nebraska are Mr. Ganz, officer, committee member, and convention speaker, who not only has appeared in concert in the larger cities of the state, but also has conducted several master classes in piano at the state association gatherings.

Harold Bauer of New York City, concert pianist of note, has directed master classes here in piano, Jacob Kwalwasser, Syracuse, N. Y., in musical tests, and Palmer Christian of the University of Michigan in organ.

Dr. Hanson Is Nebraskan.

Lincoln and Nebraska is particularly interested in Dr. Howard Hanson, who went from Wahoo to all sorts of awards and prizes, followed it up with the directorship of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, and as a co-labor has written "Merry Mount" for presentation at the Metropolitan opera in New York in February. Dr. Hanson is to appear as guest conductor of the Lincoln Symphony orchestra concert Friday evening, December 29, when it appears on the same program with the Great Cathedral choir. He is to address the meetings on two occasions on "The Present Status of American Music—Its Progress and Its Problems" and "Composition and Theory of Music as Subjects for Graduate Study."

Included in the noteworthy participants in the convention are Karleton Hackett, president of the American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Waldemar Geltch, chairman of the violin forum, from the University of Kansas; Leon Sametini of the Chicago Musical college; Parvin Titus, Cincinnati conservatory of Music, who is to give an organ recital; Frank A. Beach of the Kansas State Teachers' college, Emporia, chairman of the tests in intelligence, Max T. Krone, the Arthur Jordan conservatory, Indianapolis; and John C. Wilcox, director of "The Brahms Singers," who will give one of the musical interludes arranged for each convention session, and a member of the faculty of the Denver College of Music.

There is deep interest in Dr. John Erskine, who combines his duties as president of the Juilliard School of Music in New York City with the authorship of such best sellers as "Uncle Sam," "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Adam and Eve," and "Cinderella's Daughter." Among those coming to Lincoln for the programs are C. M. Tremaine of the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, New York; Mrs. William Arms Fisher, president of the American Choral and Festival alliance, Boston, and chairman of the choral forum of the convention; Dr. Charles S. Skilton, professor of organ and theory, University of Kansas; Dr. James F. Cooke, Philadelphia, editor of "The Etude;" Harold Butler, dean of the college of fine arts at Syracuse university; G. A. Leighton of the Cincinnati conservatory of music; Cecil Burleigh, University of Wisconsin; Joseph Brinkman, University of Michigan, pianist for the piano forum; R. G. McCutchan, dean of the school of music for DePauw university, Greencastle, Ind.; and Rowland W. Dunham of the University of Colorado, Boulder.

Dudley Buck of Chicago, who is taking part in the voice forum, Dr. Joseph E. Maddy, professor of music in the division of fine arts and professor of public school music in the school of music of the University of Michigan; James T. Quarles, dean of the school of fine arts, University of Missouri; Mme. Winifred Christie of Scotland, who is to give a recital on the double keyboard piano; W. Oliver Strunk, music division of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.; Russell V. Morgan of Western Reserve university and director of music in the Cleveland, O., public schools; and Freeman Talbot, manager of KOA of Denver, are all included in the program of addresses, surveys, forums, and discussions during the four day session.

The entire program follows:

FIRST SESSION.
Wednesday Morning

Ball Room—Hotel Cornhusker

8 00-9 00 a m—Visit Exhibits and Registration—Hotel Cornhusker

9 00 a m—Registration—Hotel Cornhusker

9 00-10 00 a m—Meeting of Executive Committee President's Room, Hotel Cornhusker

10 00 a m—Call to order—Albert Riemenschneider, president M T N A and Edith Lucile Robbins, president N M T A presiding

Invocation—Dr Walter Aitken, pastor St Paul M E church, Lincoln, Neb

Address of welcome—Dr Paul C Johnston, pastor Westminster Presbyterian church, Lincoln, Neb

Appointment of nominations and resolutions committees

[illegible] a m—A National Clearing House for the Music Teacher—Wm C Mayfarth, Louisville Institute of Music, Louisville, Ky

[illegible] a m—The Present Status of American Music, Its Progress and Its Problems—Howard Hanson, Eastman School of Music, Rochester, N Y

[illegible] a m—The Present Situation in the Colleges—J Lawrence Erb, Connecticut College for Women, New London, Conn

[illegible] a m—Music in the New Leisure Time—Peter W Dykema, Columbia University, New York City, N Y

[illegible] a m—The Music Library as a Cultural Influence—James T Quarles, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo

[illegible] a m—Through Service to Emancipation—Frances E Clark, Camden, New Jersey

11:20-11:30 a m—Needed Improvements Concerning Organ and Choral Music—Palmer Christian, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich

11:30-11 40 a. m.—Group Instruction in Music for Adults—C M Tremaine, National Bureau for Advancement of Music, New York City

11 40-11.50 a. m.—The Evaluation of Capacity and Achievement—Frank A. Beach, Kansas State Teachers' College, Emporia, Kas

11 50-12.00 a m—The New Social Attitude in Music Instruction—Russell V. Morgan, Board of Education, Cleveland, O

12 00-12 10 p. m.—Business in Education and Education in Business—Mrs. Blanche Skeathe, New York City, N. Y.

12 30-12 10 p. m.—Luncheon—Phi Mu Alpha Fraternity (Sinfonia)—Chinese Room.

Luncheon—Sigma Alpha Iota, Mu Phi and Delta Omicron—Lancaster Room.

Wednesday Afternoon.

Ball Room—Hotel Cornhusker.

Frederick B Stiven, Vice President M T N A, presiding

2 00 p. m.—American Music—Dr. John Erskine, President, Juilliard School of Music, New York City.

2.30 p. m.—Spreading the Musical Gospel in America—Dr. James Francis Cooke, editor, The Etude and president, The Theodore Presser Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

3:00 p. m.—Musical Interlude—Quintet, Opus 34 in F Minor, Brahms—University of Nebraska String Quartet: Earnest Harrison, piano; Emanuel Wishnow, first violin; Dorothy Holcomb, second violin, J Lee Hemingway, viola, Bettie Zabriskie, cello

3 30 p. m.—The So-Fa Syllables—Pros and Cons—Karl W. Gehrkens, Professor of School Music, Oberlin Conservatory, Oberlin, O

4 00 p. m.—Interlochen, Its Past, Present and Possibilities—Dr Joseph E Maddy, Professor Music in the Division of Fine Arts and Professor of Public School Music in the School of Music, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

5:00 p. m.—Reception in the State Capitol as guests of Governor and Mrs. C W Bryan

Wednesday Evening.

Ball Room—Hotel Cornhusker.

8.45 p. m.—Friendship Evening

SECOND SESSION.
Thursday Morning.

Ball Room—Hotel Cornhusker.

8 00-9 00 a. m.—Visit the Exhibits

9 00 a. m.—Voice Forum—Dudley Buck, Chicago, Ill., and John C Wilcox, Denver, Colo., members of the American Academy of Teachers of Singing, presiding. Introductory remarks about the Academy; its aims and aspirations.

(a) A Brief Outline of the Theory of Voice.

(b) Diagnoses of Three or Four Vocal Subjects (preferably untrained).

10:50 a. m.—Ten minutes intermission.

11:00 a. m.—Musical Interlude — The Brahms Singers of Denver.

Sopranos, Maurine Bryant, Georgia Ellyson; basses: Ben Gilbert, Tom Watson; tenors: Lester Cowan, Raymond Rhea; pianists: Elma Werner-Landler, Andrew Riggs; contraltos, Catherine Anderson, Grace Fritz; conductor: John C. Wilcox.

PROGRAM

Four Love Songs (from Liebeslieder, Op. 52) ... Johannes Brahms
(a) Was once a pretty birdie
(b) In wood embowered
(c) Spiteful neighbors
(d) Secret nook in shady spot

Six Love Songs (from Neue Liebeslieder, Op 65) ... Johannes Brahms
(a) A tremor's in the branches
(b) Nightingale, thy sweetest song
(c) Bird in air will stray afar
(d) From yon hills the torrent speeds
(e) Locksmith, ho! a hundred padlocks
(f) Now, ye Muses, be hushed

(English verion of text by Natalia Macfarren).

12:00—Sectional Luncheons:

Voice Group—Chinese Room, Chairman, C V Kettering, Doane College, Crete.

Piano Group—Lancaster Room, Chairman, Cecil Berryman, Omaha.

Violin Group—Parlor A, Chairman, Emily Cleve Gregerson, Omaha.

Organ Group—Parlor B, Chairman, Louise Zabriskie, Omaha.

Choral group will meet with American Choral Alliance, Friday, 12.00 noon—Lancaster Room.

Thursday Afternoon.
Visit the Exhibits.

2.15-5:00 p. m.—Organ Forum — First Plymouth-Congregational church, 20th and D streets.

2 00-5:00 p. m.—Violin Forum. Waldemar Geltch, University of Kansas, Lawrence, presiding—St. Paul's M E church, 12th and M streets.

2.00-2:50 p. m.—The Violin Soloist, Chamber Music Player, Teacher, Orchestra Player and Student—Wassilly Besekirsky, University of Michigan.

2.50-3.00 p. m.—Intermission.

3 00-4:00 p. m.—Musical Interlude.

Organ recital—Parvin Titus.

Violin and piano recital—Wassilly Besekirsky, violin

Joseph Brinkman, piano

4:00-4.30 p. m. Old and Modern Violin Playing

Leon Sametini, Chicago Musical College, Chicago

4.30-5:00 p. m. Violin Composition in America, Its Tendencies and Achievements.

Cecil Burleigh, University of Wisconsin, Madison

Thursday Afternoon.

2 15-5 00 p m Organ Forum. (Special Busses Furnished for Transportation)

First Plymouth Congregational Church

J Lawrence Erb, Connecticut College, New London, Conn., presiding.

2 15-2 45 p m Artistic Standards and Ideals in Church Music.

Rowland W. Dunham, University of Colorado, Boulder.

2 45-3 45 p m Three Periods in the Development of the Tonal Design of Organs

The program selected by Mr. Titus to illustrate the special points brought out in his paper is as follows

Gabrieli, Italian School 15-10-1586, Prelude

Frescobaldi, Italian, 1587-1654, Capriccio Pastorale

Le Begue (French, 1630-1702) Noel, Une Vierge Pucelle

Pachelbel, German, 1653-1706, Vom Himmel hoch

Buxtehude, Danish, 1637-1707, Prelude Fugue and Chaconne

Leo Sowerby (contemporary American) Carillon.

Louis Vierne (contemporary French) Allegro Risoluto Symphonie II

Parvin Titus, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, O

3 45-4 15 p m The Background of the Modern Organist

Dr Charles Sanford Skilton, Professor of Organ and Theory, University of Kansas, Lawrence

4 15-4 45 p m —Why This Deluge of New Hymnals?

R. G. McCutchan, Musical Editor Methodist Episcopal Hymnal and Dean School of Music, DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana

Thursday Evening

7 30 p m Annual Banquet of the M T N A with members of the National Association of Schools of Music and the Nebraska Music Teachers Association in the Ball Room of Hotel Cornhusker. William Arms Fisher, vice president of the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass., acting as toastmaster.

Address: Art and the Ways of Men—Chancellor E. H. Lindley, University of Kansas, Lawrence

Greetings from Mrs [illegible], chairman banquet committee; Mrs. John Alexander Jardine, president National Federation of Music Clubs; Earl V. Moore, president National Association of Schools of Music; Miss Edith Lucile Robbins, President, Nebraska Music Teachers' Association, and others

Special music furnished from the management of Miss Helen Fowles, New York City

La Texana (Corinne Mora),

Bast Gauntlett, pianist

Herbert Wall, tenor

THIRD SESSION.
Friday Morning.

Chinese room—Cornhusker hotel

8 00-9 00 a m Business meeting of the Nebraska Music Teachers' association

9:00-11 00 a m. Annual meeting of N. A S M—Parlors A and B

(Election of officers, etc., — Open to members of the N. A S M only).

Choral Forum.

Ball room

Mrs. William Arms Fisher, president, American Choral and Festival Alliance presiding

9.00-9.10 a m. Vocational and Avocational Outlets for Musicians, Mrs. William Arms Fisher

9 10-9.25 a. m. The Upward Swing of Choral Music in the Colleges and the Rapid Growth of A Cappella Choirs.

(Survey prepared by Mrs. Paul A. Steese as a thesis for a B A degree at the Eastman School of Music)

Dr. Howard Hanson, Eastman School of Music, Rochester, N. Y.

9 25-9 45 a m—A Cappella Choir of the State Teachers' college of Kirksville, Missouri

Barrett Stout, director.

Adoramus Te Christe, Pitoni.

Break Forth O Beauteous Heavenly Light, Bach

Only Begotten Son, Gretchaninoff.

Praise To The Lord, Christiansen

9 45-10.15 a. m. The Use of the Voice in Group Singing D A Clippinger, conductor, vocal teacher coach, Chicago

10:15-10.35 a. m Accompanied versus A Cappella Singing. John Rosborough, Lincoln, Nebraska

10-35-11:00 a m—A Cappella choir of Central high school, Omaha Nebraska

Carol Marhoff Pitts, director.

In Mirth and in Gladness, Neidt.

Lost in the Night, Christiansen

The Brook, Archangelsky.

Sunrise, Taneyef.

Go Down Moses, Negro Spiritual

11 00-12:00 a m Annual business meeting of the M T N A

American Choral and Festival Alliance luncheon conference

Friday Noon.

Lancaster room—Hotel Cornhusker.

Miss Edith Lucille Robbins, honorary hostess

Mrs William Arms Fisher, president, presiding.

Music Festivals, Their Permanence, Value and New Growth in the United States.

Missouri Valley Festival—Mr. Martin Bush; Major W R Watson, Managing Editor, Omaha World-Herald.

Southwest Festival—Dean Donald M. Swarthout, Dean James T. Quarles, Mr. W M Symon

A Cappella Choir of the State Teachers' College of Kirksville, Mo—Barrett Stout, Director.

Rocky Mountain Festival—Mr. Freeman H Talbot, Mrs J. E Wilcox.

Mississippi Valley Festival—Mr. Leo C. Miller, Mr. Irwin Mattick, Mr. Barrett Stout.

The Value of Festivals as Orchestral Season's Climax—Mr. Rudolph Ganz, Mr. Karl Krueger.

Friday Afternoon.

2:00-5:00 p. m.—Piano Forum — Ball Room, Hotel Cornhusker —Rudolph Ganz, director, Chicago Musical College, presiding.

2 00 p. m.—The Evolution of the Piano and Piano Playing—Rudolph Ganz, Chicago Musical College, Chicago

3:00 p m —The Moor Double-Keyboard Piano and Its Possibilities.

Bach ... Chaconne
Cesar Franck . . Prelude, Chorale and Fugue
Debussy ... Poisson d'or
Debussy ... Prelude
Godowsky ... Gamelan
Dohnanyi ... Capriccio

Mme Winifred Christie

4.00 p. m.—The Growing Responsibilities of the Preparatory Teacher—Joseph Brinkman, University School of Music, Ann Arbor, Mich.

5 00 p. m.—Advisory Council Dinner, Wm. C. Mayfarth, presiding

8 20 p. m.—Concert by the Lincoln Symphony Orchestra, Rudolph Seidl, conductor.

Assisted by Phillip Arbas, cellist, and The Great Cathedral Choir

University of Nebraska Coliseum, 14th and Vine streets

Dr. Howard Hanson, Eastman School of Music, Guest Conductor

PROGRAM

Overture Egmont ... Beethoven
Symphony No. 11, Romantic ... Hanson

A memorial to Peter Christian Lutkin

The Great Cathedral Choir, Lincoln, Neb., John M. Rosborough, Director.

a. Nunc Dimittis ... A. Gretchaninof
b. Regeneration ... F. Melius Christiansen
c. Shepherd ... Peter C Lutkin
d. O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee ... Peter C. Lutkin

Fantasy for 'Cello and Orchestra ... Skilton

Phillip Arbas, Kansas State Teachers' College, Pittsburg, Kas., Soloist

Espana ... Chabrier

FOURTH SESSION.
Saturday Morning.

Chinese Room—Hotel Cornhusker.

8 00-9 00 a m—Business Meeting of the Nebraska Music Teachers' Association—Ball Room, Hotel Cornhusker. Combined meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association with the National Association of Schools of Music. Albert Riemenschneider, President M T N A., and Earl V Moore, President, N A S M., presiding.

9 00-9 15 a m—The Present Attitude of Universities and Conservatories Toward Graduate Study in Music—Earl V Moore, Musical Director, University School of Music, Ann Arbor, Mich.

9 15-9 45 a m—Sources and Problems for Graduate Study in Musicology—W. Oliver Strunk, Library of Congress, Music Division, Washington, D C

9 45-10 00 a m—Discussion—

a. For University Libraries—James T Quarles, Dean, College of Fine Arts, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo

b. For Conservatory Libraries—Charles N Boyd, Director, Pittsburgh Musical Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa

10 00-10 20 a m—Musical Interlude—Lincoln High School Choir, W. G. Tempel, Director

a. A Fantasy on a Russian Folk-Song ... Richard Gaines

(With Orchestra Accompaniment)

b. To Be Sung of a Summer Night on the Water ... Frederick Delius

10 20-10 45 a m—Applied Music as a Subject for Graduate Study—H. L. Butler, Dean of the College of Fine Arts of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

10 45-11 [illegible] a m—Composition and Theory of Music as Subjects for Graduate Study—Howard Hanson, Director, Eastman School of Music

11 [illegible] a m—Graduate Study in the Field of Music Education—Russell V. Morgan, Western Reserve University and Director Music Cleveland Schools, Cleveland, O

11 15-11 [illegible] a m—Discussion—

a. Applied Music—Karleton Hackett, President American Conservatory of Music, Chicago

b. Theory and Composition—George A. Leighton, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, O

c. Music Education—Max Krone, Arthur Jordan Conservatory, Indianapolis

[illegible] a m—The Fine Arts in Secondary Education—[illegible], Principal John Burroughs School, [illegible], and Chairman, Commission on the Relation of School and College for Progressive Educational Association, St. Louis, Mo

11 50-12 00 a. m.—Discussion

12 15 p. m.—Luncheon—American Academy of Teachers of Singing and Nebraska Academy of Teachers of Singing—Chinese Room.

Adjournment.

12:00-3 00 p m.—Exhibits remain open for final inspection

1 30 p m.—Final meeting of the M T N A Executive Committee in the President's Room Hotel Cornhusker.

Schedule of the National Association of Schools of Music—Wednesday, December 27, 1933: 2:30 p. m. Commission on Curricula, Howard Hanson, Chairman.

Thursday, December 28, 9:30 a. m. Commission on Curricula, Howard Hanson, Chairman; 9:30 a. m. Commission on Ethics, Frank Shaw, Chairman; 9:30 a. m. Commission on Publicity, Phillip Clapp, Chairman; 2:30 p. m. Executive Committee, E. V. Moore, Chairman; 7:00 p. m. General Banquet.

Friday, December 29, 9:00-11:00 a. m. Annual meeting, open only to members of the N A S M. Reports of officers and commissions. Election of officers. 2:30 p. m.—Continuation of business meeting if necessary.

Saturday, December 30, 9:00-12:00 a. m. Combined open meeting with the M T N A.

Majesty Of Missouri River Told By Brown

It is natural to man to look back with affection upon the scenes of his boyhood, for they are tiny links of memory which chain the golden past to the moving present. So James L. (Jimmy) Brown, Lincoln attorney, in a speech eloquently describes the Missouri river, on the banks of which he was raised in Nebraska City.

J. H. Sweet, editor of the Nebraska City News-Press, referring to Mr. Brown as one of Lincoln's Beau Brummells, quotes with approval his description of the river's autumn scene:

An Extraordinary Scene.

"It was my good fortune to have been raised in Nebraska City. The town of my boyhood grew from one of the first settlements the white man left after he had crossed the mighty Missouri on the long, long march of empire. In the ward bordering the river, I looked out wonderingly on life, acquired an appetite for hamburger steak which still persists and attended the ward school. I can promise you that there awaits you along the river an extraordinary scene.

"The Nebraska bank slopes upward abruptly from the water's edge to a considerable height. It is covered by a dense, primeval growth of tree and shrub. When autumn paints the closely-woven carpet of leaves, the river bank becomes a tapestry as exquisite as an

(Continued on Page Seven.)

J. C. Mitchell Heads Teacher Association

J. C. MITCHELL.

DON R. LEECH.

C. A. BOWERS.

J. C. Mitchell, superintendent of schools at McCook, was elected president of the Nebraska State Teachers association at the recent delegate assembly meeting in Omaha, to succeed Supt. M. C. Lefler of Lincoln. Supt. Don R. Leech of Albion was named vice president, and Supt. O. L. Webb of David City was re-elected treasurer for the ninth consecutive year. Charles A. Bowers, Lincoln, as secretary is elected by the executive committee and continues in office on contract.

At this same delegate assembly meeting, the annual business meeting of the association members heard the reports and recommendations of the sixteen standing committees, which revealed clearly the educational conditions and needs throughout the state. In outlining further the educational policies which the association is to pursue during the coming year the members stressed the urgent need for preventing further curtailment of educational opportunity and for reopening the doors of the many schools which are now closed.

Urge Aggressive Action.

The emphasis on aggressiveness and immediate action in protecting the educational rights of boys and girls is reflected in the resolutions adopted by the delegate assembly. In part these resolutions read:

"We believe that it is the duty of congress of the United States to make a specific emergency appropriation for schools to supplement the sums now available. We regard it as imperative that the federal government create a relief fund for use in school districts that cannot maintain their schools, without unloading fully their own resources and all the financial aid which the state can extend. Such federal aid should not usurp the powers of the constituted local and state authorities. We urge congress to make such an appropriation immediately in order to prevent the closing of schools and the denial of educational opportunities to hundreds of thousands of future American citizens.

Ask Equitable Taxes.

"We are firmly convinced of the desirability and necessity for setting up a more adequate and equitable plan of taxation whereby our system of public education, along with all other necessary governmental functions may be properly maintained, not at the expense of any one class of workers or group of citizens, but at the expense of all in accordance with the ability of each and all to contribute to that support. We would most heartily endorse any action by the citizens of Nebraska [illegible] that would provide for the [illegible] needs may be adequately and equitably met."

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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Sunday Journal and Star

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Per Year	$2.50	$4.00	$6.00
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Per Month	Journal	Star
Evening	$ .50 mo.	.50 mo.
Evening and Sunday	.80 mo.	80 mo.
Morning and Evening	.85 mo.	
Morning, Evening, Sunday	1.15 mo.	

Sunday (Journal and Star) 10c a copy.
Morning delivered by 6 A. M.

Residents of wet states are drinking whisky "aged" in a single day by a process said to equal fifteen years of "aging" in wood. "Aging" is hardly a suitable term for the curing process these days.

At the annual gridiron dinner in Washington there was some quip about balancing the budget. The claim was likened to Doc Cook's North Pole discovery. And that raises the question: What has become of Doc Cook? He hasn't been on the front page for a long time.

Samuel Insull presents a rather sorry figure dodging the long arm of the law that has reached out from America several times in vain. His taking refuge behind the skirts of a foreign country is in strange contrast to the lordliness with which he presided over the empire of cardboard that he erected in the middle west. He should be game enough to return and take his chances with the courts.

A list of the ten most charming persons in the world is headed by President Roosevelt's name and four other Americans are included. One of them is the president's wife and another the wife of a former president, Mrs. Grace Coolidge. A comedian and an etiquet expert are the other two. The list may be taken for what it is worth. Some of the selections are obviously good. But a foreign charm expert might not be partial to Americans.

Often, of course, it is but common sense on the part of the victim of kidnapers or holdups to hold his peace and submit tamely. There is no use resisting if it will get one nowhere. At the same time it always makes one feel good to hear of a citizen successfully resisting or getting the better of persons with designs upon his person or property. The Topeka bank cashier who disarmed the two men who intended to kidnap him becomes a hero to the general public. The citizenry of the nation takes pride in the prowess of one of its number.

The house ways and means committee is studying the possibility of changing the present income tax system to that employed in Great Britain. This can be largely accomplished by omitting from income tax statements all capital gains and losses. This would make it possible to more closely estimate the revenue from this sort in advance of the tax levy. In Great Britain over a period of eleven years there was a difference of but 35 percent in the returns, while in this country they have ranged from a 46 percent increase in one year to a 26 percent decrease the next one.

A man applied to a New York court recently to recover losses he had sustained playing a slot machine. It seems that he had played $15 worth of nickels and only received 85 cents in return during all that play. It further developed that he lost $41 the week before in the same machine. So he wanted the court to help him get his money back. "If you won you would not be here?" asked the magistrate. "No," the man replied. "There is nothing I can do for you," said the judge dismissing the case. He might have told the player that he was a fool to go back after losing so much but he refrained. It probably would not have done any good.

Senators Borah and Ashurst announce that they will ask congress to remove the long-standing exemption from taxation of federal, state and municipal bonds. Both are of the opinion that it will not be necessary to secure an amendment to the constitution. It should be easy to crystallize public sentiment in favor of the removal, especially since senate committee investigations have shown that these are used by a considerable percentage of rich persons to evade payment of their just share of the burdens of government. It may force an increased interest rate on such borrowings, but with money plentiful for investment competition ought to prevent this from absorbing the increased taxes that would result.

Many people do not know what it feels like to be a creditor, except as shareholders in the government of the United States, but they are getting a good taste of that. They are experiencing a share in that all-gone feeling that comes when one has loaned money and the money is not forthcoming when the loan falls due. Instalments on loans to foreign nations due Friday total 152 millions. Of this amount only 8 millions have been promised. England is paying 7.5 of the 117 millions due, Italy a million or about 50 percent of the instalment, Czechoslovakia about 10 percent, Latvia 5 percent, Lithuania 10 percent and Finland 100 percent. Finland's instalment is almost a quarter of a million. France, Poland, Belgium, Estonia and Hungary are not even making a token payment.

The artists have come in for consideration under the CWA. "Mural painters, sculptors and craftsmen soon will be setting up their canvases and scaffolds in public buildings thruout the country to carry out a federalized cultural program which bears the approval of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt," the Baltimore Sun reports. The president's wife, having given her approval, the CWA has set aside funds for the project, and the general embellishment of federal and other publicly owned buildings in Washington and elsewhere will be begun. The project may include such structures as federal and state administrative buildings, buildings on Indian reservations, public schools, hospitals, land grant colleges, customs houses, court houses, municipal libraries, museums and zoos. The announcement further states that artists will be employed in making pictorial records of national activities, especially under the recovery program. This is the first time that the artists have received special attention from the government. The kindly intervention of the first lady may react to their benefit.

A WORTHWHILE TRIBUTE.

Ruling on a criminal case in which the wife of the defendant had been excluded from testifying in his behalf on the ground of incompetency, the supreme court of the United States held that the age-old rules of common law which disqualified as witnesses persons having an interest, and which long since in the main have been abolished both in England and this country, should not be applied in this case. The common law, it explained, must be flexible and construed to meet changing conditions.

In the opinion of the court, evidently, conditions have changed, for it says:

"Whatever was the danger that an interested witness would not speak the truth—and the danger never was as great as claimed—its effect has been minimized almost to the vanishing point by the test of cross-examination, the increased intelligence of jurors, and perhaps other circumstances."

The interesting feature of the decision, to the layman, is the tribute the court pays to the intelligence of jurors. He is also interested in the changing circumstances affecting legal procedure which it seems to detect.

Even after the common law rule on this particular phase of the case had been pretty generally abolished, many a judge felt uneasy when it was left to the jury to weigh the testimony of an interested party such as a wife. The supreme court feels no qualms. It finds jurors intelligent and quite capable of detecting any possible prejudice on the part of the witness. On the other hand the trial judge must have felt some distrust of the discriminating powers of jurors or he would not have permitted this old common law rule to be invoked to bar the testimony of the defendant's wife.

The supreme court, however, in its comments on this case, has expressed a gratifying confidence in the intelligence of jurors, the efficiency of the processes of law and the integrity of witnesses.

"GOING NARROW."

Ethel Lockwood, actress, makes an unusual announcement. She is going back to the faith of the fathers. She doesn't care who knows it. She tells the world she has turned, has quit fooling herself. She will ban some plays. If you don't like her plays and her acting you can go elsewhere. This is what she says:

I am going narrow. I for one am thru kidding myself. I for one am ready to come right out into the open and fight for some of the good old narrow principles of my forefathers. I'm dead against plays and moving pictures that exploit crime and "crimson ladies". Narrow—you bet. From now on I'm narrow and proud of it.

The theater managements are said to watch the effect of plays of different types on box office receipts and to be keen judges of what the public wants. Their success depends on their judgment in serving the public. When that fails they are penalized by box office losses.

Nevertheless one may be permitted to question their judgment now and then, and the hard struggle of amusement enterprises in recent years may be considered as indication in part of public disfavor. Some amusements do draw. Witness reports of the big attendance at most of the football games of the past year.

Every one knows many non-theater goers. They have given up. They have been surfeited with sex plays, with bedroom scenes, with gangster and gang pictures. These offerings do draw some people and they do keep some away from show houses who would like to go under different conditions.

There are attractions that leave a pleasant after memory, that do not offend, that entertain and offer even more than the pleasure of the moment. If the Ethel Lockwoods of the profession were more numerous maybe we would have more such attractions.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

When the Lindberghs had completed their hop from Natal to Para, Brazil, after spanning the South Atlantic, every one urged them to loiter. There was no hurry, friends and acquaintances told them. They could take it easy and sightsee a bit.

But the Lindberghs would not listen. They wanted to be home for Christmas, they told their friends. Thousands of miles were to be traveled before they arrived home. Any mishap might mean delay. So they pushed on, intent upon reaching home so that they could be there for Christmas.

Theirs was a wholly natural desire. Home and Christmas are closely linked in the minds of most Americans. A Christmas dinner at home, no matter how poor it may be, is always preferable to a sumptuous meal eaten elsewhere. Even the synthetic pleasure of spending Christmas in someone else's home is superior to consuming an elaborate meal alone at a public eating place.

Thousands of Americans will be heading home in the next few days. Many of them will cross the continent to be home on Christmas. Few will have to travel as far as the Lindberghs did when they started home from Natal, Brazil, but the same motive will inspire the journey.

Sometime during the week thousands of college students will be released from their work for a short vacation period. To most of them it means a journey home and a Christmas with their folks. To those unfortunates who have no place to go, Christmas is not so replete with meaning.

In the Doctor Vizetelly's newer dictionaries there will be no "baloney". The word, he says, is East Side slang and is not properly placed in proper lists. Al Smith's recent use of the words "baloney dollars" prompted an investigation into the origin of the word. The lexicographer may be right. He frequently is right. Maybe the word came from the East Side but a lot of westerners have an acute recollection of the word being used in the west for a decade or more.

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL.

A bunch of western cattlemen, including Dan Hildebrand of Seward and Robert Graham from Alliance as representatives of Nebraska, investigated the consumers side of the controversy while in New York a few days ago. They visited the packing houses and while making the rounds told reporters that they were getting from $16 to $17 for steers that cost $40 to raise. Then they went to dinner and paid $1.50 each for beefsteaks, for which they had been paid 1 1-2 cents on the hoof. These cattlemen realized that the steak had gone a long way since it had left the farm. It had been butchered, refrigerated, distributed to the caterer and prepared for the consumer, served hot on his plate and surrounded with trimmings. Nevertheless these men felt that the spread was too great and they said so. Probably every man who handled that steak from the producer to consumer could show that under present conditions the charge made for his part of the work necessary was reasonable and fair. It seems to be the system.

John V. Nelson, stockman of Boone county, says this has been a disappointing year for stockmen but he thinks prices will be higher next year. By that time there will be less cattle to market. "The crowd always goes one way," he says, "and generally that is the wrong way." Blaine Miller of Lincoln county reports the long fed cattle are about gone in his county and that the usual number of feeders have been placed. Eric Wurdeman, Colfax county stockman, reports that fat cattle are practically all gone in his locality. Interviews with western Iowa stockmen show about the same situation there as in Nebraska. It isn't difficult to find cattlemen who believe there will be a shortage in feed lots next season.

Reports from many feeding centers in the state show that the local price of corn has advanced to or near the government loan price of 45 cents, and that people who expected to profit by buying corn on the market and holding it for the advance, have been prevented by the quick advance from making a profitable deal.

"How fast can a steam locomotive run?" asks a Journal and Star fan who has been reading about the new 90 mile an hour trains that two western roads are planning to put in service. That question was put to a mechanical engineering man who knows something about steam engine speed. "I don't know," he answered, "but I am told the Burlington is grooming one of its fast steam passenger engines of the lighter class to pull the new fast train if anything should go wrong with the power unit of the new train. And that steam locomotive will make the schedule, too, and don't worry about that. It will add to the cost of operation if it must be used, but it will get the train over the road."

How one Nebraska farmer made $750 by little effort, used the money to pay off the mortgage on his farm and had enough left to make a trip to the world's fair, is told by the Oxford Standard in a brief item that could have been expanded into a magazine feature. Here it is: "Running for a skunk, instead of away from a skunk netted $750 for John J. Hatke, farmer living across the Kansas line from Oxford, Neb. He captured the animal, skinned it, cured the pelt, and entered it in a contest sponsored by a large fur firm. With the $750 received as first prize Hatke paid off the mortgage on his homestead and had enough money left to see the Chicago fair, he said."

A student attempts to criticise the Daily Nebraskan, university publication. The criticism seems a compliment. That paper is charged with being provincial. The critic sees that paper confining its news and editorial efforts to the campus and to the students it serves. The same charge can be made in relation to most publications. They are planned to serve and are dedicated to certain work or to specific lines of endeavor. They are narrowed to the field they select, but they are not necessarily restricted in the quality of service or the character of content. They survey their field carefully that they may produce a publication that fits. Some try to cover much territory and that prevents them from securing the greatest success possible from their efforts.

Dr. E. H. Barbour of the university museum expresses high regard for the George Dayton collection of animal heads. In a recent letter he said that he knew that Mr. Dayton's intention was to some day donate the collection to the university museum. Serious illness and financial reverses have made it necessary for Mr. Dayton to offer for sale the fine specimens of animal heads accumulated during an active lifetime. Doctor Barbour emphasizes the high quality of the mounted heads. Only the best were mounted and the mounting was done well.

FOOTNOTES.

A. W. Gordon, president of the Omaha Loan and Building association, has made a taxation study that puts him in the class of those who know what they are talking about. Some of the things he has unearthed should have peculiar interest to Nebraskans. He has found one town in the state where its assessed actual valuation is 70 percent bonded. There are others showing from 35 to 50 percent. His figures are based on the assessed valuation of the communities, not of the school districts, and a few of the districts are greater in extent than the city. That of course would make some difference.

Mr. Gordon holds that there can be no debate on the subject of public expenditures for government being too high. Where to use the cutting tool is always debated by the official class, the place being in some other department than their own. Some urge that new sources of taxation be found, or the base of taxation broadened. "Owners of real estate should recognize," he says, "that the mere fact that taxes may be equalized does not mean that real estate taxes will automatically go, for if the present volume of tax expenditure keeps up equalization will be affected, not by real estate taxes going down, but by all other taxes going up." In this connection Mr. Gordon showed that the per capita tax has gone up in this state, including federal, state and local, from $13.54 in 1890, to $31.25 in 1915 and to $104 in 1930. He offered this comparison:

	1890	1915	1930
Federal	$4.60	$ 7.25	$35.00
State	1.21	4.00	14.00
Local	7.73	20.00	55.00

Mr. Gordon reported estimates of the 1933 per capita tax at $126.

Take Douglas county: In 1915, 64 percent of the county taxes was paid by real estate and in 1932 only 35 percent. Since 1915 Nebraska has adopted inheritance, gasoline, intangible, insurance policy, both life and fire; auto license, franchise and capital stock taxes; while some municipalities have adopted occupation, wheel and other license and privilege taxes. Comparisons were made that showed the problem of equalization is being solved but that taxes are not going down. They are being equalized upward. Tax stop signs are not seen.

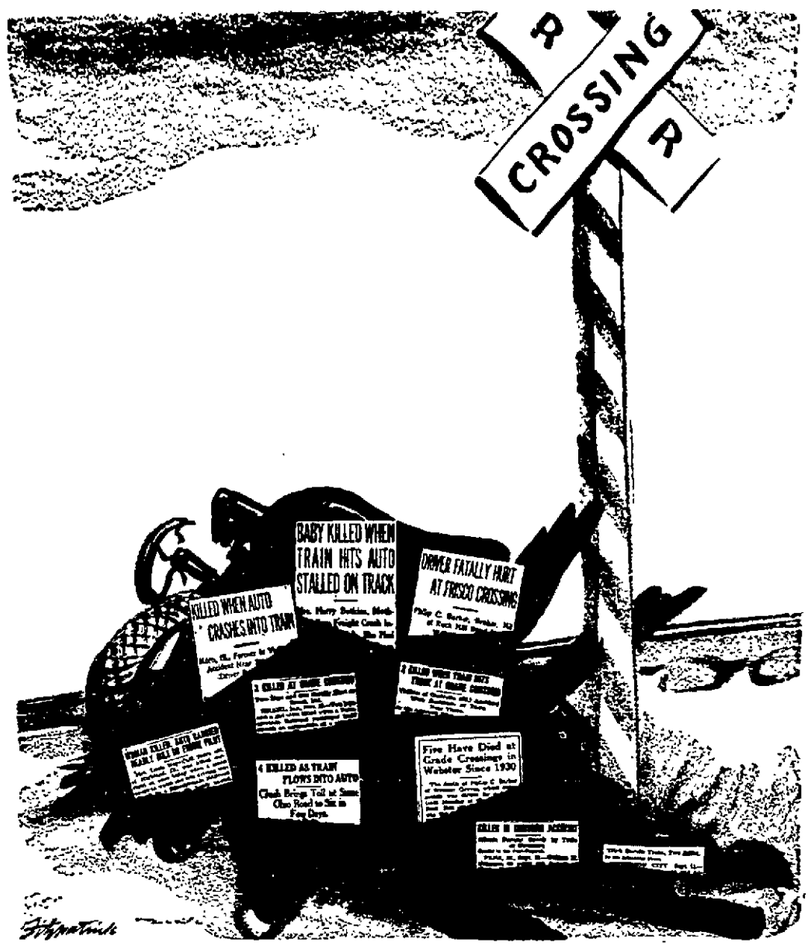
"Practically none of our tax spending bodies recognize a debt until it is paid," says Mr. Gordon. A common practice is to hold up invoices for the last two or three months of the year and then use the following levy to pay them. This is true just before elections. If an economy ticket is elected nine times out of ten it is confronted with a depleted treasury and high totals of unpaid bills. An individual or a party pledge is valuable only as an indication of good intention. Warrants are issued and bought for investment for the sinking funds. Interested groups secure privilege of special levies from the legislature. Special assessment bonds become general obligations.

Lack of centralized authority, too many local governments for the taxpayer to watch, and the theory that officials do not need watching are reasons for existing conditions. Mr. Gordon said: "If the taxpayers of Omaha should step in and insist on their legal rights, it would mean utter collapse of government in Douglas county, and this is as well known to the county commissioners as it is known to the taxpayers association. This condition goes for other counties as well as Douglas."

What does Mr. Gordon recommend? Uniform system of accounting for all county auditors; budget law with teeth; pension systems and special levies submitted to a vote of the people; funds or investments representing sinking funds placed in the hands of the state treasurer to be released only for the purpose for which they were created; the Indiana plan relating to bond issue, providing for notice to taxpayers and making it possible for taxpayers to appeal from the act of the bond issuing officials; and finally: "That our laws be amended so that when ten or more taxpayers make affidavit that to the best of their belief and knowledge that funds are being expended by any tax spending body in excess of its legal income as provided by law, that the state auditor shall investigtae such charges, and if such charges are maintained that the attorney general shall prosecute and the penalty shall be instant removal from office and those so found guilty shall be prohibited from again holding elective office."

"I often wonder," muses Mr. Gordon, "if our illustrious Nebraskan, W. J. Bryan, did not get his idea of a million minute men springing to arms overnight, from having at some time inadvertently urged the curtailment of some public service."

HERE'S A CHANCE FOR PUBLIC WORKS



—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

JUST FOLKS BY EDGAR A. GUEST

GO ASK YOUR MOTHER!

When it comes to the children I freely confess
At settling their problems I'm not a success,
But when there's a doubt about something or other,
I can always reply to them: "Go, ask your mother!"

When they want to go swimming and run into me
I may answer "yes," when "no," it should be,
So I say unto Janet, or say to her brother:
"You want to go swimming? Well, go, ask your mother."

I'm only the dad of the household and so,
Too often I've found that my "yes" doesn't go,
Too often reversals my judgment will smother,
So I settle all questions with: "Go, ask your mother."

"May we have a nickel for candy?" they cry,
That seems a request I could grant or deny,
But I fear to decide it one way or t'other,
So I grin at the pair and say: "Go, ask your mother."

(Copyright.)

DAILY DRIFT.

"How then can man be justified with God? or how can he be clean that is born of a woman? Behold even to the moon and it shineth not; yea, the stars are not pure in his sight. How much less man, that is a worm? and the son of man, which is a worm?"—Job xxv: 4, 5, 6.

Bildad the Shuhite looked over the situation in his day and generation as Alfred Smith and Arthur Mullen viewed the early days of our national depression and jumped to the conclusion that whatever is is wrong.

Henry George said he "believed in men," and in all his life his faith in the people never wavered. Because of that faith he led a more useful life and left a noble example as a legacy to those who believed as he did. Unlike the famous Shuhite of old, he looked upon man as a worthy object of divine creative energy and not as a repulsive and cringing worm of the dust.

If Henry George had lived in the troublous day of 2,700 years ago when the panic of that time upset Job and all his relatives, he would have gone to him with words of comfort and good cheer and helped him as people are now comforted and encouraged by reading the talismanic NRA and the assurance that imported liquors will no longer be smuggled in but will bear a taxation proportionate to the benefit the public will absorb from this contribution to the joy of guzzling the damstuff.

One commendable trait of the present administration is its determination that justice shall prevail tho the heavens fall. The return of intoxicating drinks is not in the nature of a gratuity to the people. From 200 million to 300 million dollars is the tax agreed upon, and this happy sum must perforce come from the safety deposit vaults of the ultimate consumers. But high authorities connected with the administration are pledged to admonish the sovereign citizens to take their schnaps in moderation.

Drink, that the tax may thus be readily and rapidly collected, but do not become intoxicated and have to be run in and disgraced. Who can descend to the level of Bildad and call us "worms" unless we become gutter runkards and have to be wheeled home in handcarts?

Dear Lord, it is man's duty and his place
To fight against the demon of disgrace;
To so dispense with bourbon and old rye
That he may gain in self-control thereby.
In total abstinence we stand to lose,
Since that means total loss of revenues.
Strong drink, "in moderation" seems to be
The balance-wheel that sets the nation free.
A nip of toddy seems so fine and fit;
A little tax that keeps right up with it,
And we will have a happy land again,
With not a thing to worry us. Amen. BIX.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY.

The failure of the pork packing industry to get started in Lincoln was the cause of considerable acrimonious discussion over railroad rates.

W. L. Van Alstyne of Lincoln had just completed a courthouse at Stanton and was at work on the reform school at Kearney.

FORTY YEARS AGO TODAY.

Harry Hill was sentenced to death by the jury at Plattsmouth for the death of Mr. Akeson.

L. W. Garroutte bought a suit of clothes at a reduction of $12, but his pleasure was dimmed when he found that evening that his paycheck would have to be cut $25 a month on account of hard times.

THIRTY YEARS AGO TODAY.

A second indictment was turned in by the federal grand jury in the Dietrich case.

The Japanese troops to Korea was said to be imminent.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY.

It was announced that Lincoln's interurban road was still a money loser.

Mexican federals of the north said they intended to attempt the recapture of Chihuahua.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY.

Representative Garner of Texas said that Mellon said the Mellon plan for tax reduction was misleading as it would lower taxes for only a few.

The trial was set at North Platte for the burning of the Lincoln county courthouse.

PERSONAL VIEWS OF THE NEWS

By J. E. Lawrence

HAIGLER, Neb., Dec. 14.—Out here in this country of magnificent distances, there is a distinct empire. It is a distinct empire of a character little found in America today. To use the language of one of its pioneers, it is a cattle country without the cattle. That does not mean there are not hundreds of head of choice beef ranging the hills and the valleys, because there are. But in the sense of past glory, the range of southwestern Nebraska, that section bordering close upon the Colorado and the Kansas lines, is not what it used to be. The great herds which formerly roamed its acres are gone.

One of the most interesting spots in a drive of more than a hundred miles to me was the canyon which was formerly the old Abilene-Dodge City trail up from Texas. It is but a short distance out of Benkelman. The route stretches up out of Kansas into Nebraska—within the borders of which is found the greatest range in all America. It is an unimpressive canyon, perhaps 100 yards across, surrounded by hills, and as level as a table in the valleys, but it echoed to the hoof beats of thousands of head of longhorns driven northward from Texas, where drouth and close cropping had exhausted the grass.

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With the members of the Nebraska advisory board in its inspection tour of two irrigation projects in the Republican valley was Samuel G. Porter of Haigler, the engineer and the moving spirit in the plans to bring that section under water. His father was the first democratic candidate for governor in this state. The son, now grey haired, an active, enterprising engineer, whose whole life has been devoted to southwestern Nebraska, told us of the first great herds which he saw following the old Abilene trail into Nebraska. It was in the early eighties. They came down over the hills—two separate herds of eight thousand cattle—resembling ever so much a stream as they poured into the valley.

It took them a whole day to pass. They browsed leisurely on the rich, tall grass which grew in the canyon, slowly working to the north. That was a half century ago, but the range of southwestern Nebraska still remains one of the finest to be found anywhere in America.

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Which leads us to suggest there is no range for livestock equal to it anywhere in the United States in the matter of dependability. That slow-tortuous trek from the Texas Panhandle north was not undertaken without good cause. The Texas grass country with but few exceptions is able to support a thriving livestock industry. Not so always, however. There are seasons when the absence of rain means that the cattle there are deprived of feed. It was the undependability of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico as an unfailing source of supply of range grass which in reality supplied a famous trail to the north. The old route which led thru Abilene would not have been etched across the prairies except for the reason there were years when there was a total absence of feed in Texas and its neighboring states.

That is one important consideration in connection with the irrigation projects in Nebraska. Virtually all of them border on the range country. Virtually all of them rub elbows with the grass region upon which thousands of head of cattle are run. The great trouble has been that these regions have not produced either enough alfalfa or corn upon which to finish the beef, and have been compelled to ship it in. The payment of freight rates for corn and alfalfa upon which to fatten the cattle, after they have run upon the grass, just about has finished the cattle country. It means either shipping the cattle out for finishing or shipping the grain in.

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Sam Porter insists the Haigler-Benkelman irrigation program upon which he has spent so much time, in reality represents stubbornness rather than devotion and fidelity to an ideal. He has been at it for years, thinking it, sleeping it, eating it literally.

But it is his plan for his people for their emancipation from the eternal threat of drouth. He is a pioneer in irrigation. In the late eighties, he was the engineer for what is known as the Pioneer ditch. It is located on the north fork of the Republican river above Haigler, and extends over into Colorado. It was one of the first irrigation projects built in this section of the United States. It was constructed in 1888 and it is still in operation. It provides the means for irrigating several thousand acres of land, but what is more important, it is responsible for significant principles of irrigation thru court decision.

Naturally the ditch involved state lines, with the headgate for the project across the line in Colorado some six miles. But most of the land put under water is located in Nebraska. A suit was filed and in what later proved to be a monumental decision of the United States supreme court, the doctrine was established that state lines did not affect water rights.

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Since then Sam Porter has dreamed of irrigating all of the Republican valley. He has been faced with the criticism of his own people, and he has encountered their opposition at times. But he has prepared a plan which calls for the irrigation of thousands of acres in the Arickaree and the Republican valleys. It is a country of damaging floods. On the Arickaree there is a drainage basin of more than 120 miles in length and from twenty to thirty miles in width. The canyons bear eloquent testimony to the force of waters which sometimes sweep down them. On the south fork of the Republican there is an equally large area to be drained. What Mr. Porter and his associates in these Republican valley projects propose is to impound the flood waters and withhold them until such a time as the heat and the drouth of summer warrant their release and their use.

One finds a much more cheerful attitude here in this southwestern empire than prevailed a year ago. Then there was a deep sense of despair and futility. Today, as in so many other sections, there is a note of optimism and encouragement. It is a region cut off very largely from the rest of Nebraska, isolated and conscious of its isolation but it nevertheless is making a brave fight and is succeeding to a remarkable degree.

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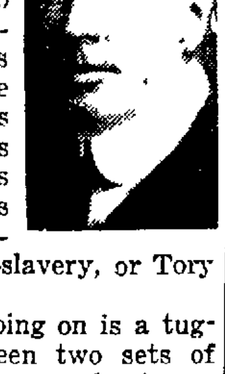
Sullivan Views Next Congress As Tug-Of-War Between Conflicting Social Ideals

BY MARK SULLIVAN.



TO SPEAK of the coming session of congress in terms of democratic versus republican is probably unescapable — but it is utterly misleading. To discuss American politics at all in those terms is as meaningless as to discuss them in terms of pro-slavery and anti-slavery, or Tory and Whig.

What is going on is a tug-of-war between two sets of forces pulling upon the American form of social structure and the democratic form of government, one of the groups trying to keep America approximately what it has been, the other group pulling us toward an objective for which the only practicable description is "collectivism."

I dislike using the word "Russian" because it has come to have in part the quality of an epithet. I dislike to use the term for a second reason: the ultimate form of social structure toward which certain leaders are trying to carry the United States is not exactly that which Russia now has.

In the words of one of the leaders toward the new ideal, Professor Rexford G. Tugwell, now assistant secretary of agriculture, the form of social structure toward which he and others are quickly carrying us is a new model, not completely analogous to "any system which ever before existed."

To the average man, however, not familiar with the terminology of social science, "Russian" describes more nearly than any other word the form of social organization toward which we are moving. "Russian" is not seriously inexact.

The essence of the ideal of the new group is Russia. Russia is consciously in their minds and many of the fundamental details of their ultimate deal such as the elimination of private profit, are identical with fundamental details of the Russian system.

Fascism More Likely.

Yet, in still another way, the term "Russian" is misleading. As it happens, while the Russian system is the objective of the group of men and forces pulling America toward change, the situation at Washington just now is such that I think there will be an intermediate phase.

Assuming that in the present tug-of-war the forces of change should win, assuming that the forces trying to hold America toward the old traditional form of social structure lose the contest—assuming that this happens, in that event, I think the next phase will be analogous to Italian fascism rather than the Russian system. But the Russian form of organized society is the objective of the leaders toward change.

This conflict is under way. Yet on the surface what does one see? A house of representatives in which 313 members have after their names the letter "D," meaning democrat, and 117 members have the letter "R," meaning republican. On the surface the only hint of innovation lies in the 5 members of the house who have after their names the letters "F. L.," meaning farmer-labor.

Seek No Great Change.

This little farmer-labor group, mainly from Minnesota, has no notion of carrying America toward any basic change. The farmer-labor members of congress think of America in the same terms as republicans and democrats. Their objectives are within the world of the familiar American form of government.

In short, there is in congress not one man formally and publicly designated as favoring a change in the American system. Yet many of the actions of congress, and more of the actions of the administration which is supposed to represent congress, are moves in the struggle for a change in the Amercan form of government and social system.

The questions with which congress will most conspicuously deal have no relation to the fundamental conflict. Congress will debate much about inflation. But inflation is not involved in the basic change being attempted. Change in currency has no necessary relation to change in organized socety.

We might reduce the gold value of the dollar 80 per cent, as France did, without going through revolution, silent or otherwise. There would be revolution only in the sense of one economic group, the creditors, being seriously reduced in wealth and another group, the debtors, receiving corresponding advantage.

But after such inflation, if it should take place, America would still be the same. All the furors about inflation and even final action seriously reducing the value of the dollar can go on without having any serious meaning for the proponents of the real revolution.

Vets Issue Not Relevant.

So far as they pay any attention to inflation at all they might well regard the debate on it as favoring their purpose in the sense that the country, while excited about currency, would not notice the silent revolution going on beneath.

Another question about which congress will talk much is veterans' compensation. That too will have nothing to do with the struggle over fundamental social change. Compensation to veterans is merely a matter of advantage of one group as against the taxpayers as a whole.

About the movement toward change in the American form of organized society there will be no debate in congress and no roll-call. Practically never will a member vote "Aye" or "No" on a measure formally stated as a change in the constitution. Never, for example, will a vote in congress say in so so many words, "We hereby enact elimination of the system of private profit."

Never will congress vote for or against what Professor Tugwell calls a "Workers' World." Never will congress pass upon an issue formally described as rejection or retention of the "free use of capital," or as control by government of the disposition of earnings of industry.

Might Be Debated.

I say "never," and "never" is probably correct. It is possible, and in the interest of clarity to be hoped for, that some one will, at least in a speech, state the fundamental issue with such simplicity and dispassionateness as to make it intelligible to the public. There are men in congress, who could do it.

It could be done by Democratic Senator George of Georgia, or Clark of Missouri, or Glass of Virginia, or Tydings of Maryland; or by Republican Senator Hebert of Rhode Island, or Reed of Pennsylvania.

In the actuality of this controversy between keeping America what it has been and, on the other hand, revolutionary change, President Roosevelt is not wholly on one side or the other. If we preserve the tug-of-war as a figure of speech to describe the conflict, the role of President Roosevelt, partly willing and partly unwilling, is to act as a kind of stabilizer to prevent the victory from going wholly one way or wholly the other way.

One might picture him as in the middle giving his strength first to one side and then to the other. He is sort of mediator between two groups within his own administration. One group consists of some twenty or thirty young radicals, some of them having important key positions in the government, typified and quietly led by Professor Tugwell.

The other group consists of old-fashioned democrats, such as Secretary of State Hull, and such men as Agricultural Administrator George N. Peek, who, while favoring many changes in the ordinary sense, belong decidedly within the cast of thought that we call "conservative," and would be shocked to think of America under-going fundamental change.

Roosevelt Balances Battle.

Between these groups President Roosevelt throws his weight first on one side, then on the other. Of the two groups, the most energetic is the radical one. Last week they inspired newspaper stories to the effect that they had been seized by "restlessness and despair" and that unless President Roosevelt would back them up they would make a demonstration in the form of a group resignation which might reach a total of 75 or 100.

Their complaint is that while they believe the president to be in sympathy with their fundamental program, they felt that just as this moment their program is "being scuttled at several vital points by conservatives" within the presidents official family.

That this struggle should take place in America at a time when the whole world is in ferment is natural enough. What is undesirable is that it should take place without the country being enlightened upon it, indeed, without congress enlightened upon it.

For clarification, for opportunity to the country to pass upon the proposed change and to go intelligently and willingly in one direction or the other is that the issue should be set up in such a form as to be seen clearly as what it is, a struggle to hold to the form of government and the social structure which America has had for 157 years or, on the other hand, to make a departure toward a form not yet specified but having more characteristics of the Russian system than of any other.

Explanation Needed.

The contrasting ideals should be set up as simply and as intelligently to the American mind as, for example, the two platforms of the old party. The old American system is, of course, familiar enough, but almost no one knows the form of social structure toward which we are being carried. The new concept is nowhere set down as a whole and in orderly terms.

An approximation of it can be found in the writings put out by Dr. Tugwell while he was a professor at Columbia. But those writings have been read by few except the intelligentsia who are already sympathetic to Professor Tugwell's objectives.

To the uninitiated, even Professor Tugwell's terminology is unfamiliar, his phrases about "revolutionary tactic," "industrial discipline," "submission cannot make a workers' world," "these freedoms have to be restricted."

Possibly one means of clarification for the benefit of the public would be to have some appropriate committee of congress, acting calmly and without bias for either side, acting in a judicial spirit, to give Professor Tugwell the opportunity to state what are his conjectives, both the immediate purposes of his actions in his conflict with Mr Peek in the agricultural adjustment administration, and, more important, the ultimate objectives of his social philosophy.

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Dr. Brady's Health Talks

MORE SCARED THAN HURT.

Some of us are only occasionally scared, some are scared many times when we should know better, and some are scared all the time. Depends on how we live and that depends on our education. Not merely book learning or schooling, but the more important education we get from our parents, guardians, associates, from our own observation, in infancy, childhood and youth.

Down in Texas the sportsmanlike hunters give the game a break in this manner: They lead an ox to the field, and while one killer guides the animal along toward the feeding place of the ducks, the other crouches with him behind the animal the birds ignore, until they get near enough, then the gallant Nimrod jumps up and blazes away at the flock on the water. Great sportsmanship we quality folks display down south.

I have often advised the housewife who does her own marketing to beware of chopped meat or ground meat that has been ground in quantity and thus kept ready to dispense. It is always best to select your meat and either see it ground or grind it yourself. The chief reason for this precaution is botulism, that dread food infection that kills so swiftly when it occurs.

Well, you know the old bromide. Do as I say. A while ago as a member of a party dining in a restaurant I partook of some "hamburger steak de luxe," and by the time we had excavated thru the lowest level of onions we found the steak, all right, only it wasn't quite all right. When I came out for air three or four days later I analyzed the experience philosophically.

Need Selective Action.

What we need is a kind of amnesia drug which will have a selective action. Wouldn't a couple dozen capsules of that be great medicine for the unhappy wretch who is shortly to deliver an oration? I don't see much hope for the discovery of such a drug, but, take it or leave it, quinine is not bad medicine to prevent or alleviate stage fright. I'm just recording the observation here, not prescribing quinine for you.

Many correspondents inquire about ways and means of escaping an operation for appendicitis. Fear of the operation or its attendant risks is evident in their letters. Some of them mention acute attacks; others describe only some vague chronic trouble which has developed gradually and without any sudden, severe or acute illness. I can give no advice about the latter. No such condition as "chronic appendicitis" is recognized. In any such case the opinion of the patient's physician is the final criterion. There is no machine test or other means of "checking" the physician's opinion. If the doctor is of opinion that there's something wrong with the appendix and that an exploratory operation is advisable, you had better have your person searched as and when he says, or else discharge him and try the next doctor. But I can and do say this: Any doctor who opines you have chronic appendicitis or chronic trouble in the appendix and undertakes to cure you with some kind of funny diet or other plausible treatment, is just guessing and at your expense.

Something Else Again.

Acute appendicitis is something else again. As I have told many times, formerly I believed in and practiced waiting 48 hours to see how the attack was going, and then operating if the inflammation was not subsiding. But when I had acute appendicitis myself, my views were quickly changed. I sighed with content only when my doctors decided upon immediate operation. I was darn glad they didn't try on me some of my own medicine!

Perhaps my distress in the eighteen or twenty hours before I arrived on the operating table was in no small degree due to my knowledge of the perils of such an illness and my knowledge of the cruelty and treachery of Nature. In equal measure, I suppose, the reassurance I received when operation was decided upon contributed to the promptness and completeness of my recovery. You see, I knew that anesthesia (ether by the open drop method) was not unpleasant nor dangerous, and I knew that the surgeon operating on me was a good competent man. Oh, there is no denying that the mental factor is important in any illness. Imagination, suggestion, faith, whatever you prefer to call it.

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Practical Needs, Not Theories In New Deal

By RAYMOND MOLEY.

It is nearly thirty years now since Justice Holmes, with his dry, practical New England common sense, said, "General propositions do not decide concrete cases." The truth of this principle of life becomes more and more apparent as the United States struggles with the making of its place in the world of action and ideas.

Raymond Moley

Holmes was a lawyer. He had written a book on the common law and he was a staunch devotee of the principle of building up a system out of the immediate deciding of specific instances, without the recourse to a general theoretical background. Stripped of frills and unessentials, the difference between the Anglo-American system of law and others is that the generalities come after the event, while in most other instances, the events are crowded into generalities.

A good deal of this battle is apparent in the discussions over the new deal. And nowhere is it better illustrated than in connection with the battle on unemployment. Franklin Roosevelt, when he was in the early stages of his campaign for the presidency, refused to commit himself to a public works program.

His practical mind told him that he would rave to see useful things to be done before he would recommend the use of governmnt money on a program of re-employment. It took a long time to bring him to the approval of the $3,300,000 public works program. And that was done only after there had been shown the reality of works which would bring a return for the expenditure of so much of the government's money.

Having undertaken the public works, he refused to heed the demands of those who held to the general proposition that the purpose of the public works program was to spend money and that the uses to which it was given were to be secondary. In other words, he sustained Secretary Ickes in his determination that the money should be spent wisely and economically, rather than merely by shovelling out indiscriminately in order to get it into circulation. This was victory number two for concrete cases.

Reason For C. W. A.

And then the evidence was brought that people were actually on the verge of starvation and that no agency except the federal government could prevent the starvation. Hence, the great emergency relief grant of money with Hopkins at the head. Starvation was prevented. Then it became evident that with the normal unemployed, augmented by millions who had never felt the sting of destitution before, there were human factors to be considered. In other words, there were millions of selfrespecting Americans who wanted not doles, but jobs. And so came the civil works administration.

People ought to note specifically the differences in principle between civil and public works. Civil works extends to the doing of things that otherwise would probably remain undone. It gives employment and useful employment, for pay. But such is the nature of most of the work, that it does not use materials that are fabricated by other workers, and therefor it lacks the double edge which characterizes the public works.

It stimulates only through providing the purchasing power of those who are to do the work. But its advantage is that it gets under way with tremendous rapidity. And it means that four million people, instead of receiving the dole, are given the spiritual satisfaction of doing work for pay.

There were croaking voices raised against both civil works and the public works administration, all of them speaking the general proposition that Justice Holmes commented upon. Old names were invented for it, such as collectivism, socialism, the destruction of individualism, and the like. But the hard fact was that certain people had to be put to work and certain work was there to be done. The practical thing was to bring the two together.

Avoid Theories.

If the people will carefully avoid the danger of getting theoretical about it all, the results will come from this process of employment. There are theoretical Cassandras who will point to the danger of a permanent population forever out of work and forever supported by the government. But this is not a necessary resultant.

Where there was will to adopt these heroic measures, there is the will to withdraw them when the need has been filled. The civil works administration is a means to hold the lines of battle until the vastly more important reinforcement, brought about by the far greater re-employment of the public works administration, gets under way.

It should be borne in mind that with civil works and public works both, the vastly important point to remember is that the federal government had to undertake these things largely because the cities of the country, normally great employers of labor and consumers of capital goods, have reached a state of prostration because of their unwise financial policies. The thing works itself back into a primary problem of city finance. City indebtedness amounts to eighteen billion dollars and a vast amount of this imperial fund is practically in default. This city indebtedness is the result of a mad frenzy of spending without counting the cost in past years, of refusal to adopt a policy of pay-as-you-go.

The debt needs to be compromised. Federal legislation was proposed in the last congress to bring this about. It failed of passage, but will come back again. When the affairs of cities are adjusted so that they can resume their rightful load of public employment and public relief, the burden on the federal government can be lifted. Hence, it is important that the congress adopt measures to relieve the credit strain involved in the danger of default of the vast city indebtedness.

This is only one example of the interdependence of the parts of the new deal, one upon the other. It is an example of how one problem leads to another and particularly of how the methods adopted to solve these problems are based not upon theories of government, but upon immediate necessity. In every consideration of statecraft, Americans should keep in mind the fact that our thinking is attuned to the common sense of Justice Holmes. There are concrete cases that need to be decided. We can let the historian of the future take care of general propositions.

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Blame The Ladies But Leave Will Out Of It

BY WILL ROGERS.

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers and what I see messing around old Movieville. You know Los Angeles is getting to be quite a center in that everybody comes here or by here, going or coming somewhere. And you see a lot of folks that dident used to come out here. Lots of times I see em at our studios where I work. They all try to see the studios, but dont let this put any ideas into your head.

It wasent me that got em into the studios. It was I guess some particular friend or pull they had with some one prominent in the company. Anyhow quite a few are out there at various times and have lunch, as we have, (as the actors say, that work around at all the different studios.)

Watch The Women.

We do have a great resturant. Well the guests drop in there for lunch. I mean many of em. I mean many one party a day. I had never met till the other day Mr. McCormick that owns and runs the great Chicago Tribune. He is an awful nice fellow, and of course awful well informed. He said I got him in trouble one time for quoting him in my little daily "Blab" when he was talking about war in Europe. "That when war was started women would help start it as usual." Well he says they sure hopped him.

Now I don't want to do anything to bring more "She" condemnation down on him, but out here a couple of months ago, when California put on their lynching, women were the rooting section, and the original encouragement of the thing come from the "She" sex. So I guess Mr McCormick was about right at that. Many a man has gota licking because his wife has said, "Go on get him John, you aint a going to let him say that are you!"

She will not only egg the thing on, but by golly she will go in and join. Women are not the weak, frail, little flowers that they are advertised. They love to say that women dont want war, and that they have to bear the brunt of it, which of course they really do, but if you ever noticed all their speeches, and denunciations of war, is after its over, they never do it in the making of one. And thats a fine spirit, more power to em. They got more nerve than men.

They enter a thing with more spirit and enthusium. You let a woman get up at a recruiting meeting and denounce the whole thing and defy the boys to join up, and I will lay you a bet that the first fifty hands that tore her asunder would belong to the fair sex. No sir the whole thing about the women is, they just love to be misunderstood. They always want you to have the wrong impression about whats in their minds and not the right one. There has never been anything invented yet, including war, that a man would enter into that a woman wouldent too.

But here is the thing, you must never let em know but what you think they are just doing everything in their power to prevent war, when as a matter of fact six or eight women could prevent any war. The wives of the prime ministers, diplomats, and presidents would only have to say, "If you allow war to come to this country I will leave you, so help me."

Never Been Done.

But history records no record of one having been left for that reason though left for everything else. But when he comes home some day and says, "Honey I guess you saw the extras on the street, I had to declare war." She says, "I know it darling, and we will lick the very pants off that other old mean nation."

And when the recruiting starts, she will make the first speech, and she will work her head off from then to the finish at anything no matter how tiring or dangerous, then when its over, she will say, "We women must prevent war." But thats the way it should be and thats the way we want it.

But how in the world did I get off on all this, which I know absolutely nothing about? I started in to tell you about some interesting people that come out to Los Angeles, start in with Mr. McCormick, and get switched off on all this mess. Its like a dinner party. You settle down to have a nice evening, and somebody brings up what the price of the dollar should be and the fight is on the rest of the night.

Blame McCormick.

Now here I am and have used up all my space and have told nothing, done nothing, but maby make a lot of fine ladies mad, but not as mad as they let on. Women are as proud at heart of their war records as men that fought in battle.

All the wars in the world even if you won em, cant repay one mother for the loss of one son. But even at that when she says to you, "Thats my oldest boys picture. He was lost in the war," there is behind that mist in her eye, a shine of pride, that could never be there if she had to say, he was run over by a Ford.

Now any argument, or any letters in regard to the negative in this debate, please send to Mr. McCormick, owner and proprietor of the Chicago Tribune. He has plenty of secretaries. I answer no mail. Even if its a good letter I dont answer it. And I sho dont want to get into any argument with any women, for they like to argue just like they like to go to war. So leave me out and go after McCormick again. Another good hiding would do him good. He deserves it for saying women help start wars. Thats slander, saying women help to start em. Boy, women start em, without any help. Remember the address Tribune Building Chicago, send postage if you wish an answer. No serious consideration given to anonymous letters. Yours, WILL.

P. S. I am certainly glad I had nothing to do with this argument, and am out of it. Good luck, Mr McCormick.

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Severe Tax Plans Alarm Babson; Fears Recovery May Be Impeded

BABSON PARK, Mass., Dec. 15—The news from Washington last week that income taxes, both for business men and investors, may be materially jacked up for 1934 and even may be retroactive for 1933 troubles me. I cannot possibly believe that congress will be so unjust as to make any tax increase retroactive. Any such move would be suicidal—it would knock out all business and personal budgets upon which 1933 expenditures have been based. Furthermore, I cannot believe that congress will be so short-sighted as to further increase income taxes, especially surtaxes, at the present time.

Surtax Principle Sound.

Let me say that I heartily approve of the general principle of surtaxes. Surely we all should bear the burden of taxation in proportion to our means. I have no sympathy with those who are trying to shove the burden of taxation on to the masses through a sales tax. Furthermore, I am sympathetic with one goal of the present administration namely to bring about more equal distribution of the nation's income.

We should very clearly recognize, however, that there is more than one goal. The administration is fully as anxious to bring back prosperity and normal employment conditions as to "divide-up" the national income. Statistics, however, clearly indicate that the two goals are more or less inconsistent under the present capitalistic system.

(1) When a builder, manufacturer or entrepreneur reaches a certain market [illegible] a schedule he instinctively quits development and expansion.

(2) Wealthy people are ready to "play with" or risk a certain proportion of their income, which proportion may average one-half. The other half of this income they wish to salt down in high-grade securities. The result of this has been that in times of low surtaxes they have been willing to risk much in the form of new enterprises. But when compelled to pay high surtaxes they have risked little.

(3) Surtaxes inevitably force up the rate of long-term money and hence automatically force down the price of outstanding securities. Those who loan money try very hard to pass on even the surtax to the borrower. Of course, in practice this is impossible but it is the most important factor today in the high yield and low price of bond issues.

The details of the new tax laws are not known yet, of course. My studies of the surtax situation show that the money which the government gets from this source is only a drop in the bucket compared with the effect that these surtaxes have on general business. Here are some important facts:

Big Leverage Shown.

(1) Surtaxes are only 7-100 of 1 per cent of total business measured by check transactions. The leverage thereby indicated is tremendous.

(2) The surtaxes are only 7-10 of 1 per cent of the income of individuals from all industries as compiled by the National Bureau of Economic Research.

(3) Surtaxes are only about 4 per cent of wages paid in the manufacturing industries alone as compiled by the census.

(4) Surtaxes are only 6 per cent of farmers' income as compiled by the National Bureau of Economic Research.

(5) Surtaxes are but 15 per cent of the value of building permits in a group of important cities, namely only 152 cities.

Who Supplies Capital?

If your local chamber of commerce or board of trade should appoint a committee to make a study of new building and other new enterprises which were started in your community during the five years from 1924 to 1929, you will find that these required an investment of millions of dollars. Next, have your committee check up and ascertain the families which supplied this money.

Your committee will find that 90 per cent of this money was supplied by less than 5 per cent of the families, and that about 2 per cent of the families supplied most of this capital.

Your committee should then check up on these families, and find how they are being taxed under the present income tax law—that is, what surtaxes they have to pay. You will find that most of this group, who have heretofore supplied the funds for the development of your community, which gave jobs to the present unemployed, are now having all their surplus funds taken away from them through real estate, income, and other taxes.

Criticism of those who take losses to avoid tax payments is very unjust. The present income tax law is so set up that if a family risks its money in constructing a building, or erecting a factory, or financing any other enterprise, and loses, only 12½ per cent of that loss can be recovered from the tax on other profits; while if successful, the government takes 40 per cent, 50 per cent or more of the profits through surtaxes.

Why Not a New Tax Deal?

The surtax is not the only tax damper on business today. Farmers and home owners as well as business men and investors, are laboring under severe tax burdens. Under our helter-skelter method of taxation, we are placing a penalty upon thrift and a premium upon extravagance.

I firmly believe that everybody should have his full share of the income of the nation, but I say that our present method of redistributing wealth through excessive taxation of the property class is holding back recovery.

Business as registered by the Babsonchart now stands at 7 per cent above a year ago and 33 per cent below normal.

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Sin And Mercy In Life

BY J. D. M. BUCKNER.

I heard a minister say once: "God's justice is tempered with mercy" and I remembered the old prayer I used to hear. "God thou knowest that if we had had our just dues we would be in hell now."

These two remarks started me thinking about God. God cannot be just unless He is merciful. Every man will get his just dues. There is no escape from the consequences of sin.

Three boys were guessing if they would pass in an examination in high school. John said, "I have no fears, I know I will pass for my father is president of the board of education." Henry said I have one over you, my dad is the superintendent of the schools."

Charley said I do not want any pull I only want justice. I want to be marked on what I merit and I want to know what I do know."

Some men were making complaint about their salary and the company said they would help them out by giving them some donations, but the men said we do not want charity but justice. Justice has had a large place in most things except corporations and religion. Five boys went to work in a store and one boy was the son of the proprietor of the store. When the rules were read and the promotions explained, the four boys thought the son had the advantage because his father was the boss. But later they found out in this store, justice was done to all and no favoritism shown.

Boys and men want to be treated fair and to receive justice. A big man who sins wants his punishment. When you deal with a boy who is sick, or feeble, or weak minded you must show mercy if you are just. God or man must be merciful if he is just.

What is sin? Any thing that injures me or harms another. That is the best answer I can give for sin. Sin is a reality and should be shunned by all. Do not depend on mercy to save you from the sequences of sin. "Whatsoever a man sows that shall he reap". That is the law in righteousness and also in sin.

I said once to my men's class, "I do not want to go into heaven unless I can do it on my own merit". The class divided in their response. For so many years they had been taught that we went to heaven on the merit of Christ and on His righteousness. I want a religion that makes me good in reality and a God who rewards me according to my goodness. I admire a God who changes my life here.

A mother stood in the door and refused to let her son go out and go down town and the boy said: "Mother, if I want to go to the devil it is nobody's business". But the mother replied, "Fred, you cannot go to the devil without breaking my heart and your father's. You will disgrace two lovely sisters and your grandparents and uncles and aunts. A very large group will be injured if you become a drunkard. You have no right to do that which injures you and harms your family and relation. You owe something to society. I want you to measure up to your obligations and be a blessing in the world."

The boy cried and went to his room and thought it over and finally said, "Mother is right and I am wrong, and from this hour I will be a man and live a life that I will be proud of and all my folks. I am done with sin forever, I am going to live a true, pure life and do my part for a better world". That purpose grew in the soul of that boy and dominated his life for all time to come. He lived a pure clean life, one he was not ashamed of, here or anywhere. He did not ask for mercy but for justice.

I think it is a mistake for us to teach that sin is a trifling thing and can be easily fixed up by mercy. The philosophy of life held up by the church that a man can live a wicked life until it is about to close and in a few hours he can repent and through mercy step into heaven as though he had lived a righteous life all his days. The realities of life are not that trifling. We may call many things sin which are not sins, but when we have done that which has injured our own life and harmed others we will regret it and suffer for it forever.

I remember the story Luke tells us about the thief on the cross near Jesus, he prayed and Jesus told him he would be with him in paradise that day. But Mathew and Mark both say the two robbers railed at Jesus. I doubt the story and if Jesus wanted to teach that philosophy of life I think He would have begun before death was so near and His apostles. Do not count too much on the mercy of God but build your life on righteousness and fill it with good deeds.

The laws of God and of the universe are eternal and uniform and must be respected. Begin early in life and work at your job persistently to build a good life. I am always sorry when I hear a minister tell of some humble soul who discounted his own goodness and magnified the mercy of God that through Christ he is saved. I admire a salvation that begins in this world and reforms the life here and now, and the sinner lives a righteous life and grows in holiness.

Chadron Normal

Alberta Ermish, sophomore, was called home to Rapid City, S. Dak., by the death of her father last week.

Mr. R. E. Yarndley and Miss Elmira Scovel attended the music conference held at Bayard, Sunday.

Members of the Alpha Phi Pi sorority entertained their pledges at a dance in Women's Hall on Friday evening. There were fifty guests present.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Man Dull At Home, But A Don Juan In His Office, Kathleen Norris Finds

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS.

SOMETIMES when a wife feels herself not quite so attractive as she once was, and when there is a charming woman close beside her husband in his office every day, she finds herself worrying, and wondering what is to be done about it.

He comes home tired and quiet, eats his dinner, and afterward likes a game of bridge or a show. He doesn's care who plays bridge or who goes to the show with him.

He just wants diversion—not company, nor dinner parties, nor social exertion of any kind, but food and amusement along the line of least resistance If his wife is at home he greets her wearily; if she is going out he is equally satisfied, providing she hasn't involved him in any engagement. It is all right to have a couple of old friends in for cards but he doesn't want to make any effort to entertain them.

Feels Husband Lost.

Feeling particularly bright, energetic, social and ready for a good time, the wife resents this She feels as if she had lost her husband. Their association has none of the old thrill, the old happy companionship and beauty. As long as his dinner is hot and ready this man doesn't care who serves it; as long as he can have his two rubbers of bridge afterward he doesn't care who plays. At eleven he stumbles to bed, apparently entirely indifferent to the presence or absence of his room-mate, and two minutes after his head reaches the pillow he begins to snore.

Many a wife lies awake under these circumstances studying the sleeping form with puzzled and speculative eyes. What does a woman do, she wonders, when she is caught in this particular variation of the marriage trap—what can she do to hold her home together, and keep the love and respect of her man?

Sleepy and Tousled.

In the morning the situation is completely reversed. She may be sleepy and tousled with yesterday's lip red still scarlet on her mouth, and last night's dreams still heavy in her eyes, but he is on his toes. He is shaved, fresh, firm of cheek and sleek of hair; he bounds downstairs to breakfast, devours his bacon and his newspaper together, and is out into the sunshine like a boy.

At the office Miss Carter is equally fresh and vial. They share an interest in the mail, in the telephone, in the events of yesterday and today and tomorrow. They laugh and joke as they plunge together into the day's work. He is interested now, he is concerned, busy, absorbed. His friends come in, and there is more laughter, luncheon every day is a party, with good talk, good food, good smokes, the heady wine of companionship.

Boss Turns Glum.

"I met Mr Thornton at a debutante tea," said a stenographer of the boss with whom she is head-over-heels in love. "His wife and daughter were there. You wouldn't have known him! He was the glummest the dullest, the boredest man I ever saw in all my life! Some of the women were watching him. They didn't know that I saw him in the office every day. They said he was a terrible flop socially, they said they didn't know how Mrs. Thornton stood for it. They said he had no conversation, and he was a bore at dinners, and he never went anywhere if he could help it.

"Well, all I know," she finished, "is that in the office he's just simply a darling. He's so quick, and so smart, and so kind that everyone of the girls is crazy about him. I don't blame him for not getting much out of his wife's crowd, or his wife either, if it comes to that. What do they know about him, his life, or what he likes or dislikes? I do. I often order him lunches, and I've bought him socks and handkerchiefs, too. He goes home dead—any business has taken the starch out of any man these last years—but I see him when he's alive and interested.

Two Thirds Asleep.

"What on earth could any woman at that tea say to him that would interest him? He was just about two-thirds asleep and sort of mad and bored, too, when I went up to him and said, 'Mr. Thornton, I came here partly to tell you that Mr. Brown is in town.' You ought to have seen him come to life! He said. 'Ethyl, that means you and I have got to get down to the Pennsylvania Hotel this minute,' and we were off, and let me tell you he was just as keen as if it had been ten o'clock in the morning.

"The lives these wives lead," she said, in young scorn. "The stuff they serve up to their husbands as conversation! You don't wonder the men get sick and get out."

Which is, after all, only one more indication that something is vitally wrong with American marriage. We will admit that matters have reached a pretty bad pass. It might be worth while sometimes to study a situation like this one, and see if it casts any light.

The men get sick and get out because they are fighting a hard fight alone and because their wives have separated themselves entirely from that co-operation and responsibility that ought to be part of marriage, and IS part of all sound marriages. Living her own life, absorbed in her own amusements and appearance and friends, spending his money wisely or stupidly, and seeing that he has a comfortable bed and fairly appetizing meals, the wife breaks away from him long before he breaks away from her. She knows nothing of his business, except to be pleased when he gives her extra money, and to be vaguely worried when he talks of hard times. She wants to make as good an appearance as she can, have as many dresses as she can, impress her own circle with her possessions and entainments. John is a figurehead back of it all. He has to be there, of course, odd unsocial creature that he is, and in every way that she cannot avoid she is kind to him. That's all.

This tendency to take their husbands for granted has cost thousands of women very dear. They don't see the danger coming. They thought Bob and Bill and Dan attractive enough to love and marry, a few years ago; it never occurs to them that another woman may be going through the same feeling today. It never occurs to them, that is, until it is too late, until the dull meals, and he apathetic conversation, and the mild complaints about his unsocialibility and his stodginess and his unsatisfactoriness generally good Bob or Bill or Dan into seeking the companionship of some other woman. Then they burst loose into bitter protest in the dreadful old phrase of Victorian parents, then they "have something to cry for." The dull husbands suddenly grows wings. Louise loudly tell her friends that she was always the devoted wife; that this thing has come upon her like a thunderbolt. It was that awful little Ethyl Smith in the office, of course, who flattered him and beguiled him—

Other Woman Winning.

And the moral of all this is that if your husband has ceased to show any animation, any pleasure, any interest in his home, the chances are that some other woman is beginning to consider him quite a Lothario. The chances are that she is doing what you are not — just making life pleasant to him. Between cosy little meals and affectionate looks she discusses business deals with him ;tells him that he was right in the Davis matter, and that she has found the important letter in the Baker case. Time flies when he is with Ethyl, while you are sitting opposite him at an unimaginative meal, and telling him about Marion's divine ensemble with the fur, it drags.

A smart woman—that is, if she wants to keep her husband—manages that there shall never be a word of controversy or teasing or unpleasantness between the children at the dinner table. She gets her finances into such shape that there is never bad news. There is no tonic in these days for a tired husband like the placid remark; "Well, we're all in the clear—that needn't worry us."

Harmless Flattery Does It.

She flatters him a little, harmlessly about his becoming loss of weight, his golf score. She rests him; she makes him important. In a word she really loves him, and she lets him see it. Presently home is his mecca again; he wants to get there, he doesn't want to go anywhere else.

A man of 54, just widowed, stopped before a grocery window one afternoon, and pointed out to his daughter a small bottle of black pickled walnuts.

"Those were a sign between your mother and me," he said, speaking with difficulty through tears. "Now and then when times were bad, or we were in some crisis, she would have a jar of those at my plate. She knew I liked them. They always said to me :No matter what's wrong—money matters, sick babies, even a quarrel—I love you.'"

It may be only a bottle of pickled walnuts. But if it says "I love you" it may bring back to a wife at the end of day, something that the office force is gaining from her husband, and that she is losing.

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They share an interest in the mail, in the telephone, in the events of yesterday and today and tomorrow. They laugh and joke as they plunge together into the days work. He is interested now, he is concerned, busy, absorbed.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Painters Goad Helen To Daring Device

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER

"Just the bedroom, library and hall. They shouldn't take over two days!"

"By the job or hour?" Warren dispatching his cereal. "Job, eh? That means they'll make it snappy."

"But I don't want them to hurry and not do it well," anxioused Helen.

The ready-for-the-painters chaos intruding on their breakfast. The dining room cluttered with brought-in chairs and rolled rugs.

"We're not having any ceilings done," connecting the toaster. "Except the hall."

"Well, pour my coffee. I'm getting out before they show up."

"Dear, wait and help me decide on the shade for the library," tilting the percolator. "That's what worries me."

"Good grief, always worry in advance!" breaking his eggs. "Call these three minutes? Why take the attitude they won't get it right?"

"They didn't last time. I want a neutral fawny buff—not a suggestion of pink!"

"Why so belligerent? Think they're plotting to put something over?"

Indifferently he rattled open the paper. His usual breakfast absorption.

Loathing the disorder, his idea to stay at a hotel. But she couldn't leave the painters alone. Not risk another wrong-shade anguish.

Their library so distinctive. The mellowed antiques—everything subdued. Even the dullest of old-gold silk for the lampshades.

Now her anxiety to keep the background unobstrusive.

"Start on time, anyway," as the doorbell buzzed. "Just eight! Here, you finish your breakfast!"

But Helen darting out to the hall. Her fluttery greeting to the painters—the dark burly boss and a youthful assistant.

Always the feeling that she must propitiate workmen. Make them like her—so they'd do things the way she wanted.

Opening the hall closet for their coats—an ingratiating gesture.

"We'll start in the bedroom, when they had pulled on paint-spotted overalls. "Wanted that ivory didn't you?"

Yes, but please mix the shade for the library before Mr. Curtis goes."

A huge can of white paint. Small ones of raw and burnt umber, chrome yellow, black. Swiftly mixed in a bucket, and a sample brushed on the library wall.

"Too pink," her appraisal. We want a neutral buff. And not quite so dark."

"Now you don't want it too light." Warren lounging on the window seat.

"How's that?" more umber worked in with the mixing stick.

"Oh, still that pinkish cast! Can't you get it more—more sandy?"

"Sandy ain't buff," his don't-delay-us gruffness.

"Well, more like old linen—a background for these needlework pictures," showing a sampler from the pile on the couch.

"Can't match paint to cloth exactly," another trial stripe "And that'll dry up lighter—the shade you want"

His impatience! Just what she had dreaded—being hurried into a decision

"Now make up your mind!" prodded Warren "I can't hang around all morning."

"I—I suppose that will have to do," helplessly.

"You leave it to me, ma'am, and you'll be satisfied. Want it stippled?"

"Stippled? That rough pimply finish? No, no, that looks so cheap!"

"Not the way we do it." With a still brush, pricking the wet strip. "How's that?"

"I'd rather have it plain," apologetically. "And all dull—no enamel in the woodwork. And please leave the nails so I can hang things back."

"Well, you don't need me any more," Warren jamming on his hat.

"Dear its not right yet," plaintively, following him out. "Still pinkish."

"Great guns, you're hipped on that! Doesn't look pink to me. Now they know their job If they say it'll dry up right, it will."

"But those other painters said that last time—and the way it came out!"

"Huh, you'd better get out—take the day off. Only stew around and be in their way," his door-slamming thrust.

Back in the library, her disconsolate study of the sample strips of paint.

Why had she decided so hastily? Why let them hurry her? Always intimidated by autocratic workmen.

The bedroom! Not so important, yet she hadn't even seen that ivory — —

From their high ladders, the men painting with by-the-job celerity.

Yes, that shade all right. Hard to go wrong on ivory.

"Don't it look good?" his brush poised. "Won't take long in here."

"But the walls—don't you wash them down first?"

"No need to," deftly stroking on the paint. "Ain't in the estimate, anyway."

That dusty square back of the moved-out bureau. She couldn't leave that!

But conscious of a hostile glare as she wiped off the baseboard. No, not antagonize them. Leave them alone in here—concentrate on the library.

Finish clearing that. Most of the furniture already huddled in the center. The big bookcase too heavy, they'd have to paint around that.

Everything off the walls except those portraits — Warren's great-grandparents. Calling the elevator boy to get down the heavy gilt frames.

Now the mantel. Carrying antique vases and girandoles in to the sideboard. Snuff-boxes and vinaigrettes safest in the china closet.

A strenuous morning. Helping the maid take down the curtains and shades. Disconnecting lamps, the radio. Dusting the baseboards.

Let them cover the big bookcase and piano—she'd nothing large enough. But draping the desk and couch with old sheets, shirts and smocks.

Chimes from the shrouded clock. Twelve muffled strokes, and the painter swung in.

"Got that room all done but the woodwork. Start in here after lunch."

"But I—I'm so uncertain about this shade. It still looks pink!"

"No pink in that, ma'am. Wait'll it all gets on, and you'll be satisfied."

His dismissing assurance as they brought in the cans and covers. Shedding their splotched overalls, and off to lunch.

Now while they were out—her last chance study of the dubious color. In the noonday glare from the curtainless windows even pinker!

"It just isn't right!" despairingly. "I know I'm going to be sick over it!"

"Well, you can't tell painters nothing." Jenny washing the window-seat.

"Oh, I know, and somehow I never have the courage to insist."

Couldn't she tip them in advance? With a bribing bill, a firm: "Now I don't want that shade. Please mix some more samples!"

But still she'd be hurried. And made to feel she was difficult—hard to please.

If only she could mix it herself! Why not? A whole hour ——

The reckless impulse surging strong. No, not tell Jenny—send her out for that picture wire. Her daring not equal to any discouragement.

Held-breath intensity as she started her color-mixing experiment.

Into a jelly glass, dipping some paint from the bucket. Adding bits of yellow, raw umber, black. No burnt umber Convinced that gave the pinkish tint.

Trying her mixtures on a pinned-to-the-wall paper. Soon the right cast—but too dark. A little more white — —

Yes, perfect! Not a tinge of pink. But now the real daring! That big bucket—if she should spoil it!

Her sample glass to go by—and knowing what to add. But the proportions — —

Prodding her courage, she stirred in the colors with the broad stick.

Heart-thumping uncertainty before she finally achieved the same shade!

Not let them know! Remove all trace of her tampering.

Carefully brushing over the painter's last sample. Now same as the bucket!

Taking out the paper, glass, her paint-stained gloves. No betraying clue.

Just in time! Five of one, and the men back from lunch.

Furtively she hovered about the library door. A would-they-notice suspense.

First they covered the big bookcase—the piano. Dragging the ladders— —

A summoning shrill from the on-the-floor telephone.

Helen hurrying in to answer. A welcomed chance to watch the painters.

Already up on the ladders. The bucket between them on a bridging board.

Slapping on the tampered paint! Casual — unsuspecting!

Her exultant relief. Buoyant freedom from worry. Hereafter she'd always ——

An arresting doorbang—Warren

"Why — why, is anything wrong?" stopping him in the hall.

"That's what I came to find out! You were so blamed upset over that paint—thought I'd have another look before they got it on."

"Oh, that's clear of you, but it's quite all right!

"Eh?" quizzically. "Thought you'd be throwing hysterics! Better make sure now—or you'll be agonizing for months."

"No, no, it's just what I want. Come see!" steering him to the library.

"Looks okay to me," swinging his stick.

"Ain't that a good shade?" the painter's I-told-you-so pride.

"Yes I—it's perfect!" suppressing her confessional impulse.

"Knew you'd be satisfied, ma'am. We always give everybody what they want."

"Well, if that's settled, maybe I can get some work done," grumbling Warren strode out. "Bolted my lunch for a false alarm."

"Can you come early tonight?" wistfully. "We'll go out after dinner."

"Now we go out before! Not eating in all this mess and smell. We'll amble down to Cortesi's. Have a good Italian feed."

"Then I'll call at your office. They'll stop at four—union hours."

"And youve got to stick around and supervise?" he scoffed. "Couldn't get along without you, eh?"

"Shsh," closing the hall door after them. "Dear, they couldnt!"

"Huh, didn't they give you what you wanted?"

"No they didn't—I did!" dramatically. "That color—I mixed it myself!"

"The devil you did! How in blazes you vamp 'em into letting you?"

"I mixed it while they were out to lunch! And they never noticed."

"Great Scott, had your nerve to mess around with their paint: Might've ruined the whole batch — —"

"But I didn't!" gleefully. "Dear, hereafter when we have the painters, I mix all the samples! I know just what I want—but I can't always explain."

"Well, don't spill it to that cocksure bird—he'd be sore as the deuce! Wallop to his professional prestige!" he chuckled, jabbing the elevator bell. "And if you're going in for juggling paints—better get a union card!

Mabel Herbert Harper, 1933.
The Bell Syndicate Co.

Nebraska Schools and Colleges

Midland Notes

Kalophronean and Wynn societies, Midland college social organizations, have formally inducted 45 new members. Seven students were initiated by Kal Alpha, nine by Wynn Alpha, 10 by Kal Beta and 19 by Wynn Beta. Initiates are:

Kal Alpha: Ellen Paulsen, Omaha; Lorene Loseke, Columbus; Sylvesta Wassum, Tekamah; Dora Larson, Oakland; and Mae Peterson, Marian Ashmun and Dorothy Harvey, Fremont.

Kal Beta: Vernon Lierk, North Platte; Norman Weitkamp, Nickerson; Clarence Harman, Anthon, Ia.; Dale Flora, Gurley; Thomas Dixon, Big Springs, and Robert Lewis, Christ Petrow, Joe Kounovsky, Frank Eagle and William Studley, Fremont.

Wynn Beta: Lloyd Jones and Leo Hunt, Leigh; Arthur Tranberg, Rising City; Melvin Glenapp, Laurel; Dick Thomsen, Battle Creek; Elwyn Judd, Los Angeles, Calif.; LeRoy Ortgiesen, Hildreth; Robert Yost, North Platte; William Beckenhauer, West Point; Joe Koory, Schuyler; William Nelson, Neligh; Lawrence Schnabel, Clearwater; Frank Hickson, Jr., Valley; Julian Costales, Camiling, Tarlac, P. I.; and Emery Hoenshell, Dale Draper, Wayne Gardner, Ralph Ingold and Robert Lutzelman, Fremont.

Wynn Alpha: Hazel Harbers, Chapman; Mary Louise Bohacek, Wilber; Elizabeth Klatt, Campbell; Dorothy Coe, Wakefield; Mary Pfleuger, Omaha; Helen Kallweit, Platte Center; Ann Harder, Ohiowa, and Detta Rohn and Helen Petrow, Fremont.

Midland's annual all-college Christmas party will be held Thursday evening, Dec. 21, in the Midland gymnasium. Estella Loseke, Columbus, vice president of the Student Council, will be the general chairman for the affair. Chairmen of the party committee will be: entertainment, Frances Hahn, Fremont; decorations, Elaine Lucas, Fremont; refreshments, Edythe Sudman, Sarben.

John Anderson, Fremont; Marie Schuldt, Hastings, and Prof. and Mrs. E. M. Stahl will be the student and faculty hosts and hostesses of the party. Glendine Johnson, Fremont, and Leeland Soker, Hildreth, will be in charge of the chapel announcement.

A practice debate on the question, "Resolved, That the powers of the president of the United States should be substantially increased as a settled policy," was held Monday evening by the Midland college debate squad. Beulah Meyer, Wisner, and Christ Petrow, Fremont, argued for the affirmative, and Dorothy Harvey and Harrison Elmore, Fremont, upheld the negative.

Twelve coeds were named as Midland college's "most popular" girls at the annual Fremont Elks' club fair held recently. Those elected were: Louise Lowe, Beatrice; Clara Hensel, West Point; Lucille O'Sullivan, Clarinda, Ia.; Greta Polenske, Hastings; Helen Prestegaard, Lincoln, and Glendine Johnson, Faythe Boldt, Barbara Ann Murphy, Mary Kathryn Johnson, Helen Petrow, Mary Idalene Anderson and Grace Brown, Fremont.

Chadron Normal

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Tavener of Bridgeport have a young son, William Bruce, born recently. Mr. Tavener received his master's degree at the University of Nebraska last year. He formerly taught mathematics and was athletic coach at Bayard.

Zeta Alpha sorority initiated nine girls, Tuesday evening at the home of Edna Larson. They were: Ellen Badgley, Margaret Fuller, Henrietta Kuska, Harriett Peterson, Betty McDowell, Gloria Miller, Eleanor Nylen, Estelline Pace, and Olivette Sloan.

Coach Rufus Trapp attended the Rocky Mountain coaches conference in Denver last week and lined up some games for 1935. Tentative games have been scheduled with the Colorado School of Mines, and the Teachers College. A proposed game with the Teachers has been considered for 1934.

Kappa Alpha Theta held formal initiation for the following fifteen pledges on Monday evening: Theresa Mohatt, Martha Milne, Betty Satterlee, Arlene Ford, Evelyn Blundell, Wyoma Cole, Dorothy Stephenson, Bernice Lindquist, Margaret McDonld, Irene Lange, Doris Collins, Ilene Calame, Olga Bowman, and Frances Hall.

The debate team will go to Rapid City to meet the School of Mines next Tuesday. Students trying out for the team, under the direction of Miss Ruth V. Yates, are Ernest Johnson, Gerald Whiting, Paul Norton, Bertha Gobel, Alberta Ermish, Doris Smith, and Lewis Shull.

Alpha Phi Pi sorority held formal initiation for thirteen pledges on Tuesday evening in the recreation hall. Guests were members of the alumni association of the sorority. Those who were initiated were Nina Neff, Jean MacKenzie, Freida Tully, Margaret Coleman, Jessie Inman, Bertha Gobel, Dorothy Frame, Grace Johnson, Evelyn Sierth, Geraldine Coyle, Genevra Goodfellow, Helen Safford, and Floy Thayer.

Members of the faculty attended a banquet given at the Pine Ridge agency in honor of Commissioner Collier. There were 350 present at the banquet and a number of after dinner speeches were given. Commissioner Collier outlined the new deal for the Indians and signified that it would take a number of years to perfect a re-organization. He indicated that the tendency of the government as far as possible to educate and train Indians to take the positions of white people on the reservations. At the banquet table appointments and murals were of native art of the Sioux. A number of the costumes worn by wives of the Indian chieftains were very elaborate and beautiful, and were exhibited on the part of the artisans who made the robes, showing skill not inferior to that of other tribes.

Hastings Notes

Sigma Tau Sigma entertained guests at the Lee Woodson Studio at Grand Island last Monday evening. An indoor track meet was held and a trophy awarded to the winning team, captained by Eau Claire Varney of Ansley. Miss Lee Woodson then presented a chart program. A formal supper was served at the home of Miss Ruth Kelso. Hostesses were Miss Ruth Kelso, Miss Josephine Woodson and Miss Winifred Rice, all of Grand Island.

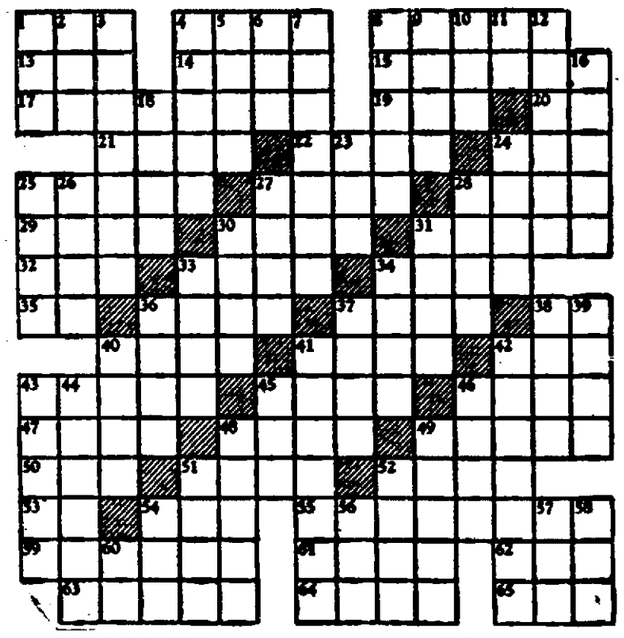
A German play was presented by the German department at McCormick hall last Wednesday evening. Those in the cast were Zina Rosenberg of Hastings, Dorothy Owen of Kearney, Clarence Newell of Grand Island and Kermit Reutlinger of Hastings.

A one-act play "The Road to Happiness," will be presented at the Christian Endeavor meeting at the Presbyterian church Sunday evening. Members of the cast are Ralph Hamilton, Minden; Naomi Hoff, Hastings; Lillian Fisher, Superior; and Hermona Aspegren, Hastings. Miss Bessie Belle Brown of Aurora and Birt Oberlies of Hastings are on the technical staff. After the meeting the Y. W. C. A. members intend to go caroling with Jeanne King, Hastings; Mary Elizabeth Wever, Hastings, and Wayne Van Kirk, Elgin, in charge.

A faculty dinner was held at Taylor Dining Hall last Monday evening at 6 o'clock. After the dinner Hayes M. Fuhr, director of the conservatory, presided.

Miss Evelyn Mahoney of Hastings gave her senior piano recital at the First Presbyterian church last Friday evening.

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL.

1—Caustic substance
4—Hurried
8—Jargon
13—Poetic: always
14—Mark of whip
15—Musical instruments
17—Secret
19—Some
20—Note of scale
21—Animal fat
22—To care for
24—To defame
25—Garment
27—Length measure
28—Musical instrument
29—To gape
31—Vegetable mold
31—Beaver animal
32—Tavern
33—Common fund
34—Narrow opening
35—Platoon
36—Pert
37—To roam aimlessly
38—In an action
40—Gratuity
41—Leviathan vessel
42—Cease
43—Steel
45—To coffle
46—Gape
47—To demolish
48—Master
49—Actor
50—Suffix: full of
51—Dictator
52—Wind instrument
53—Dark bitter
54—Dance step
55—Concealed
60—Cheese
61—Kind of soap
62—To converge
63—Submitted
64—Wooden sponges
65—Metric land unit

VERTICAL.

1—Shelter
2—Affirmative
3—Wearing away
4—Saccharine
5—To some extent
6—High priest
7—Condemnation by censure
8—Swiftly
9—Skating place
10—Merry
11—Forward
12—Love apple
16—Sea nymph
18—Ottoman
23—Shade tree
42—Grape juice
24—Slender
26—To sharpen
27—State of mind
28—Large feline
30—Learning
31—Political group
33—To clip
34—Native land
36—To weary
37—Servant
38—Outbreak
39—Icelandic tale
40—To bewilder
41—Grieves
42—Girl's name
43—Supports
44—Not so difficult
45—New Zealand bird
46—Thick hair
48—Jousting field
49—Borders
51—Fine fabric
52—Prefix: eight
54—Favorite
56—Top
57—To mistake
58—To color
60—French article

ANSWERS ON PAGE 7.

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YOUR PROBLEMS

By MARY GORDON

Dear Mary Gordon: I am the mother of a girl of twenty-two. I have made many sacrifices so that she could have every advantage. Today she is fairly talented, good-looking and making her own living. But she absolutely refuses to consider marriage.

She has had several opportunities to marry and one man she seems to care for. He is the right kind of man for her, being comfortably well-off, there is nothing to stand in the way. But my daughter has refused him again and again and I am afraid she will lose him altogether.

I feel that I have failed with her. Somewhere my training was wrong or she would be preparing now to fulfill her normal purpose in life. What can I do to persuade her to take the right step? A. N.

A. You would not want her to step into matrimony feeling unsure that it is for her happiness, would you? When the man whom she feels is the right one comes along, she will change her ideas on marriage soon enough. Probably she looks around her and sees the bickering, the pettiness and the spirit of dogged endurance apparent in many homes, and decides, "not for me."

A girl of twenty-two is not doomed to spinsterhood because she hasn't decided to marry. And even if she were, aren't there worse fates? When you look around you at what some women endure—and some men, too—you can see that a young woman who is self-supporting and single and happy, may well remain so.

Perhaps marriage is not her normal goal. There are some women who are not fitted by training or nature for wifehood and motherhood and fortunate are they if they forego that state.

Ham Loaf, Serving Four.

1 cup chopped cooked ham
1 cup chopped cooked pork
1-2 cup crumbs
1 egg
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
1 tablespoon finely chopped celery
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ cup milk

Mix ingredients. Pack into loaf pan and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Unmold and surround with Creole sauce.

Creole Sauce.

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons chopped pimientos
2 tablespoons chopped green peppers
1 egg or 2 yolks

Melt butter and add flour. When blended add milk and cook until creamy sauce forms. Stir constantly. Add rest of ingredients, cook one minute.

Materials Used For Sportswear Variety

Lustrous blackfox on a beautifully cut navy woolen coat, and a charming navy leather belt, hand embroidered with tiny Louis XV bows. (Courtesy of Worth, Paris)

By DARE.

The house of Worth has opened a new sports shop—as I told you some little time ago. And, as you can well imagine, the most careful attention has been paid to the sportswear that is offered in this shop—a famous house bringing all its years of experience and developed taste into the realm of the modern!

That is why the sports things in the Worth Sports shop are becoming more and more popular. The woman who wants sportswear for morning wear, or for "spectator" sports, finds at Worth the very thing she has dreamed of in sportswear—style and novelty. The sportswoman who has to USE her sportswear for actual sports— is delighted when she finds everything that appeals to the eye—as well as everything that is comfortable.

Elegance In Materials.

Worth has decided that the cut of sportswear being necessarily limited, novelty and elegance can best be achieved in materials. And for this reason this house is for perhaps the first time interested in knitted material, and, according to a letter I just received from Monsieur Worth himself, they are actually having fun finding out ways and means of stitching—knitted goods! That's a problem, when you DO stop to think of it—isn't it!

The blouses for with this sportswear seem as though they are all hand knitted—light and lacy, and in one or two tones. Golf sweaters are particularly nice, worn over these knitted blouses when one needs that extra warmth. And one wide and long scarf has taken all eyes—of soft plaid cashmere in different color combinations.

Altogether, the Worth sports shop is quite interesting. And to think that fifty years ago no one ever HEARD of sportswear!

Milk Bottle Hatstands.

Every time I arrive in New York from Paris, or Paris from New York or Hollywood from wherever I have to get my closets all in order again—and every time I think of things to do for my hats and dresses and feet and things. I think of my dear public. I'll bet it never occurred to you that I might like YOU—now did it? Well, you'd be "surstonished" to know that I do—and how every time I find some particularly cute trick that pleases me for myself, I can hardly wait to tell you about it.

This time it's those darling hatstands I always make out of milk bottles—for my closet shelves, my hats, and my amusement. I just made some new ones, and have to giggle every time I look at them. So, I made a new leaflet telling you how to make them and added a few other things that I knew you would like to make for the house or your studio or hotel room. Simple things, and so amusing—to make, and to use. Footstools and even large sized ones—call 'em hassocks if you want to—from empty coffee cans—hatstands that won't topple over, from empty milk bottles and dolls' heads . . . and oh well, a stamped (3-cent), self-addressed envelope sent to the Dare Department, 247 W. 43d street, New York City, will bring the leaflet to you. You'll like it.

When you would want a coat—wouldn't your mind just sort of naturally gravitate towards something like the simple and elegant one I sketched for you today? A Worth model, this in navy blue nicely trimmed in black fox. And the leather belt embroidered in little Louise XV bows, just to be different—and subtle and everything.

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Ade's Dream Benefactor Offers Relief From Speeches And Social Tortures

BY GEORGE ADE.

ONCE there was a Multi-Millionaire who felt jealous when he saw John D. handing his pet University another Million every time a new Student Matriculated and others scattering their gifts and benefactions about. He saw that a very Rich Man who wishes to be Respected must fill his clothes with Currency and go out and slatter it around and holler for everybody to have Something on him and keep the Change.

He decided to follow the prevailing Fashion and spend his Money before he died, thereby giving the Ha-Ha to the Legal Profession.

But when this Would-be Philanthropist got ready to cut the Strings on his bundle he struck a Snag.

The Philanthropy Business had been overworked.

Every town large enough to be indicated on the map had a Carnegie library. He found that the Orphans were receiving more Care and Attention than the Children of Club Women.

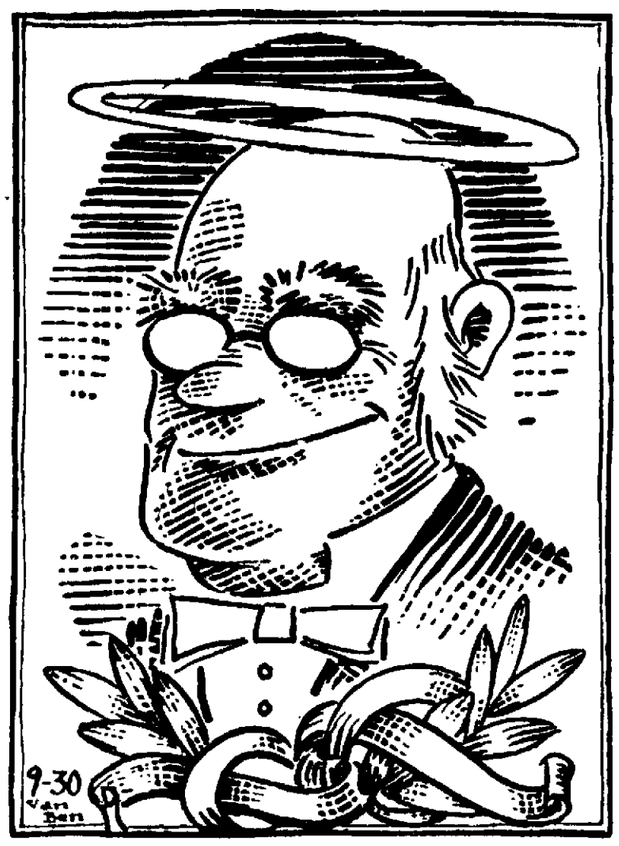
About the only Little Ones who got into the Country in the summer were the Homeless Waifs.

As for Colleges, they had multiplied so rapidly that all through the Middle West it was practically impossible to get Harvest Hands.

It began to look as though the benevolent Millionaire would have to burn his Money or else leave it to the usual Nephew who lives on High Balls and Musical Comedy.

"Surely there is Suffering somewhere in this World," said the perplexed Millioinaire, "Some one is waiting for a Helping Hand. Now to find him."

He began a careful Study of Social Conditions and soon discovered that the real Sufferer, the mute and patient Victim who was getting the Hooks oftener than any one else, was the poor Reptile whose Wife got up in the Morning and grabbed the Paper too see if the Family was mentioned.



Benefactor.

He was the banner Patsy of all Creation and he was the Boy that was praying for some one to come along and throw him a Life Line.

Misery In Our Midst.

By further Investigation the Multi-Millionaire was horrified to learn that here in this smiling Land of Plenty there were thousands of sad-eyed Men and Women who put on their Good Clothes when they would rather not do so, who went out when they would rather stay at Home, who Ate when they were not Hungry, Drank when they were not Thirsty, Conversed by the hour with People who bored them, listened to Speeches they did not want to hear, applauded vocal Music that was too fierce for words, fondled Infants they wanted to Throttle, and read novels that drove them gasping, out nto the Fresh Air.

"Oh, why should we send Relief Ships to India when there is so much Misery right here in our own principal Residence Streets?" asked the Philanthropic Millionaire.

So he founded and endowed a Society for the Relief of those who are Invited Out. The purpose of this glorious Organization was to prove that Entertainments should entertain.

As a first Move, the Benefactor invited all the well-known Citizens to a Formal Diner in Honor of a Statesman who wore Medals for talking against Time.

All the local Orators who were accustomed to paying for their Plates by telling the same stories that used to go so well in the early days of McIntyre and Heath were on hand.

A feeling of Sadness seemed to brood over the Large Assemblage until it was discovered that in front of each Plate was a Card saying that any one attempting to make a Speech would be thrown out on his Bean.

Three or four of the Spell-Binders were temporarily stunned. But the Main Bunch laid their Faces down among the Cut Flowers and wept for Joy.

The Dinner proceeded with tremendous Enthusiasm. There were no Dark Clouds on the Horizon Threatening a Wind-Storm.

No one was wondering how long the Mayor or the Congressman was going to spout, or whether they had Manuscripts concealed on their Persons. No one said anything about the Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul. The Man with the Megaphone Voice cut no Ice whatsoever, for they had him sewed up.

Every one went home feeling good.

The Deadly Lap Supper.

Next day no less than forty grateful Persons stopped the Reformer on the Street and bade him Godspeed in his Noble Work.

The next Thing the Society did was to offer a Cash Bonus to any one giving a Reception at which there would be no Standing in Line and shaking Hands!

Also it offered annual Salaries to all Celebrities who refrained from reading long-winded Papers to helpless Organizations.

A special Fund was set aside for the purpose of having Children in the Public Schools taught, by means of Charts, the Deadly Effects of the Lap Supper.

Then the Society offered a Bounty of Two Dollars for the Scalp of any Person guilty of Amateur Theatricals, and a Reward of $100 for the Body, dead or alive, of any one proposing a Lady Minstrel Show.

A diamond-encrusted Brooch was offered to every Young Woman who would pledge herself never to sing anything that she learned in the Conservatory.

Special Endowments were offered to Colleges on condition that Graduates should not be permitted to arise on a Hot Day and quote from Freud.

A large Sum was set aside to secure the passage of a Law Prohibiting the sale of Flutes to any one except a German employed in an Orchestra.

A Hall of Fame was established for Bridal Couples that refused to take Presents and cut out the Reception at the Home of her Parents.

Freedom At Last.

Then the Multi-Millionaire inaugurated a Grand Movement for the final Emancipation of those who wear Dress Clothes.

He worked on the Legislature to set aside three Days in every Week for the private use of those who wanted to do as they please without being pulled and hauled.

Any one who broke in on these days with Invitations was liable to Prosecutions, the Penalty being a Fine or Imprisonment, or both.

By the time this practical Reformer had spent a couple of Millions helping the unfortunate Upper Classes to throw off the Shackles, he was the most popular Character in the Country.

His heroic Example induced many weak and faltering Souls to swear off on the Entertainments that had been slowly but surely leading them towards the Foolish House.

After he passed away, his Statue was set up in every Park and his Birthday was observed in the Public Schools with a Half-Holiday instead of a Program of Recitations and Speeches.

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Moral: Some People are too Polite to call for Help.

C. C. C. Boys At Camp Chadron Reveal Secrets Of Hospital Life

By R. S. WOLFENBARGER.

Editor's Note: This is another article describing the intimacies of camp life at the C. C. C. camp at Chadron, where a number of Lincoln youths are employed by Uncle Sam.

Friday—About the only thing worth mentioning today is that we fellows from Lincoln receive our third and last inoculation and K. P. duty ends for me tonight. This evening a smoker is being held in town with a gang of pugilists strutting their stuff between the ropes. We know the only way to wake up some of these unfortunates who will undoubtedly bite the dust is to take along the camp dinner gong. One of the fellows in camp called "Swede" received a book entitled "Mold a mighty arm and back," so last night a group of us proceeded to exercise diligently and this morning really woke up feeling more "moldy" than anything else, I guess we'll take the gradual method from now on.

Saturday—Yestereve many from the camp attended the prize fights in Chadron put on by and between our boys. To start with I agree that I'm no fight judge and all I know "I've read in the papers" and probably couldn't stay a round with anyone even if equipped with a shotgun and ice tongs. Here are the bouts:

Bouts On Deck.

Hatcher vs. Doms—A neat boxing exhibition for amateurs, Hatcher winning easily from his larger opponent.

Bates vs. Shipley—A slugfest what am with Bates slamming and rushing his way to an undisputed decision. Shipely, almost out on his feet, was dead game, however.

Thompson vs. Cox—A draw—Cox's third round comeback won him a fair draw. Thompson on the floor once although the first two rounds were taken by him.

Swartz vs. Woods—Woods won by technical knockout when Swartz broke a rib. Woods ahead on points anyhow but Swartz always coming back for more.

Bernt vs. Ryan—Bernt winning but Irishman Ryan always boring in with a grin on his face and swinging from all angles. Both men were favorites with the fellows.

Daily vs. Donovan—A rather tame affair in which Daily copped a decision.

Dreamed of Pugilists.

Thus ended the fights and all home by truck and I crawled in bed to dream that all twelve of the boxers descended swiftly upon me and stole my bunk, leaving me to sleep on the floor the remainder of the night.

Today being Armistice Day, at 1:58 a. m. all the men were lined up in their company's best clothes and in respect for those who fought and died for us in the Great War, stood quietly at attention for one minute. I was strangely touched when, while standing there in mute silence, the radio in the mess hall faintly gave out some far away band playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Sunday—I've recently rented some grand books from the Camp library, which is open, free, to all men in Camp. One may rent a book for three days. The library offers everything from thrilling mysteries to educational books on forestry. The fellows so far have taken advantage of this opportunity.

Radio Mine Tonight.

Monday—At times the Company offers the men chances for extra work. Whatever the number of hours or days extra a man may work he may have off whenever he wishes. Today most of the fellows in my cabin took half a day off in return for a half day that we cut wood. We thought we had picked an Ace, as our radio was expected in the afternoon, but alas, it arrived long after working hours. Since changing cabins, as everyone did, the fellows who now surround me are Briggs of Lincoln, Madsen of Minden, Palmer of Hebron, Preston of Cotesfield, and Lostroh of Clarks. We each have a night a week during which time we may tune in on the radio whatever station we wish (to a reasonable limit). Now take Preston, for instance, cowboy laments are his passion and our poison. There's only two remedies with which to banish the undesirable music—either throw the radio or Preston headlong into the woodpile that night.

Pay Cometh and Goeth.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday—One may have his washing done here for a nominal sum, for example; shirts, 8c; handkerchiefs, 1c; towels, 2c. For this free advertising I should have my washing done free once.—how about it Soddy? Barbering performed by the trained and steady (?) hand of Strohmeier for a dime. All cabins are now completed and a new building going up. It's to be our recreation hall for the winter. Pay day for the rookies has cometh and goneth and the day after most of us are as broketh as the day beforeth. Due to the fact that some doctor, over the radio, said that a man 50 pounds overweight cut down his chances 50 per cent, Palmer, 18 years old weighing 196 pounds, has taken quarters on the sick list. Briggs of Lincoln says the radio makes him homesick and doesn't know if he likes it or not (the radio, not his home). Most of the fellows here have played either football or basketball in school—Swede Bjerkilin is the first to the dinner table, the last to leave, causing K. P.'s much consternation. Hal Siel had his appendix out this week, but by the time you read this, the news will be cut and dried, so will his appendix. Some truck driver dropped somebody's radio on the ground during the radio's trip from town to camp and the music box refuses to come thru with the goods as it should. A new detail has been established.

Armed With Capsules.

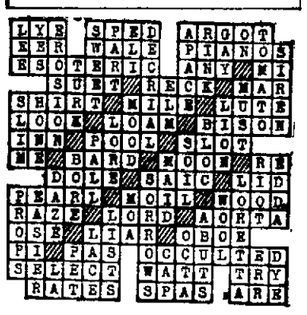
Fort Robinson C. C. C. Hospital (about 49 miles from Camp Chadron)—Here I was going along in great shape when along comes Fate and slaps me smack dab in the mid-section, and before I could recover sufficiently, old demon Flu ala Grippe had snatched me up by the shirt tails and now armed with capsules and thermometer, I have barged into the C. C. C. hospital for a brief respite.

In doing so I poked my nose into some news. News about a hospital and since every pair of parents sometime or other wonders what would happen if one of their sons would become ill, I am in a position to "tell all" by that greatest of all teachers, experience. I found a well regulated hospital which is situated in the midst of the U. S. army barracks some forty miles from Camp Chadron. The staff consists of three doctors, 14 C. C. C. attendants, (which includes cooks etc.) — two army men and one nurse with hair that suggests a bonfire in Indian summer. The meals are carefully balanced and cooked superbly in the mess hall which also has a huge radio for the convenience of the patients. Whenever a new patient is admitted into our little circle, he is inaugurated with the "strip-down-take-all-give little" process by which I mean that all of his clothes are taken and checked in, a pair of pajamas and a robe taking their place.

Food Can't Be Beat.

From the haberdashery department the recruit is observed in the observation room, treatment dealt out and finally assigned to one of the many wards. Usually in the ward where you stay there are several other men, thus staving off the pitfalls of melancholy, which, they tell me, is bad once you get it. Simple routine is carried out here throughout the day. In the mornings, those who are able, spend their time making beds, scrubbing and sweeping floors and then right off the bat one tears down and grabs himself some breakfast. Incidentally the food served here can't be beat. May I illustrate the point? Dinner: Sausages, creamed corn, carrots, stewed peaches, escalloped potatoes, parsnips, jam, bread, butter and coffee. A hospital means nothing more or less than operations sooner or later and even today a double hernia case is being lined up with fully a dozen pairs of tonsils to be removed later in the week. Beside my bed lies Hal Siel, platoon leader, minus his appendix and before I go any further let me spill a little secret—Hal spends his odd moments during the day sewing quilt blocks for the nurse and seems to enjoy himself thoroughly. On the other side of the bed is Sloan, fellow camp mate, who plays solitare incessantly, never winning a game and wearing out in the vicinity of three decks of cards daily. Leaving the characters for the time being, let us consider the day of the year. It being Thanksgiving, one cannot pass up the turkey and ice cream which, so they tell me, is slated for the chow at noon. In conclusion I am thankful that I'm in the C. C. C., and that there are no better Casino players in the place. I'll be C. C'in you later!

Crossword Answer



Life Beyond Forty Is Most Interesting

BY O. O. McINTYRE.

"You have whizzed by the 40th milestone. I reach it in a few days. Any advice?"—H. F. D., Milwaukee.

Every man is flattered when asked for advice. And who can refuse? At 40 you will find galeties that used to thrill rather sorry. They grow drabber with time, too.

The sensible man at 40 must realize he has but 10 years, if he has not succeeded, to make a mark if it is not to be washed out by the next tide.

At 40 you will wish you had never used tobacco and, likely, never taken an alcoholic drink. It is difficult to mend habits after 40. More and more in the next ten years you will conclude the only real happiness is in work, books, real friends, and solitary nights where the mind zooms off in long curves.

Regret Many Things.

You will regret many things at 40, but it's the age when most sturdy characters crystallize. If you are honest at 40 you will likely remain honest the rest of your days. And you will realize the sanest philosophy comes from men past 60, men you regarded as old fogies ten years ago.

The most interesting part of your life is before you, although the briefest cycle.

I was amused to see reports that Rudy Vallee, while attending a premiere of Paul Whiteman on Broadway, praised Whiteman extravagantly and never mentioned himself. No unusual modesty about that. Just good sense. Whiteman was the best known orchestra leader before anyone ever heard of Vallee. And remains at the top.

Publicity Stunt?

Henry J. Allen, distinguished Kansan, when accused of cribbing from a book on Russia in syndicating articles about the Soviet, gave an explanation that writing men will understand. He had, in a strange land, taken copious notes, read everything he could lay hands on, jotted down passages from this book and that and in compilation may have be admitted, "cribbed." Every writer cribs unconsciously or otherwise. Literature, as Dickens says, is a succession of beats. In Mr. Allen's case, however, an express agent suggests a publishing house press agent using Mr. Allen to wangle publicity for a book very few people have read.

Herald Square, once the liveliest after-night section in New York, now is one of the most deserted. Recently at 11 p. m., I counted twelve people in the area running from 34th to 36th street. It is busy enough during the day with its great department stores but after dusk, like Wall street, is desolated.

La Belle France, plucking American tourists for years and refusing to pay a just and honorable debt, is getting coy again. She is flooding the country with wine propagandists, Marquises, dukes and what not. Already the French press is boasting she will have a bottle of wine on every American table in a year. Every wine taster knows France sent us her worst wines before prohibition. Also the best wines do not come from France. California is going to turn out just as good. Finally, it is unpatriotic for any American to encourage France in gobbling up our wine trade until she treats us with courtesy in her own country. And pays us money that saved her from a certain doom.

Short Shavings.

Gladstone, once asked to reply vitriolically to an unjust attack, said: "Snakes are immune from their own venom!".....Marie Dressler saw "Three Little Pigs" eight times.....Vincent Youmans is writing music for the Doug Fairbanks films in England....Coleridge's beautiful poem, "Kublai Khan" has been interpreted by John Vassos in a beautiful volume gotten out by Dutton....Basil Woon was best man at the wedding of Gloria Swanson to the marquis in Paris ....And remains a close friend of each....H. O. Stechan, of Los Angeles, has written an absorbing life of Paul called, "The Great Apostle" ....'The Finished Scoundrel" is a Bobbs-Merrill book about General James Wilkinson, some time commander-in-chief of the U. S. army .... J. P. Morgan always keeps his name off steamer passenger lists .... "Kapoot" is a best selling book about Russia ..Riverside Drive is becoming unbearable from the glue factory odors in Jersey.... Primo Carnera following breach of promise shakedowns, is now girl shy.... King George always carries indigestion tablets in his vest pocket .... Indiana has two towns named Tailholt and Gnawbone.

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Nebraska Historical Papers Face Ruin for Lack of Needed Funds

(Continued from Page Two.)

much pleased with our 'black bottle.'"

On another stack was a yellowed file containing copies of the Connecticut Courant, one of America's earliest newspapers. The first issue in the volume, printed in August of 1776, containd an order by George Washington, commander-in-chief, directing a massing of American forces near the port of New York. In an adjacent column was an advertisement inserted by trustees of Harvard college urging the purchase of lottery tickets which it was vending.

Then we went into the current periodical room where Kansas receives its weekly mail. There issues of 735 newspapers and periodicals are received weekly for filing. Among these are 57 dailies and 452 weekly newspapers. Mr. Miller termed it, "a valuable week-by-week history of Kansas, consulted annually by hundreds of persons."

Thirteen Employes On Staff.

The Kansas society at the present time has thirteen state-paid employes whose salaries total $17,000 annually in addition to $2,500 to be used each year of this biennium for the purchase of books, postage, freight, and extra clerk hire. Then, as heretofore related, its state print shop does all binding and printing without charge.

The appropriation for the Nebraska State Historical society for the current biennium totals $17,200 with $9,600 of it allotted for salaries for the five full-time employes. A sum of $5,600 is devoted to maintenance and a special fund of $2,000 was provided by the legislature for moving and conditioning of books and periodicals.

Such then is the way the newspaper sections of the two societies compare and such also are the reasons why. That is probably all one needs to say.

Majesty of Missouri River Told by Brown

(Continued From Page Three.)

illumined manuscript of the middle ages. Across the river toward the east a plain extends to where in the distance, and paralleling the river, a chain of hills rises suddenly to mingle with the sky. From these hills when my town was young, warlike Indians spied upon the pale-faced invaders and at night flung along their signal fires.

"Father of Waters."

"North of the city on the Nebraska shore the highest elevation bears the modest name of Goose Hill. The trees there seem to stand aside and invite your eyes to sweep the vast panorama. Pause on this eminence before daylight and you seem to hear a deep but subdued note welling up through the purple mists as though the Father of Waters was seeking to teach some lesson of patience learned in long wandering.

"For some of us believe the majestic Missouri is truly the Father of Waters and the Mississippi tributary. From Goose Hill I have seen the maid of dawn blush along the horizon and stretch forth her rosy fingers to lightly touch the tapestry of the west bank. And, Lo! it bursts into flames which consume not, and in which is every tint and color of fancy's seven-hued arch. The perfect harmony of nature's pleasant smile and the river's vibrant bass is so ravishing as to transport you out into another world where all is peace and good cheer and content."

Nebraska Schools and Colleges

Nearly 150 N. U. Faculty Members Booked For Talks

Nearly 150 University of Nebraska professors and instructors who are available for speaking dates in the state have been listed, along with subjects upon which they are prepared, by the latest bulletin of the University extension division. Seeking to make the university of more value to Nebraska as a whole, faculty members will in this way spread the benefits of their knowledge and experience over a wider field, it is believed.

Someone in the University of Nebraska is able from his long study and application to the work in his department to speak on nearly any subject. Recitals and talks on music, dramatic readings, travel talks, sociological and religious subjects are among the long list. Addresses are prepared on museum and archeological subjects. Departments of history, economics, and political sciences have furnished topics that may be of interest.

The extension division in issuing its bulletin has made more easily available to Nebraska communities information heretofore not compiled. Directors believe schools, churches, and clubs of all kinds may at times desire speakers but be unable to pay the usual price for such addresses. By charging in most instances little more than expenses, talented men and women can be enjoyed through the whole state.

Agricultural clubs may find speakers in that college, while business organizations will find their vocation problems discussed by someone in that department. Engineering lectures, talks on sports—in fact, the extension division has planned that among its several hundred proposed subjects there will be at least one for every occasion.

York College Notes

The York college Histrionic club presented a group of 3 plays Friday evening at the college auditorium. The first play, "Two Aunts and a Photo," by Masie B. Whiting, was a one act comedy, with its setting in a college dormitory. The second presentation, a one act play entitled, "In the Fire's Shadow," by Norman Balch, was an allegory with its scene in a study. The third and last performance was a two act comedy-drama, by Alice Gerstenberg, known as "Captain Joe," which was built around the circumstances leading up to a college basketball game.

Lucille Westwood Waco, and Harry Stephenson, Fairmont, are recuperating at the Lutheran hospital in York following an automobile accident near Waco. Early reports indicated that both were severely injured and will not return to college for several weeks.

Beverly Hennings, freshman from Stromsburg, underwent a major operation, Saturday morning, at a local hospital.

Mr. and Mrs Harlan Thomas, missionaries in the Sierre Leone district of West Africa, visited York college on Dec. 11 and 12. While there they addressed the student body at the chapel period, and also appeared before several of the various campus organizations.

The men's interclass basketball games were started Monday evening, when the juniors played the seniors and the freshmen engaged the sophomores in the preliminaries at the college gym. In these games the juniors won over the seniors by a 30-15 score; while the frosh beat the sophomores by a 36-24 count. The interclass finals were held Tuesday evening, when the freshmen successfully defeated the juniors by a 27-19 tally.

The York college alumni meeting has been scheduled for Thursday evening, Dec. 28, and is to be held at the United Brethren church. Prof. Warren Baller, chairman of the committee, announced recently that several prominent alumni will address the conference.

The York college Forensic club was recently voted membership in the Alpha Sigma Phi National Honorary Forensic association. The local chapter will be inducted into the national society early in January.

The Christmas vacation at York college will begin Wednesday night, Dec. 20, and will extend until the Wednesday after the holidays, Jan. 3.

Doane Notes

The Christmas vacation began at Doane college on Friday evening, December 15. Classes will be resumed Tuesday noon, January 2.

Mrs. H. H. Moore of Lincoln spoke to the Doane college women at Frees hall Tuesday evening, Dec. 12, on "The Use of Antiques and Decorations in the Home."

J. Leighton Kunkel, Albion, was elected president of the Old Line State Oratorical association at the annual meeting held on the Doane campus December 8.

The annual all-college Christmas banquet was held Wednesday, December 13, in the Frees hall dining room. Town students, faculty members and wives were the guests of Frees hall. Dean J. E. Taylor acted as toastmaster and called on the following students for toasts: Aileen Marshall, Douglas; Donald Bourne, Ravenna; Helen Hokuf, Crete; and John Vance, Milford. The string quartet furnished special music and Miss Virginia Peters, of Stanton, led the singing of Christmas carols.

The Women's Athletic association and their sponsor, Miss Florence Sturdevant, had a waffle dinner at the home of Miss Jean Cassel, Tuesday evening, December 12. Three new members, Mary Beth Wallace, Omaha, and Velma Schrein and Evelyn Spadt, Crete, were initiated.

Prof. Charles V. Kettering, of the department of music, and Charles Cheng, of Hope, China, conducted the evening service in the Sutton Federated church Sunday, December 10.

The Crete branch of the American association of University Women held guest night in the college physics department Tuesday evening, each member bringing one guest. A cover dish dinner was furnished by the association. Prof. E. Russel Wightman of the physics department gave a demonstration lecture.

The Christmas carols heard over Crete Monday evening, came from the west door of Men's hall where the Doane choir and other students and friends were assembled to broadcast through Professor Kettering's amplifying equipment.

The messages from the radio public in regard to the radio debate between Doane and Kansas State Agricultural college at Manhattan, November 28, which have been forwarded to Prof. J. H. Ennis by station KSAC indicate that Doane might have won the debate had it been settled by decison.

Peru Normal Notes

Otto Boellstorff, Phillip Hoyt and Prof. V. H. Jindra went to Crete Wednesday evening to attend the concert given by the Doane College symphony orchestra.

An instrumental trio composed of Sylvia Mashek, Chapman, 'cello; Clyde Bole, Reynolds, violin, and Gera Graham, Lincoln, piano, gave a program at convocation.

The fourth number in the winter season lyceum and lecture course, an illustrated travelogue, will be given December 19 by Jim Wilson.

The Women's Athletic association is conducting a series of indoor sport tournaments in hit-pin baseball, volley ball and basketball during the winter months.

The Christmas vacation dates have been announced as December 22 to January 2, inclusive.

O'Brien Picks Prairie Schooner Story As One Of Best In Anthology

The "Prairie Schooner" magazine has again been honored by Edward J. O'Brien of Oxford, England, through his request to reprint "Crossroads Woman" in the forthcoming edition of his annual anthology "The Best Short Stories." Written by Howard McKinley Corning, "Crossroads Woman" was first published as one of the leading stories in the 1933 winter issue of the Nebraska magazine.

Mr. Corning was born near Bennet, Neb., and is now living in Oregon. He writes both prose and poetry. His two volumes of poetry are "Those People," and "The Mountain in the Sky." Several of his poems are included in the 1932 edition of "The New Poetry."

Hastings Notes

Westminster Guild held a Christmas supper meeting at the First Presbyterian church last Friday evening. A Christmas gift box was packed to be sent to the Ganado Mission in Arizona.

Theta Psi Beta entertained guests at the K. P. lodge on the Blue river, December 9. The party theme was "The Last Round-up". Handicap Rook was played during the evening after which a chili supper was served. Zina Rosenberg of Hastings was chairman of the committee in charge, which included Pauline Newell of Wichita, Kan., Elta Rosenau, Ardyce Gilna, and Mary Elizabeth Weyer, all of Hastings.

Havelock

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Goslin, Mrs. C. M. Kohler, Mrs. Fred Hall and Mrs. John Moore visited with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Clark at Ashland last Friday.

Members of the Altar Society will hold a Christmas party and tea at St. Patrick's hall Tuesday afternoon. Fifty guests will be served and gifts will be exchanged. Hostesses are Mrs. Hal Smith, Mrs. A. L. Bourke, Mrs. L. Clasen and Mrs. Tom Connelly.

The O. E. S. will give a covered dish luncheon at the Masonic hall at 6:30 Thursday evening for members and their families. A Christmas party will follow the luncheon.

Mrs. Anna Ryan of Omaha attended the John Haberlin funeral Monday.

The Christian Ladies' Council held its regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Eugene Westphalen Thursday.

The Hav-O-Link club met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Louis Sterkel.

Mrs. Connie Moran of Minatare, who has been visiting here, has left for Los Angeles where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Nellie DeWitt.

Miss Amanda Kohler is the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Winter, at Valparaiso this week.

Harmon Turner returned Wednesday from McCook where he spent a few days visiting.

Rev. George French returned Saturday from Chicago where he had gone for Mrs. French. She was unable to return with him, however, and will probably not be back until after the holidays.

The Royal Neighbors met Wednesday afternoon at the I. O. O. F. hall for a covered dish luncheon and party.

The Lions club held its regular dinner meeting at Wilson's Cafe, Tuesday evening.

The Ladies' Council of the Christian church gave a supper in the church parlors Thursday evening. A large crowd was present.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church held a covered dish luncheon at the church parlors Thursday. Hostesses were the Mesdames William McClure, Cecil McMichael, Roy Barrett, Ansel Hoyt and Willard Williamson.

Miss Mary Partington was hostess to the Havelock Extension club Tuesday afternoon. She was assisted by Mrs. John Lee and Mrs. Frank Hanson.

Mrs. Frank Boehme spent the week-end with Omaha friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Morrison received word Wednesday of the birth of a grandson, December 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hook of Yakami, Wash.

At their last Thursday's meeting the O. E. S. elected officers as follows: Mrs. Walter A. Baker, worthy matron; L. Z. Zimmerman, worthy patron; Mrs. Edward Michaelis, associate matron; T. J. DeLunger, associate patron; Mrs. C. C. Pinkerton, conductress. Mrs. Catherine Kreiger, associate conductress; Mrs. H. B. Little, treasurer, and Mrs. Clarence Shipman, secretary.

Miss Ruth Bell entertained at two tables of bridge at her home Sunday evening. Refreshments were served at a late hour.

Santa Claus Needs Much Help to Bring Cheer to Needy Homes

(Continued from Page Two.)

apiece to the three little X's, who've heard of Santy Claus, but can't know him unless some one helps.

Without children, without funds, without relatives, Mr. and Mrs. M. occupy a tiny house in Lincoln, the owner permitting them to remain without rent at this time, for they been there a long time and keep the house and surrounding beautifully. An ambitious, steady workman in his day, there was a time when the M's had no thought they ever would need help. But now, Mr. M is ill, and he fears an operation will prevent him from doing any sort of work later, and his wife is frail. They'll be so much alone this Chistmas day, when sons and daughters and grandchildren are gathering for family reunions, but a future that can't be bright ever will be a bit softened if this neat worthy couple finds a bit of a galf hiding back of the potatoes.

Any of the workers from the county bureau will be only too happy to hitch up their reindeer and take the gifts. All you need do is call them.

Haney Honored.

J. W. Haney, chairman of the department of mechanical engineering at the University of Nebraska, has been made chairman of the national committee on local sections of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers for the coming year.

"Y" Includes Dads In Annual Hobby Show

By BILL HOLMES.

The advent of a new year in Lincoln always brings two events of importance and interest—the making of a set of New Year's resolutions and the annual Y. M. C. A. Boy's Pet and Hobby show. This year marks the twenty-first presentation of the exhibit.

The open house program of the show, held the first day of the year at the "Y," always reveals an amazing and interesting number of hobbies of Lancaster county boys and the interest and proficiency of each exhibitor in his particular hobby is seen in the quality of his work and the painstaking care with which the various collections have been assembled.

Two New Divisions.

This year in addition to the wood turning, leathercraft, soap carving, stamp collections, pets, artcraft, collections, and book and magazine study divisions, two new exhibits have been planned. The boys will show the products of their culinary efforts and give demonstrations of their ability to make cookies, pies, bread, cakes and canned goods. The other new division is a display of hobbies by adults. The purpose of this division is not to "show up" the boys' work but to show the relationship between fathers and sons in activities and to stimulate greater interest, if possible, on the part of the boy in his hobby. A comparison of the adult and boys' exhibits may not be such a show up at that.

According to Henry J. Hubert, secretary in charge of enrollment, the Y. M. C. A.'s purpose in staging the show is to discover the interests of boys, to increase interest in certain hobbies, to afford a means of self expression and to promote and exchange of interest in the development of new interests among individuals and groups. This gets away from the old idea of giving hobby shows merely for the purpose of winning prizes. "It is commonly agreed that hobbies among boys become vocations," Mr. Hubert said, "and schools are doing much in stimulating hobbies for leisure time activities. The administrative heads, principals and teachers of the schools in Lincoln and Lancaster county should receive commendation for their untiring efforts in promoting the pet and hobby show." L. H. Alberty is the general superintendent of this year's show.

Age Limits 9 to 17.

The show is open to all boys between the ages of nine and eighteen and a fee of five cents allows the entry of as many articles as desired. The entries are split into three age groups: Class A for boys of 9, 10 and 11 years; class B for boys of 12, 13 and 14 years; class C for boys of 15, 16 and 17 years.

Three certificates are awarded to winners in each group and age class and the show will be open from 11 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock in the evening. At 2 o'clock an athletic exhibition is to be given in the gymnasium and at 4 o'clock a swimming meet.

The pet divison is probably one of the high spots of the show. Boys make pets of almost everything that lives and that can be kept in any structure up to the size of a barn, including the house, and they put them in the pet and hobby show.

Following are the divisions and those in charge. Woodwork, Alvin H. Miller, Edward Buller; models, C. O. Morrison, Stanley Birmch, Stanley Brewster; artcraft, Gar Williams, Bill Bockes; collections, Dr. C. Roy Miller, E. L. Blue, Bruce Robb, Franklin Winchell; book and magazine study, Gordon Bennett, Bruce Campbell; pets, E. A. Gehrke, Charles Forney; culinary arts, Lloyd Smith, C. V. Rasmussen; adult section, Dr. Perry Morton.

Judges Listed.

Judges for the divisions will be, woodwork, E. W. Aura, A. C. Easton and J. P. Slothower; models, C. E. Evans, Gool Pavey, Ben Elliot; Artcraft, A. F. Berryman; collections, C. W. Ackerson, W. L. Younkin, H. P. Doole, A. E. Sheldon, Frank Loger; books and magazines, R. O. Hummel; culinary arts, Mr. C. A. Newcomber; pets, Dr. F. Perkin.

According to the information bulletin, which may be obtained without cost at the Y. M. C. A. all entries must be made before December 30. The list of judges is not yet complete and additions will be made during the next week.

Show Preventive Use Of Christmas Seals

The potential powers of prevention of a Christmas seal were depicted for the Lincoln and Lancaster county committee of the Nebraska Tuberculosis association in a window display arranged at the Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co. by Mrs. Edna Fitzpatrick in connection with the annual Christmas seal sale.

Ribbons leading from a greatly enlarged Christmas seal painted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick lead to placards stressing the four points of tuberculosis prevention: X-ray examination, mild exercise in the sun-shine, plenty of sleep at nights and rest periods during the day-time, and the isolation of tuberculosis victims in sanatoriums when there are children in the home.

Children Examined.

Receipts from the seal sale are used in Lincoln for health inspection of school and pre-school children, for the employment of a nurse who follows up cases when there is no family physician, for the conducting of a publicity and an educational campaign for preventive purposes, and to maintain a summer nutrition camp for undernourished children and tuberculosis contacts.

"Due to the present economic conditions there has been an increase in tuberculosis in Lincoln as elsewhere in the country," said Mrs. W. F. Hird, chairman of the Christmas seal sale committee, "and the need for preventive measures are now needed more than ever before. Ninety cents of each dollar received for seals stays in Lincoln for prevention of the white plague, while of the remainder, five cents goes to the state association for research and educational work, and five cents to the national organization for work along the same lines."

Prevention Cheaper.

National research has shown that it is nine times more costly to cure tuberculosis than to prevent it, to say nothing of the human suffering and wasted lives prevented by early diagnosis and treatment. Three years of the average tuberculosis victim's life are wasted in the process of effecting a cure, and the highest death rate is between the ages of 15 and 45, or when the victim would be most useful to society. One of every three high school girls who dies is a victim of the disease.

There were seventeen deaths in Lincoln from tuberculosis last year, according to Mrs. Hird, and an equal number of deaths from the same cause during the first nine months of this year. This does not include cases handled by private physicians. Research has shown that there are approximately ten contacts for each death, and each of these contacts is accountable for ten additional contacts. This means that there are about 1,700 potential cases of tuberculosis in Lincoln, and it is to prevent these cases from becoming active that the tuberculosis association is holding its seal sale and maintaining its year around service.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

A Novel of Passion and Peril

ONE LOVES BUT ONCE

By Frank Brady

SYNOPSIS.

David Carlyle, young American scientist planning a dangerous epedition into the jungles of South America to search for a missing friend, marries Madi Wisner, beautiful Hungarian actress. As the time approaches for his departure he begins to worry about how Madi will take care of herself in his absence, for he has little money to leave her, and she is out of work. But she assures him that she will be all right.

SHE did not reply at once. She rose and, walking to the mantel, studiously examined a box of matches. It was as though the design, with which she must have been very familiar, was something new and fascinating. Absently, then, she held the box in her hand and faced Carlyle again.

"Yes," she said. "I have one. One trouble."

"All right," he replied. "Let's have it."

"You will think me very foolish, perhaps, she ventured.

"Maybe."

"But even if you do," she went on, "I think I will tell you." Coming over to him, she said, "You remember when that letter came — the one from the girl you were to mary?"

He nodded. "Of course. But I thought we had straightened all that out. You don't think for a moment—"

She interrupted him. "I do not know. You see, the longer I know you, the more this means to me. Yourself and myself. It is something that means so much, I am often afraid—afraid that some day something will happen to stop it." He would have broken in to reassure her, but she pressed his hand for silence. "Please. I know you have told me there is nothing that will happen—that you will never go back to her, that you will not change."

"YES," said Carlyle, "and it is quite true."

Madi paused a moment. "Yes," she said. "But let us suppose—even if you think it will never happen—let us suppose that you do change. If that ever happens, I want you to promise me that you will do something for me."

Carlyle waited.

"It is this," said the girl. "Will you promise to tell me yourself that, with you, it is over? To my face. If it should end, I want to know about it from you. Not to wonder and to worry, to hope and to be afraid. I want you to tell me. And I promise you that I will make no scene. I shall not be angry and say terrible things to you. I will—well, I will do nothing. There will be nothing to do. You will do that?" she asked. "You will tell me yourself?"

He took her hands in his.

"If such a thing should ever happen," he said, "I promise I will tell you myself. But it will never happen."

"How I hope," said Madi, "that it will not!"

CHAPTER XVII

THE ship was a ghostly white as it sat close to the dock shed in the darkness. Behind it was the blackness of the East River; and high above, crossing behind the dim foremast, was the long curve of little dots of lights that outlined Brooklyn Bridge.

Upon the cabin deck, dimly lighted by a series of infrequent bulbs in strong wire caging, Carlyle stood with Madi. Leaning upon the rail, they stared down at the hurry and glare of the dock. His equipment and his baggage he had seen safely aboard earlier in the day. Until the lines should be cast off, he was free to be with Madi.

There had been many things he had planned to say, things he must not forget to mention. But now that the time had come for departure, none of them occurred to him. Strange, he thought, that with so little time left for them to be together, they should be speechless.

DIRECTLY below them was a slit of murky water separating the dirty white plates of the ship from the still dirtier beams of the pier. Into it gushed a round stream of water from some aperture in the hull below.

Under the yellow lights of the shed, there was an endless rumbling of trucks, as sweating men in a frenzy of effort trundled heavy loads of boxes and crates. The crane forward dipped down a great net and gathered them in, then lifted again and, poised for a moment above the square of the hold, let them sink down to depths unseen.

"It is funny about ships," said Madi, watching the process of loading, "that they never seem to be ready to go when they should. It is as if they had put everything off to the last minute, and it would never get done. And everybody is so excited. I am sure the captain upstairs is biting his nails and saying, 'This will not do, this will not do!'"

Carlyle laughed. "If he's saying nothing worse than that, the crew is pretty lucky."

"Lucky." Madi repeated the word, as if dwelling on it in her mind. "You, too, must be lucky," she added. "That is why I have worn this."

She indicated her dress. It was the one, he had noticed, in which she had been married. A plaid dress, with a neckerchief of spotless white knotted about her throat.

"THIS dress," she said, "has brought me such great luck I did not know that when I wore it at the wedding. I put it on because you had not seen it before, because it was not the one I had worn on the evening before. I did not know, when I did so, what it would bring to me. I did not, you see, know very much about you. But later when I came to know you, I would look at the dress. And it always made me happy. I thought to myself, 'It has brought me such great good fortune. I will not wear it again until some time when I am in great need of more good luck.'"

Carlyle suddenly realized then that indeed, he had not seen the gown since the day of their wedding. Once or twice he had wondered why she never wore it. But the matter had not remained long enough in his mind to prompt an inquiry.

"This time," Madi went on, "it must bring you luck. For me it already has done its share."

He smiled. "More for me than for you," he declared.

She was about to argue the point, but from behind them came the shout of a sailor.

"ALL ashore that's going ashore!" Carlyle looked about him. The crane no longer dipped and swung, and dipped again. Below and forward, a gangplank to a lower deck was being hauled in.

He took Madi's hand, and together they walked toward the passenger gangplank. She turned to him.

"You must have more than luck," she said. "I must give you more than that to take with you. Luck is good. But you must have something more sure than that." She took one of his hands in her two. "You must have prayers."

It was a little while before she said more.

"I am funny about prayers," she went on. "I do not like to say them. If things are good, I am thankful. But if they are not, I like to see first if I cannot make them better without prayers. I say to myself, 'I must not ask of God too many favors. Only one, very seldom. Then he may give what I ask.' So I save my prayers, so that, when there is a time when I need something very much, they will be there. They will not be spent. I have many saved up, and I shall spend them all for you. For you to come back to me."

CARLYLE took her in his arms and held her close as they kissed good-bye. Again the cry for visitors to leave was heard. They stood apart.

"If only Heaven will hear me!" she whispered.

Then she was gone, walking rapidly down the gangway into the shed. She took her stand there, looking up at him. So small a figure she seemed in the foreground of the cavernous shed. The white of her neckerchief stood out against the haze of dusty illumination. Presently, the ship throbbed and slowly swung out into the blackness. Carlyle saw Madi raise a gloved hand and wave.

Now the boat was swinging round, her bow turning downstream. The throb of her engines, as the tugs stood away, could be felt. Carlyle ran to the stern to see, until the last moment, the girl waving from the dock.

Then the end of the shed cut her from view.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE Salvador, upon which Carlyle had taken passage, was a lazy ship. For three weeks she steamed unhurriedly toward the south. To Carlyle it seemed that the sea was about him for an endless time. Only its color changed, and its mood. One day gray and leaden, the following morning it would have become green; and again, overnight, a true sapphire.

The heat, as days merged into other days, came to make itself felt. Carlyle had left New York in tweeds. But it was not long before, like the ship's officers, he changed to white duck. By the time they reached the port at the mouth of the river up which he was to journey, he had found pajamas the only apparel to afford an approach to comfort. He had met tropic heat before, upon a trip to Costa Rica with Steffens, but that had been long ago. He was astonished that he had not remembered more vividly.

BUT in time he became accustomed to it. He came to wonder what it must be like not always to be wet. The backs of his hands, his forehead, were forever damp. Even in the high white room of his hotel, he awoke every morning to find his pillow sodden.

In a measure, he was thankful for the discomfort. It at least kept his mind persistently upon himself, and he had less time to conceive visions of what might be happening to Madi. He had done this for many nights. He saw her again, so little and so lone, standing in the great dock shed, with New York, massive and hard and unrelenting, behind her.

When the ship had taken him from her sight she had, he knew, turned to face it. Could she—and survive?

He saw her sitting for hours in some theatrical agency, waiting for a hearing. Being turned away, and going to another, again to sit in a worn and dingy chair, watching the door to an inner office that, for her, would never open.

That for a while. Then he would picture her in desperation turning to the trade she had learned as a girl—dressmaking. Perhaps in a dress factory. The thought of such sweat-shop, with the din of its machines, its glaring lights, its incessant toll of energy, would make Carlyle turn uneasily in his bed on a hot night.

BUT one consolation he had. He had left a little money for Madi. When he had urged her to take it—though he had little enough to offer—she had refused. Failing to budge her in her determination not to take it he had gone to a bank and had arranged to have the small sum delivered into Madi's hands after his departure. She would have had to take it then. And it was enough, if worse came to worse, to carry her home and sustain her for a while. In her native country, while she could not earn a great deal, she still could manage to live.

His great hope was that she would go back to Hungary if need arose—that she would be sensible, and not try, in the face of failure, to hold on in America until he might return.

If he returned, he always remembered. Despite Dr. Vagsich's dismaying prophecy, he had never accepted it as foreordained that he would not come back. Not, at least, without a fight. But he was aware, clearly enough, of what lay before him, and he knew that his survival was very much a matter of doubt.

Anxiety to begin the adventure, to get it, if possible, behind him, drove him to a feverish activity in completing his preparations. He began to try to estimate how long it might take before he would be close enough to the country where Steffens had gone to find out whether the man he sought was still alive. He asked Dr. Vagsich.

"THAT will depend" said the doctor. "It will depend upon whether we are able to reach the high country before the rain sets in. If we do not, we shall have to wait until the waters have gone down. During the rains, we cannot travel."

"Why not?"

"You will see," said Vagsich. "Do you know what it is like when it rains up there? The country is low, heavily wooded. Not woods like yours at home, but tangled and overgrown. The river spreads out beyond its banks and the water rises. The river, in flood, is too strong to stem. And through the forests you cannot walk, because of the water. Nor can you go by boat through the trees. It would be like trying to swim through a wire netting. No," he concluded, "if we do not pass that country before the rains, we must wait."

"How long?"

"About five months."

That, Carlyle felt, he could not endure. He had had enough of passivity aboardship.

THEY finally were ready and started up the river on a little paddle-wheel steamer that pushed slowly through the brown waters. Days passed. Now they had taken to canoes. Indians drove the paddles with a tireless swing that carried the craft steadily up-stream.

But they seemed to make slow progress. The river was still wide. Would it never grow narrower? Carlyle gave the natives no rest. He spurred them on unremittingly, with promises of extra pay if they should win the race against the rain. The flat country, through which they must pass to continue onward, lay on either side of them now. A week more, and they should be across it.

"Seven days," Carlyle said to himself. "Seven days more." He felt as if he must hold his breath until the time was past.

He scanned the sky anxiously. Then he stood rigid. From a distance had come a sound. Far off, but unmistakable.

"Thunder," he said. This time he spoke aloud.

CHAPTER XIX

AS SOON as the Indinas heard the thunder, they made for the shore. There, choosing as high a point as the land back from the river afforded, they set at once to work, clearing a space. With axe and machete, they worked swiftly.

To Carlyle it seemed that they worked without plan. But before the end of the day, when the first heavy drops of rain had begun to tap upon the leaves of the forest, he saw that he had been mistaken. The object of the seemingly haphazard labor began with astonishing swiftness to disclose itself.

Stripping the largest and most firmly rooted of the trees on the plot they had chosen, the Indians used the sturdy trunks as a support for a platform of saplings. They bound these together with sinewy vines, and erected from them uprights of more saplings; and so the skeleton of a hut grew.

THATCHING the sides and the roof, they had, before another day had passed, somehting that might have been a giant bird house, reached by a ladder they fashioned. They brought flat stones and mud from the river banks, and carried these up into the house.

Carlyle looked puzzled.

"For fire," Vagsich explained. "You will live there, or I will live there, for they will make more little houses. We will be here a long while. It will be damp. We must have fire against that. And we must cook."

The river rose as the incessant rain continued. Carlyle was amazed at it, lapping inch by inch higher up as the days went by. Over the muddy shore, over the flat white stones, then into the grass and the undergrowth.

They had to take to the trees, which soon stood in coffee-colored water. It flowed against the bark; and if Carlyle looked down at it from his hut, it seemed to him that the trees were moving upstream.

Food they did not worry about. The Indians snared small game with a regularity that could be counted on. And there was fruit to be had for the climbing. They would not starve.

It was a strange existence, one so odd that Carlyle wondered if it was real.

VAGSICH'S hut was built around a tree not far from his own, and the two were joined by a swaying bridge of twisted vines. Vagsich had expressed satisfaction at the arrangement.

"It is good we can live apart a little," he said. "With nothing to do, these many, many weeks, we should be at each other's throats if we were together. Now, we are like neighbors. Not in a single room, each hating the other for the way he breathes, or the way his eyebrows grow. The waiting alone is enough to make one angry. And the discomfort. I will not see you too often. And do not see me. I speak only as a friend."

He added a suggestion. "Talk to Uru. You know a little of the language. It will be good practice. Also he may tell you something."

Carlyle found this a good suggestion. Uru was the head man among the Indian guides and bearers. It was not difficult to see why. Not because of his strength, for he was, in contrast to some of those who quailed before him, almost frail—of only moderate height, and thin. But a glance at his eyes, and one saw the difference between him and his fellows. Deep-set above his high cheek bones, they were quick in movement, and intelligent.

CARLYLE'S conversation with him was a feeble success for the first few times, for Uru was not talkative, at best. And his words, even when they grew more intelligible, were so interspersed with signs and gestures as to be maddeningly confusing.

Uru had been far into the country for which Carlyle was headed. Like most Indians, too, he could remember with approximate accuracy the land through which he had traveled. He could recall the distance from place to place, and where there was water, and where there were tribes of natives, hostile or otherwise. Early in his gesturing and stammering with Uru, Carlyle gathered that few of the tribes were otherwise than hostile.

He asked if they could be bought, if gifts would make them friendly. He had brought with him a large and glittering assortment of cheap beads and bracelets and rings. Calico, too, of vivid hue. And alarm clocks. These had been Vagsich's idea. Carlyle had thought he was joking when he suggested them.

"Why the devil would anyone in the jungle want to know what time it is?" he had asked.

"He wouldn't," Vagsich had replied. "But the natives like the clocks. For one thing, they like to hear them tick. Get clocks with very loud ticks."

CARLYLE asked Uru if he thought such riches would win the friendship of the Indians of the interior. They were conversing in his hut.

"Of some of them, master," said Uru. "But not the Awili. Not those who have your friend. They would kill you before you could offer them."

He spoke, not as if to be alarming, but in a matter-of-fact tone. He might have been speaking of the weather.

"Are there many of the Awili?" Carlyle asked. "Could a large band of men overcome them?"

Uru shook his head. "They are not so many. But they are savage, and in a land hard to reach. Besides, if they were attacked, they would kill their prisoner quickly. They would not run the risk of having him rescued. The head of a white man is too great a prize."

Carlyle pondered on the seemingly hopeless project.

"Is there no way, then, to get him away from them?" he asked.

Uru became thoughtful. After a long time he spoke.

"One way, master," he said.

CHAPTER XX

CARLYLE'S hope was instantly fired by the Indian's brief reply to his question. "The one way to rescue him," he urged. "What is it?"

To his dismay, Uru once more became unintelligible. Doubtless forgetting Carlyle's poverty of understanding of his tongue, he talked rapidly. Gesturing and signs appeared again. Carlyle found himself hopelessly bewildered. A word here and there he caught. But only that.

Yet one word seemed to recur often, and the Indian uttered it with emphasis. "Water," it was. Carlyle tried to grasp its relation to the rest of the unintelligible monologue. All at once it came to him that Uru was speaking of a stream; and, as he attended, he came to the conclusion that it was a stream of which few knew. Certainly no white man. Was there, then, Carlyle wondered, an approach to the Awili country other than through the hills he had intended to dare?

BIDDING Uru wait, he went to one corner of the hut and drew forth a map of the country. Opening it, he spread it before Uru. The Indian regarded it, then looked up at Carlyle without comprehension. He did not understand.

Carlyle turned the map over and, taking a pencil, made a square upon the reverse side. "The city," he said and mentioned the name of the place from which they had started. Uru was still puzzled. Next to the square, Carlyle then drew a broad line, curving around the square. "The river," he said.

Uru looked long. Then he nodded in understanding. With one finger, he made as if to prolong the broad line. "Longer," he said.

So, piece by piece, Carlyle made a rough map of the country they had traversed. He indicated then the place where they now were.

"From here," he said, indicating the city, "to here," and he pointed to their present location "it is forty suns."

Uru nodded.

"From our huts to the falls many suns?" Carlyle then asked.

"Twenty," said Uru.

"And to the stream that leads to the Awili?"

URU considered. Reaching for the pencil, he began to estimate, with many hesitations, the distance it might be. Far over from the falls, in a remote corner of the paper, he made a mark.

"From one rain to another," he said.

A year! And a year, not from the present but from the time when the river should subside and slacken its pace, so that they might stem it. Carlyle thought swiftly of Madi. She seemed of another planet—infinitely remote, infinitely beyond his aid. The instinct to turn back attacked him. He let the impulse run its course. He knew it was futile. There could be no turning back.

The days dragged by. Finally, the rain came to an end, and the waters receded. They once more set out up the river.

In three weeks, as Uru had computed, they were at the rapids below the falls. There Dr. Vagsich called a halt. There he was to leave the expedition as agreed.

"I wish I could change my prophecy, my young friend," he said, as he shook Carlyle's hand in farewell. "But—" The sentence went unfinished. He put a hand on Carlyle's shoulder.

"Luck at any rate," he said.

Hurriedly, as if fearing he might say more to betray his anxiety, he turned to his canoe. Out in the river from afar, he waved his white helmet.

FROM one rain to another! Carlyle began to understand, when he plunged into the jungle, why those who lived there counted time in such fashion. For time became liquid and continuous. There were no such things as days, as he had known them. One day was too much like another, so much like it that the days merged into one another, into spans of days that might have been weeks or months.

He ceased trying to estimate time. For there was only light and darkness, heat and sweat, the torment of insects, the cruel ripping of thorns. Time did not matter. Keeping alive, eternally watchful, eternally cautious, was enough.

Only Uru was with him now. Without the Indian and his sureness of direction, his instinct for the wilderness and his exceptional craft, Carlyle could not have endured. They moved through forests that seemed to end only to begin again—great green and yellow forests, vivid with blossoms of scarlet and purple.

First they traveled by day, but as they went farther, Uru would continue only by night. There are many eyes in the jungle besides the eyes of beasts, he said, and news travels like the wind. They must not be seen.

BY a river they halted, and there, working stealthily and only in the gloom, Uru fashioned a canoe. It was built low to the water. They would have to cover it in the daytime with branches and leaves, and then lie quiet until night should let them go on unseen.

Up the river, then, they glided—up a river of olive green, flecked with water lilies showing pale beneath the starlight.

Early one day lying prone in the canoe beneath overhanging boughs, Carlyle saw, through the leaves, an Indian on the shore. Dark brown he was with a brow that must have come from the stone age. Something hung from his belt. Carlyle gazed more intently. At once he saw what it was—a shriveled human head! The figure moved away, was lost amid the green.

Uru had gripped Carlyle's arm for silence. Even when the figure had gone, he did not loosen his grasp. Neither did he, for a long while, take his eyes from the spot where the other Indian had been. He was listening too, intently.

At last he turned slowly to Carlyle and whispered one word:

"Awili!"

CHAPTER XXI

FOR a long while neither Uru nor Carlyle moved. Then the Indian motioned to the white man, who was in the bow of the canoe, to draw it in toward the bank. With only a faint brushing of the leaves, the craft was moved. Uru crept forward to Carlyle's side, and pointed toward the forest into which the Awili had disappeared. He then pointed to himself, and then again toward the forest.

Carlyle understood. Uru was going to trail the man they had seen. Undoubtedly it was his hope, by doing so, to discover the whereabouts of the village or encampment of the tribe. Carlyle nodded to Uru that he understood.

Then he pointed to himself, raising his eyebrows in interrogation. Did Uru want him to go too? The Indian shook his head and put his hands over both his ears. Carlyle smiled to himself. He comprehended. It was not very flattering, what Uru had signified, but it was true. This was a matter for stealth, a matter for a native's acuteness of ear and a native's cunning in silence. Carlyle would make noise. Uru would not.

FOR a white man, Carlyle knew much of the jungle. But compared to the Indian, he was but a bungler. He nodded again. Almost at once, Uru disappeared into the green brush.

The morning passed. Noon came, with its brutal glare and steaming torridity. Through part of the heat, Carlyle slept, for the many nights of strain and of wakefulness had left him badly in need of rest.

When he awoke from a doze, it was late afternoon. The sunlight had yellowed. But from the forest came no sound other than usual. He wondered, with growing anxiety, where Uru might be.

The sun had nearly set when the Indian finally reappeared. There had been no warning of his nearness. He just suddenly was there. And there was about his manner, for all the stolidity of his face, something which betrayed excitement. He must have been hurrying, for he was breathing heavily.

Climbing into the canoe, he waited a few moments, then spoke.

"I have found them, master," he said softly.

"Did they see you?" Carlyle asked.

URU shook his head. "They did not. But this one"—he pointed to the place where the Awili had stood that morning—"did. But he will not tell." Uru let his hand drop upon the knife at his belt. "I had to kill him."

Carlyle was alarmed. "They'll be after us, then," he xeclaimed.

"No," said Uru. "Not right away. He was a brave, a warrior. He was upon the hunt. Often such a man will stay from the village longer than the night. Tonight they may not look. But if he does not come back tomorrow night or the one after that they will. Tomorrow night we must act—or the one after."

He ceased speaking and, reaching behind him, brought forth an object. Carlyle had not noticed. It was the head that had been worn on the belt of the Awili. In spite of himself, Carlyle shuddered.

He noted, in surprise, how small the head was.

"Are there tiny men like this in the jungle?" he asked.

Uru shook his head. "This man was bigger than you," he said.

"But what have they done to him?"

After glancing cautiously about and listening for several minutes, Uru explained.

"IT IS a process they have. Among the Awili no man is considered a man until he has brought back the head of an enemy. Until he has done so, he cannot eat with the men. He must stay with the women and the children. So, to prove himself, he sets out early to kill.

"When he has killed, he brings the head of his victim back to the woman of his choice. When he appears, there is rejoicing and ceremony. The woman he has chosen then takes the head, and makes a small model of the features, this size. She uses a mixture of clay and sand. She lets it grow hard. Then she removes the skin and hair from the head, and after putting it through a special shrinking process, she fits it onto the model."

Carlyle stared at the grotesque thing for a long while. Unconsciously, his hand went to his own head. Would that, he wondered, dangle one day from the belt of one of these savages? Would they, over his shrunken face, hold a feast? With an effort, he fought free of the vision.

"And my friend?" he asked Uru. "Do you think he is there? Do you think he is still alive"

Uru shrugged. "I do not know. In the day, I could not go too close. They are a wary people, the Awili. The one I trailed in the woods—I did not think it possible that he heard me. But he did. I dare not look for your friend now. But we will try to find out about him—tonight."

CHAPTER XXII

NIGHT came, and softly, slowly, Carlyle and Uru pushed the canoe up the still river. Rounding a bend into a long, straight stretch, they saw, to the right, an orange glow against the dark. Fires. It must be the Awili village.

They crossed to the right bank and held to the shelter of the underbrush which lined it. Uru reached up and pulled the canoe beneath the overhanging bushes. The stem touched earth.

He set down his paddle and moved to Carlyle's side.

"You stay here master. I go to look."

So silently did he move, that Carlyle could not be sure when he had slipped away. He knew only, by feeling about the canoe, that except for himself it was empty.

It seemed an eternity before he felt the canoe rock slightly. Uru had returned. The white man had began to fear that dawn would be upon them. There had been time, it seemed to him, for many dawns to have come. But the night was still black.

URU did not speak. He pushed the craft free of the bank and turned it downstream. They had gone a long distance before he brought it into shore again. Then he spoke for the first time, in hardly audible tones.

"He is there—your friend. A man with a white beard and long white hair. I saw them bring him out to eat. There is a thong about his ankle, and this is tied to the arm of a guard. There is always someone with him. He ate, and they took him back to a hut. It is next to the last one in this direction, toward downstream. He went inside the hut, and the guard sat without, in the doorway."

Uru said no more, but began gathering branches to screen the canoe for the day. They lay to. The sky slowly whitened.

Now and then, during the day, they talked of what they might do. But only when birds called, or other voices of the wilderness would cover their tones. In the afternoon, Carlyle fell asleep.

It was dark when he awoke to find Uru gently shaking him. He raised himself in the canoe.

"It is time, master," said the Indian.

AGAIN they paddled up the river until they came in sight of the orange glow, but this time they drew closer to it. Huts became visible through a screen of trees, silhouetted against the color of the fire. Uru pointed out a hut.

"That one," he said.

He set Carlyle ashore. Carlyle was to wait there until things happened. He felt for his knife and the club of thornwood which he would need. His automatic was strapped about his waist. But, except in desperation, he would not call upon it. The report would startle the entire countryside.

Waiting on the shore, Carlyle peered through the trees toward the dark farther end of the village, watching intently. Hours, it seemed, passed. Then his heart pounded. For, far beyond the fire in the center of the vlliage, off in the distance, yellow flames suddenly leaped up. The glare spread. Immediately, the village sprang to life. There were cries and a confusion of running figures.

Carlyle started stealthily toward the hut Uru had indicated to him, his bare feet noiseless in the dust. All the Awili were rushing toward the flames at the far end of the village—flames leaping from huts that Uru had fired.

CARLYLE reached his objective, and moved to a point where he could see the front of the hut. There, watching the distant commotion, was the guard Uru had spoken of. Against the illumination beyond, his back seemed immensely broad. His head seemed to be supported by no neck, but to be joined directly to the burly body. About his left wrist, Carlyle noted, was what looked like a rope.

Ever so softly, holding his breath, Carlyle crept toward him. His fingers tightened about his club. One more step now. He drew the club back, measuring carefully the distance to the broad head of the Awili. Then he struck—hard.

The man fell forward, his knees buckling. He crumpled to the ground and lay still. Carlyle watched him closely for a moment, to make sure he did not move. But the Awili lay motionless. Taking his knife, Carlyle hacked at the tough thong attached to the man's wrist. It was like iron. But he managed to saw through it.

Using it as a guide, he entered the hut. It was utterly black. He tugged at the cord in his hand as he moved. There was an uneasy, irritable counter-pull, as if the man on the other end was asleep and was protesting unconsciously against disturbance.

CARLYLE reached the drowsy man and stooped over, shaking him. The other roused and sat up, mumbling something unintelligible.

Carlyle placed his hand on the man's lean shoulder.

"Steffens," he whispered.

The unseen figure stiffened. In the darkness, he reached out a hand, as if to identify the stranger by touch. He did not speak. Perhaps he could not, at the moment.

But Carlyle knew there was no time to lose. He gripped his friend by the arm and dragged him to his feet.

"Quick!" he whispered.

They turned toward the door. The guard still lay in a lump in the dust. Carlyle peered cautiously out. Then, pulling Steffens with him, he stepped out and rounded the hut.

Rapidly, the two made their way through the trees toward the river. There was a semblance of a path and, at the end of this, crouching at the water's edge, they waited.

Carlyle listened now as he never listened before. From afar there still came the babble of the excited Awili. But close by, there was no sound except the gentle stir of the river. Would Uru never come?

CHAPTER XXIII

AS IF from a bird drowsing in the night, there came at last from the river a little twitter. Carlyle whistled softly. From the blackness there appeared, then, a heavier blackness. The canoe. It drifted close.

"In, master," said Uru.

Not using the paddles, letting the craft be carried along only by the current, they moved away. An hour of this. Then Uru reached for his paddle. The canoe came alive again. Carlyle felt the distance falling behind.

"You, now, too, master," said Uru.

Faster and faster they drove the canoe keeping her in midstream by watching the field of stars between the trees.

Steffens had said nothing. He may have been dazed, keeping silent for fear that his escape was only a dream such as he had dreamed so often before.

At last, however, Carlyle heard a hoarse whisper from him.

"Who are you?"

"David Carlyle."

There was silence. Then again, a whisper, still more hoarse than before. Carlyle felt himself gripped about the arm by lean fingers.

"My boy," said Steffens. And after a moment, once more, "My boy."

IN THE course of the long journey away from the dread land where he had so long been held captive, Steffens recounted something of his experiences.

"It was my own fault from the beginning," he declared. "I made the mistake of believing I could, by proceeding slowly, establish some sort of friendship with the Awili. The other natives told me I could not. But in other parts of the world, I had been told I could not do certain things, but those who told me often turned out to be wrong. The Awili came upon us out of nowhere one day. My natives, they killed. But apparently because I was white and a rare specimen, they let me live for the time being. They wanted to think over, I imagine, how best to preserve my head.

"One piece of good fortune saved me. I know a little of medicine, you know. I'm hardly a specialist, but I can do as well, on occasion, as the average family doctor. Especially in the matter of fevers. I've had to learn a good deal about them. Well, one day the young son of one of the important men of the village took a fever. I saw it as an opportunity. I asked if I might try my skill. And it proved to be enough.

"AFTER that, although there was a good deal of eagerness on the part of some of them to put me away, they kept me alive. I became a form of insurance, you might say. But they kept me kenneled, as you found me. And some day, I know, they would have slaughtered me."

He shook his head in recollection.

"That wears on a man, living in expectation of that. It wore on me. Wore out my hope. While there's life there's hope, they say. But there was mighty little left in my case. Even now, when I wake up in the night, I find it hard to believe that I'm free at last.

"I heard one time, of a man who had been twenty years in prison. Twenty years in a little room with iron bars at the one window. He was released one day and taken home. He had his choice of rooms there. He chose the smallest there was, and not only that—he had bars put over the window. Only then did he feel at ease. I know how that man felt!"

STEALTHILY and slowly, and only by night, they traveled. But as they left the land of the Awili behind, they moved on more boldly and more swiftly by day. They passed through forests, then plains, and again more forests. The rain came once more, then ceased. Finally, one day, they reached the falls of the great river.

The hardships of the return trip were no less than they had endured in coming the dangers no less. But to Carlyle they seemed light in comparison, so great was his eagerness to get back to civilization. So, in the big canoe that they took at the rapids below the falls, a great gladness came over him. Every swing of the paddles, every bend of the stream, every tree that dropped behind, was bringing him nearer. He was going home, going home to Madi!

Something of his anxiety about her had passed, for no matter in what straits she might be now, they would not endure for long. Until he should see her, until he should be there to take care of her, would not be indefinitely long now, but only a little while.

At the city at the broad mouth of the river, there would be letters from her. Paper that her very hands had touched, words that she had put down.

WHEN they at last reached the city, completing the final stage of their journey, Carlyle did not even wait to engage a room at the hotel, but went directly to the post office. A grander building than he had remembered it, and newer. But it held no letters for him.

"But there must be," he insisted.

"When was it they might have been written?" asked the official.

As he computed the time, Carlyle himself was shocked at how long a time had passed since he had started up the river.

"The first should have come two years ago," he said.

The little brown man in white looked sympathetic.

"Oh," he said. "Then they may have been lost in the fire. A year ago. It swept several blocks of the city. The old post office was destroyed. And, of course, letters that were being held were lost, too."

Carlyle made his way to the hotel, concern heavy upon him again. Later in the day, he cabled Madi two words: "Safe. David."

It was not until the following day that a return message came. He felt jumpy as he opened it. It was his own message returned, with the cable company's notation: "Addressee not found."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE return of his cabled message, undelivered, dismayed Carlyle. All his fears about Madi returned in full force.

Extravagant impulses came to him. He would cable to her old home in Hungary. He remembered the name of the little town and the theater where she had played. Some one there would surely know her. But was she there? She might still be in Amreica, and her friends in Hungary as much in the dark as he as to her exact whereabouts. Other impulsive ideas came, only to be similarly rejected when scrutinized with common sense.

But speculations he could not restrain. He remembered the strange remark she had made to him, long ago, when the subject of her ability to make a living had come up. "There is that about me that you do not know," she had said, or words to that effect. What had she meant? Had she ties which she thought best to keep hidden from him? Had she plans of which she would not speak to him?

He asked many questions of himself. But to none of them did he find answers. He had little upon which to base either query or reply. He began fully to realize how little, actually, he did know about her.

HE DREADED the dawdling trip north on the steamer. Three weeks of slow steaming. The monotony of the sea. He wondered, with so much stress upon his mind, if he would be able to sleep.

To this, at least, he found an answer. He could. Not until he was aboard, with nothing to do, with no opportunity to accomplish anything even if he should try did he find out that he was very tired. He slept every morning till noon, rose and, after luncheon, found himself dozing again in a deck chair. Steffens, older and still more fatigued, fell victim to the same uncontrollable drowsiness.

Steffens found the situation amusing.

"It's good you got those alarm clocks" he said one day. "The Indians may not have needed them. But you and I will when we get back to the museum. We will need them all."

The remark gave to Carlyle an opportunity to mention something which he had found awkward, before, to bring up.

"I don't think," he said, "that I shall go back. Unless you especially want me."

Steffens looked at him in surprise.

"You see" Carlyle explained, "I had to resign when I came on this trip."

"Had to?"

STEFFENS questioned him further. But Carlyle was evasive. He did not quite like telling his chief that the museum, or at least some of its trustees, had been so ready to assume that he had died in the jungle. Particularly, he did not wish to bring the story of Isabel into the conversation.

"Well," said Steffens, at length, looking at him curiously, "maybe you'd rather not come back with me. But you know, of course, that you can come whenever you like to—if you like to. Perhaps you'll change your mind."

"No," said Carlyle. "It's good of you. But I don't think so."

Steffens became thoughtful. After a moment, he turned again to his former assistant.

"What are you going to do, then? Any plans?"

Carlyle shook his head.

They gazed at the sea, rising and falling beyond the ship's rail.

"Look," said Steffens. "I've got an idea for you. If you happen to like it."

BEFORE he had gone to South America, he explained, he had had an invitation to undertake some work on one of the large islands lying south of the Malay Peninsula. There was a peculiar wealth of specimens there. Though the island was not large, there was a town of some size—the government seat.

"The job wouldn't be very exciting," Steffens went on. "That's one reason I turned it down. Or rather, I didn't turn it down. I said that I must first go to South America. The people who made me the offer were quite pleasant about it. They said they would wait, and let me give them an answer after I came back from this trip. How would you like the job?"

"I don't know," Carlyle said slowly. "It's an idea."

"It should be good for you," said Steffens. "You'd have a house in the town, or near it. And you live rather well down there. Not much money, as they count it in New York, but plenty for there. You'd have plenty of native boys, both for servants and for your trips. I've seen places like it. Your house would be big and cool. They build them on the hills, overlooking the sea. Palm trees poking their noses right into your upper verandahs. And the sunsets are magnificent." He seemed a little wistful.

"I'D take the job myself, but for this trip. I'm not through, of course, or anything like that. There's still life. But I've a lot to do in connection with this trip, now that it's over. My report to the museum will take me months. And I want to do a book, too. Besides, to tell you the truth, I've had enough of the tropics for a while. You're young. You can stand it. But I—well—" His voice trailed off. "Some day I'll go again. But not tomorrow."

No prospect could have been more pleasing to Carlyle than that which Steffens had offered. New lands, new work. He would be his own boss, too. That was something.

And Madi. He saw her there, in the great cool house. Trim and fresh in white linen. Presiding at his dinners. The governor there, and his staff, in whites. Candlelight, uniforms, lovely women. And Madi lovelier than any.

He could not wait to tell her of the plan. Then his misgivings returned and with them a thought that froze him—suppose he should not find her—never have a chance to tell her?

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

Callaway Club Began Play Bridge 23 Years Ago Before Game's Fame

(Continued From Page Three.)

unable to journey to the city tournaments but they would welcome city experts who might choose to visit Callaway for a series of games.

That's how sure they are of their ability as contract bridge players. For three years the club has engaged in monthly tournaments with the Broken Bow Men's Bridge club, playing one month in Broken Bow and the next in Callaway.

No Coin Involved.

In all the 23 years of its existence not one penny has exchanged hands across the bridge tables. For years they played just for the fun of the game. Now they play for a silver cup which the winner retains for 6 months. It is his for keeps if he wins it three times in succession. Only one member, Charles Frederick, has succeeded in winning a cup for his own. The present trophy has many names inscribed on it.

Three charter members still play with the club—Dr. E. C. Hoskin, Willis Haycock and Harry Lamb. R. E Brega and Mr. Haycock are second generation members. At one time a father, John Frederick, sr., and his five sons and six members of the Young family—B. P., Everett, Frank, George, D. P., and Art—were on the club roll.

The present membership includes Philip Beshaler, R. E. Brega, Dr. R. D. Bryson, Dr James P Davies, John Frederick, sr., John Frederick, jr., Charles Frederick, George Frederick, John Funkner, Frank Hagin, Willis Haycock, Dr E C Hoskin, Harry Lamb, Wm McCulloch, Monte Randall, Russell Smith, Lester Wieland, R D Wieland, and E. G. Woodworth.

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A MAN *without* a STATE

Shifted From One Place to Another, Frank Downing Finds Himself the Counterpart of Philip Nolan in Edward Everett Hale's Tale; States Resort to Old-Time Diplomacy

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Downing and their children, central figures in a battle between Wisconsin and Iowa over legal home

Governor A. G. Schmedeman, of Wisconsin, whose State denied residence to the Downing family

Governor Clyde L. Herring, of Iowa, who took part in diplomatic conferences which decided that the Downings had no legal residence either in his State or in Wisconsin

By Robert Cron

SCHOOL youths for years have been more or less familiar with "The Man Without a Country," made famous by Edward Everett Hale. In most schoolrooms of America this book has been one of the requirements in English literature courses.

Now it has a rival, produced by the present trend of economic events, only this time the story should be titled "A Man Without a State." To be more explicit, not only does the man in question have no State in which he can claim legal residence, but his entire family, a wife and five children, are also in the same predicament.

It took two State Governors, two Sheriffs and a half dozen courts to reach the decision. Out of the case there came a return of what most persons of the last two generations had forgotten —interstate diplomatic conferences. We hear much of international diplomacy, but little if anything of diplomatic controversies between the States of the Union.

Forced to Move Out

HERE are the personnel and stage settings for this latest drama of human misery, for such it may well be termed: Frank Downing, his wife and five sons, the Governors of Iowa and Wisconsin, Sheriffs and court attaches of two borderline counties in Iowa and Wisconsin.

This story had its start last January when the Downing family virtually was dumped in Vernon County, Wisconsin, by the Sheriff of Allamakee County, Iowa.

Sheriff James Baxter, who acted on the authority of an Iowa District Court over which Judge H. E. Taylor presided, was not particular how he disposed of the family, so long as he removed it from Allamakee County and the county's relief lists. The Downings had long been receiving support from the Iowa county.

Armed with his court order, he called on the Downings, loaded their belongings—contained in washtubs, cardboard boxes, burlap sacks and two battered suitcases—into two county automobiles and set out for Wisconsin.

The Iowa Sheriff made a mistake when he did not deposit his charges in the first Wisconsin county he came to across the State line. Figuratively speaking, to make sure the kittens he had taken out to drown did not follow him home, he took the Downings to Vernon County in the interior of Wisconsin.

The word "dumped" is not misused in connection with the Sheriff's disposal of the family. He stopped along a country road, out of sight of any town or home, and unloaded the family. His men lined the belongings up alongside the road.

The two cars started back for Iowa, the occupants feeling much relieved, the Downings much perturbed. Without doubt it would have been a bold motorist who would have responded to the thumbs of these involuntary hitchhikers with all their duffle.

The Allamakee County Court eviction order was made on the basis that the Downings had moved back and forth between Iowa and Wisconsin for years, but had acquired a settlement in Wisconsin which, under Iowa laws, made Wisconsin responsible for the care of the family.

Wisconsin in Action

OF COURSE, this was a strict interpretation of the law and it was a decision which Wisconsin, in this particular case, did not relish. At any rate, Wisconsin officials were irked when they learned of the "brazen, heartless" dumping of the family.

District Attorney Martin Gulbrandson, of Viroqua County, was peeved. He recalled the saying: "Fight fire with fire." Why not, he thought, fight laws with laws?

So he dived into Wisconsin law books in search of a weapon to get even and save the State's honor—and the money it would take to support the Downings. He came up with a statute that said that in Wisconsin paupers may not be moved from county to county.

Armed with this law, he went into whirlwind action. Under strict interpretation of the law, Sheriff Baxter, of Allamakee County, was guilty of an extraditable offense and could be returned to Wisconsin—that is, if the Governor of Iowa would agree to the extradition.

Governor Clyde L. Herring, of Iowa, was called on to determine whether Wisconsin authorities could arrest Sheriff Baxter and take him back to Wisconsin to face his fate in the courts of a State suddenly become hostile.

When Greek meets Greek things happen. So be it when Sheriff meets Sheriff—on unfriendly terms. Sheriff Raymond Jacobson, of Vernon County, carried the papers for the return of Sheriff Baxter to Wisconsin, and he was vociferous in explaining its contents to Governor Herring.

In brief, stripped of their more colorful and interesting words, his arguments were:

"There is no question but that Sheriff Baxter violated the law by removing the Downings through Crawford County, Wisconsin, into our county.

"I have my instructions to bring him back to Vernon County for trial and I believe Iowa should honor the request of our Governor, A. G. Schmedeman that he be returned to Wisconsin.

"The Downings are residents of Iowa and there was no reason to dump them off on us.

"Why, Old Man Downing was born and raised in Iowa. He came to Wisconsin in 1925 and returned to Iowa in 1928. We didn't throw them out when they were in Wisconsin, and so why should Iowa suddenly dump them on us?"

Governor Herring listened patiently to the Wisconsin Sheriff, and had Walter Maley, Assistant Attorney General of Iowa, examine the papers he carried. Then he requested a few hours to think the matter over.

Diplomats Get Busy

WHETHER, in the fastness of his executive offices and his cogitations, he visioned this pauper family as a suitable vehicle for the return of State diplomatic relations or whether he thought there might be a more dignified way of settling the dispute is not known. But the result of his thought was the same.

Sheriff Jacobson went back to Wisconsin empty-handed and more irate than ever. Maybe all Sheriffs have a secret ambition to arrest another Sheriff. At any rate, the Wisconsin official was sorely disappointed.

It didn't suit him at all that Governor Herring, at the conclusion of the extradition conference, had called Governor Schmedeman, of Wisconsin, by long-distance telephone and had suggested that the boards of control of the two States meet and decide what was to be done with the Downings.

Governor Schmedeman responded with the alacrity of an old-time State diplomat to this suggestion, and it was agreed between the two Governors that the meeting was to be held. Thus, by a telephone call, the affair was changed from a squabble between Sheriffs over a pauper family to a matter of interstate importance — still over a pauper family.

It was agreed that, at the conclusion of the investigations the board should make, the findings would be turned over to the Governors, who would then work with the States' Attorneys General in drawing up a final agreement as to the disposition of the case.

Sheriff Baxter, at this point, heaved a sigh of profound relief, admitting he had been between the devil and the deep blue sea.

Mr. Maley said: "If Sheriff Baxter had failed to obey the court order to evict the family, he would have been guilty of contempt of court in Iowa. By carrying out the order he violated the Wisconsin law, which forbids the transfer of paupers in the State.

"It appears that the Sheriff had his choice of violating the law of one State or the other."

Sheriff Baxter said: "I had my orders from the court to do what I did and I did it."

The opportunity for the reviving of State diplomatic relations appealed to the authorities of both States and the boards of control met in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

But, possibly because the State diplomats had grown rusty after so many years of inactivity, the conference bore no fruit. True, the Downings were discussed pro and con, and the matter of dumping them so promiscuously in Wisconsin came up for an airing.

C. M. Roberts, chairman of the Iowa Board of Control, turned over to Governor Herring a copy of testimony taken at the conference. He said the evidence showed that the Downings did not have legal residence in Iowa, particularly not in Allamakee County. Downing and two of his children testified, Mr. Roberts said, dwelling largely on the fact that "we've got to eat, whether it is in Iowa or Wisconsin."

While Governor Herring was digesting this comment on the Downings' gastronomic requirements, news came from Madison, Wis., that Wisconsin authorities had interpreted the testimony at the hearing to mean that the Downings did not have residence in Wisconsin.

In the next few months—until October—the case officially was not brought to public attention. It was rumored that the Downing family, eating regularly, was dumped back and forth between Iowa and Wisconsin. The father had added a scrapbook containing newspaper clippings to his belongings.

But proof that Iowa diplomats had not forgotten came recently in an announcement by Mr. Maley that showed conclusively that present-day State diplomats are the equals of international diplomats.

Into Third State, Maybe

THE purpose of diplomatic relations is recorded as that of satisfying both contending parties at the smallest cost to both. Of course, in most cases, one party, usually the stronger, gets the best of the affair. But not in this case. The decision was such that neither State had its feelings hurt. It was decided that the Downings were, as far as Wisconsin and Iowa were concerned, a family without a State; that the family had no legal residence in either State.

The opinion was presented to Governor Herring, who smiled broadly and said he would recommend it to the State of Wisconsin, which he did. So far Wisconsin has made no answer, but diplomatic prognosticators have no doubt it will make one.

However, at last accounts, the Downings are eating in Vernon County, Wisconsin, content to wait and see what happens.

The Downings have been a hard-luck family for a long time. As a matter of fact, they were on the relief list of the Iowa county before any one ever dreamed of depression or an economic upheaval. County officials said that Downing preferred just to exist, rather than seek any kind of a job or do any kind of labor. As long as there was little call for county relief the officials did not object to helping the family, but when Old Man Depression hit hundreds of families, it became a problem to make the meager funds aid all who needed help.

There is a rumor that State diplomatic relations have not been closed on the matter, however. Some one has suggested that the Downings [illegible] in Illinois. So maybe Illinois diplomats may get a chance to dust off their dormant abilities and go into operation.

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REPEAL *and the* KITCHEN

Return of Vinous and Spiritous Liquors Adds Zest to Preparations of Holiday Dinners—Here Is a Page of Hints

Housewives Search the Attics for Old Cookbooks Containing Recipes That Call for Wines and Brandies

By Esther Moyerman

The youthful matron may be amazed by the hundreds of brands, but she must essentially know the wines that should be combined with the different courses

AFTER repeal—what? This moot question was avidly discussed during the waning pre-election days when it became a certainty that the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was to be discarded. Lawmakers through the length and breadth of the land have been busy setting up the machinery that will govern the sale of fermented and spiritous liquors.

But the lawmakers are not the only persons who have been devoting their attention to the question. Madam Housewife has been giving it a great deal of thought, for the return of wines, brandies and rums is bringing back a lost art—to the kitchen.

Canny housewives are scurrying to the attic to search for old cookbooks that contain secrets that will whet many an American appetite when the hustle

and bustle of Christmas Day centers about the festive board.

The modern hostess is becoming aware of wines and foods that never crossed her horizon. Brides since 1920 have only heard vaguely of these liquid refreshments, particularly in cooking. Now, with their younger sisters, they are learning that wines must be chosen as carefully as guests for a dinner party.

Besides the discrimination of wines according to their color into red and white ones, the youthful matron must learn about sweet or so-called liquor wines, dry wines, acidulous wines, tannic wines, alcoholic wines and sparkling wines. She may be amazed by the hundreds of brands, but she must essentially know the wines that should be combined with the different courses.

No man ever became an artist behind the bar merely by reading a book on mixing drinks. The bartenders of today, to equal their predecessors, must possess a great deal of ingenuity and taste, as well as a thorough understanding and appreciation of different types of drinks. Originality was the keynote of the success of the celebrated bartenders, and it will be so today.

Must Experiment

THESE tenets are equally true of a chef de cuisine. No woman will ever acquire a reputation for an individual table by merely reading a book on cookery, no matter by whom or how intelligently written. If she enjoys combining foods, is skillful with her seasoning and uses good taste in her menu, she becomes the popular hostess, whose dinner invitations are as precious as civic honors. She has wisely learned that the famous dishes of old can be adjusted to our modern living.

"Bouquet" is generally considered a grouping of flowers. To wine connoisseurs it is the special flavor that distinguishes a certain wine. To the epicures it means a nuance of taste that transforms a mediocre dish into one of rare excellence. That "bouquet" is supplied by the wine.

The holiday season made more festive this year by the return of liquor will be memorable once again for groaning boards. Like magic, wines and liquors have rejuvenated interest in cooking and eating, particularly for special occasions. The death knell of uninteresting foods has been sounded. Diets are forgotten.

The old recipes may have strayed, but, undaunted, the modern matron and her cook will explore and experiment. Even the men, who generally scorn the cooking process, are interested.

Let us learn the secrets of modern cookery with a flavor of old. Primarily the pantry must be stocked with wines and brandies to be used exclusively there. Perhaps we can acquire the knack of wine in our favorite dishes as easily as our mothers. But we shall have the wisdom of modern food principles to govern us.

Add to your Christmas cheer this year with a dinner such as this: Green turtle soup, baked shad, roast duck, candied sweet potatoes, apple fritters, salade d'orange, queen of plum pudding with wine sauce, cafe diable. These may be familiar dishes that frequently appear on holiday tables, but they can be different this year because each one may be flavored with wine or brandy.

Or, perhaps, this menu is more appealing: Rabbit soup, terrapin, roast ham, beignets de pommes, mince pie, champagne punch. In this case each dish is also flavored with special liquors. Maybe the family wants to indulge in whole roast pig or the once-favored game pie, which literally demands a pint or two of brandy. For those of modest tastes there is a fillet of veal or a baked leg of lamb that needs only a gill or two of wine.

Even the holiday breakfast and suppers can be made memorable by special dishes. For the morning repasts there can be waffles flavored with wine, an omelet with wine jelly, a ragout of turkey or a stew of beef with a glass of wine. These dishes are equally welcome for winter breakfasts at any time, but particularly on Sunday.

The Japanese has his saki; the Russian his vodka; the Frenchman his champagne; the German his beer; the Hawaiian his okolehau; the Mexican his tequila, but the American has his cocktail. And they are remaining in vogue.

For the more elaborate bar, here are some old-fashioned suggestions:

Brain Duster—Into a mixing tumbler squeeze the juice of a lime, 2 dashes of gum, 1 pony of absinthe, 2 dashes of vino vermouth, 2 dashes of sherry wine. Fill your glass with ice, stir, strain and serve.

Exquisite—A goblet with 2 dashes of gin, 1 dash of bitters, 1 dash of absinthe, 2-3 of vino vermouth, 1-3 of Russian kummel, 1 dash of creme de roses. Fill the glass with ice, stir, strain and serve.

Orange Blossom Special is a favorite—1 part gin, 1 part orange juice, 2 tablespoons maple sirup to each shakerful and dash of bitters.

Applejack Daisy—1 part applejack, 1 part lemon juice, 1 part grenadine.

Fastidious diners will have greater enthusiasm for the first course when they partake of soups like these:

Hare or Rabbit Soup—Cut up 2 hares, put them into a pot with a piece of

bacon, 2 onions, bundle of thyme and parsley which must be taken out before the soup is thickened, add pepper, salt, pounded cloves and mace, put in a sufficient quantity of water, stew it gently 3 hours, thicken with a large spoonful of butter, 1 of brown flour with a glass of red wine; boil it a few minutes longer, and serve it up with the nicest parts of the hares. Squirrels make soup equally good, done the same way.

Green Turtle Soup—Chop the coarser parts of the turtle meat, with the entrails and bones removed. Add to them 4 quarts of water and stew 4 hours with the herbs, onions, pepper and salt. Stew very slowly, but do not let it cease to boil during this time. At the end of 4 hours strain the soup, add the finer parts of the turtle and the green fat, which has been simmered for 1 hour in 2 quarts of water. Thicken with browned flour; return to the soup pot, simmer gently an hour longer. Put in the cooked turtle eggs or forcemeat balls, then the juice of a lemon and a glass of madeira wine, beat up once and pour out.

In American culinary history, terrapin, the prince of turtles, has had an eventful career. It is a delicacy that disappeared from festive boards. But in case a modern hostess is interested in a recipe for her next course:

Terrapin—Plunge the turtle into a pot of boiling water, to lie there 5 minutes; skin and immerse in cold salted water. Boil until tender. Drain and wipe dry, loosen the shell carefully, cut open and remove the gall bag, the entrails and the sand bag. Cut remainder into small bits, season with pepper, salt, onion sweet herbs, spiced sauce or catsup walnut or mushroom. Save the juice that runs from the meat, put all in a pan with a lid, stewing gently for 15 minutes. Add butter, browned flour wet with cold water, glass of brown sherry and lastly the beaten yolk of an egg. Serve with green pickles and delicate slices of dry toast.

Baked Shad — Stuff fish with grated breadcrumbs, butter, salt, pepper and sweet herbs. For gravy add catsup, browned flour, juice of lemon, glass of sherry or Madeira.

Lobster a la Newburg—This is a delectable morsel and any fish like filet of haddock, flounder or boneless fish can be substituted. Melt 2 spoonfuls of butter, add ½ pint of cream and boil gently ½ minute, add fish cut in small pieces. When cream again reaches a boil, stir in the yolks of 3 eggs that have been beaten with extra lump of butter and 1 cup of sherry. Add salt, cayenne, and let cook but never boil. Stir constantly.

Turkey, duck and goose are the mainstays of modern Christmas dinners. When they are roasted they have an individual gamy taste that needs no other adornments. But the stuffings and gravy are enhanced by brandy. When poultry is prepared in another way than roasting, it is considerably improved by wine, as in "Ragout of Turkey," "Chicken Terrapin," "Canvasback Duck." Here is a delicious gravy for roast duck or goose: Skim the gravy in which roast was made. Add the stewed and chopped giblets, with minced shallot, bit of flour. Add a glass of sherry or madeira or old port if possible.

A large family gathering at Christmastime once was the occasion for a whole roast pig. Here is a recipe that was favored a hundred years ago: A baby pig not larger than a Thanksgiving turkey is best for this purpose. It is erroneously considered a difficult task, but if the butcher prepares the animal, the stuffing is comparatively simple.

Roast Pig Stuffing—Cupful of breadcrumbs, chopped onion (may be omitted) powdered sage, melted butter, pepper, nutmeg, salt, 2 beaten eggs, juice of oyster liquor, thyme, half a glass of madeira or sherry. Skim the gravy well; add a little hot water, thicken with brown flour, boil, strain, and add a glass of wine and juice of half a lemon.

A ham is always popular and can truly be made a festive dish.

Roast Ham—The day before sponge the ham at intervals of an hour with a mixture of wine, vinegar, sugar and mustard, about a glass of wine to ½ a gill of vinegar. Put it upon the spit or in the dripping pan, with a cup of hot water to prevent burning. Add to the mixture—or what is left of it in the dish—a cupful of boiling water. Keep this on the stove and baste continually; then substitute gravy. When done cover with breadcrumbs, worked to a paste with milk, butter and beaten egg, return to the oven to brown. Skim the gravy; add a glass of good wine, bit of catsup, walnut if possible, juice of lemon, nutmeg.

Barbecued Ham—Lay slices in a frying pan; pepper each and lay upon it made mustard. Pour about them some vinegar, ½ spoonful to each slice. Fry quickly and turn often. When done to a fine brown, transfer to a hot dish, add to the gravy in the pan, ½ glass of wine, dash of sugar. Boil.

Game Pie—Grouse and quails together make a delightful Christmas pie. Trim off necks, lower ribs, etc., and put in pan with 1½ pints water. While stewing, make a good puff-paste and line large pudding dish, reserving enough for a lid ½ inch thick. Lard the breasts with strips of pork, mince couple slices of pork with liver, bunch of parsley, sweet marjoram, thyme, juice of lemon, pepper, small shallot. Make a forcemeat of this with breadcrumbs moistened with warm milk. Put strips of ham in the bottom of pie, peppered and buttered, layer of forcemeat, and so on, until ready for gravy. Strain this, season with pepper, glass of wine, heat and pour into pie, cover with upper crust, cut slit in middle. Bake three hours.

Fillet of Veal—Remove bone, wrap flap around and sew it, make a forcemeat of breadcrumbs, fat of bacon, little onion chopped, parsley, pepper, salt, pounded nutmeg, yolks of eggs, fill the place from which the bone was taken, make holes around it with a knife and fill them also, put it in oven with pint of water, bake sufficiently. Thicken the gravy with butter and brown flour, add gill of wine, gill of mushroom catsup, serve with fried forcemeat balls.

Baked Leg of Mutton—Take the flank off, leave all the fat, cut out the bone, stuff the place with a rich forcemeat, lard the top and sides with bacon, put it in a pan with a pint of water some chopped onion and celery cut small, a gill of red wine, one of mushroom catsup, dash of curry powder, bake it and serve with gravy garnish.

Chicken a la King — Cook a meaty chicken in a pot of water with an onion, celery stalks and leaves, parsley. When the fowl is tender, remove, cut into medium pieces. Strain the soup, thicken with bit of flour, add garlic salt, strips of pimento and green pepper, tiny whole mushrooms, fresh green peas, stew about fifteen minutes before adding the chicken. Add glass of sherry before serving.

The lowly sweet potatoes have an increased flavor if they are prepared a certain way.

Sweet Potato Pudding—Boil 1 pound of sweet potatoes very tender, rub them while hot through a colander; add 6 well-beaten eggs, ¾ pound of butter and grated nutmeg, lemon peel and brandy. Put a paste in the dish; when the pudding is done, sprinkle the top with sugar, cover with bits of citron. Irish potato pudding is made in the same manner, but isn't so good.

Brandied Sweet Potatoes — Another delicious way of serving them is candied sweet potatoes brandied. Put the candied potatoes on silver platter, pour curacao or rum over them, light the liqueur with a match. Have the flaming platter brought in, making an attractive spectacle and a delicious dish.

This method of inflaming the brandy over puddings—particularly plum, apple, fruit cake or crepes suzettes—always gives a festive air to any course. The blue flames flickering about the dish as it is brought to the table are always a welcome sight.

Queen of Plum Pudding—Cream 1 pound of butter and 1 pound of sugar, beat in the yolks of 12 eggs, next put in the pint of milk, then 2½ pounds of flour, alternately with the beaten whites; then a cup of brandy and spice, including cloves, mace, nutmegs; lastly the fruit, 2 pounds raisins, 2 pounds currants, ¼ pound citron, well dredged in flour. Mix all; wring out the pudding cloth in hot water; flour well inside, pour in the mixture and cook five hours. This pudding will keep a long time—in a locked closet or safe.

Neapolitan Pudding—A pretty and good pudding. Rub a lump of butter and ¾ pound of sugar together, put the beaten yolks of 6 eggs in; 1 cup of breadcrumbs soaked in ½ cup milk, lemon juice and rind, beat to a smooth, light paste before adding the whipped whites. Butter mold and put in bottom a lighter layer of dry crumbs, then macaroons wet with wine, cover with mixture, then slices of sponge cake

spread thickly with jelly or jam; next wine-soaked macaroons, more custard, sponge cake and jam, and so on until full. Cover and steam three-fourths of an hour, uncover and brown. Serve with sauce made of currant jelly warmed and beat with 2 spoonfuls of melted butter and glass of pale sherry.

Rice Pudding — Even this lowly dish can be glorified. Boil ½ pound of rice in milk until it is tender; beat it well with a wooden spoon to mash the grains; add ¾ pound of sugar; same of melted butter, ½ nutmeg grated, 6 eggs, gill of wine, grated lemon peel, and put into a dish and bake. For a change it may be boiled, and eaten with butter, sugar and wine.

Apple Fritters—Pare some apples and cut them in thin slices and put them in a bowl, with a glass of brandy, some white wine, ¼ pound sugar, cinnamon, rind of grated lemon; let stand a while, turning over frequently; beat 2 eggs very light, add ¼ pound flour, melted butter and as much cold water as will make a thin batter; drop the apples on a sieve, mix them with the batter, take 1 slice with a spoonful of batter to each fritter—fry them quickly to a light brown, drain them well, sprinkle with sugar, and glaze.

Ice cream is mellowed by the addition of a cordial and is a light dessert for an elaborate holiday dinner.

Italian Cream—Two pints of cream, 2 cups of sugar, 2 lemons, juice and grated peel, 2 tablespoonfuls of brandy. Sweeten the cream, beat in lemon gradually, add brandy, freeze.

Cherry Ice—One quart of pitted cherries, 2 lemons, juice only, 1 pint of water in which dissolve 1 pint of sugar, 1 glass of fine brandy. Squeeze out the cherries in a bag over the sugar, add the water, then the brandy, freeze.

Men have a weakness for mince pies and fruit cakes that are traditionally part of the Christmas dinner. Even a dyspeptic man will indulge on this occasion. There are many recipes for mince pies, but this one is selected as the most succulent.

Mince Pie—Two pounds lean fresh beef, boiled, chopped fine; 1 pound beef suet; 5 pounds of apples, pared and chopped; 3 pounds raisins, large and small, chopped and seeded; 2 pounds currants; 3 pounds citron, 2 tablespoonfuls cinnam[on], same amount of mace, ½ as mu[ch] cloves, allspice and nutmeg salt, [illegible] pounds brown sugar, 1 quart pro[illegible] sherry and 1 pint best brandy. Min[illegible] meat made by this recipe will ke[illegible] all winter in a cool place. Ke[illegible] in stone jars, tied over with dou[illegible] covers. Add a little more liquor if [illegible] should dry out, when making up a ba[illegible] of pies. Let mixture stand at le[illegible] twenty-four hours after it is made b[illegible] fore it is used.

Fruit Cake—1 pound powdered sug[illegible] 1 pound flour, ¼ pound butter, 7 eg[illegible] ½ pound currants, ½ pound raisins, [illegible] pound citron cut into slips, nutmeg a[illegible] cinnamon, 1 glass of brandy. Cre[illegible] butter and sugar; add the beaten yol[illegible] then the spice and the whipped whi[illegible] alternately with the flour, the fruit a[illegible] brandy last.

Chafing dish suppers, which were fo[illegible] merly so fashionable, particularly in t[illegible]

gay nineties, are again in vogue. Th[illegible] are popular Christmas Eve or as a mi[illegible] night supper after trimming the tre[illegible] The repeal of the Eighteenth Amen[illegible] ment, bringing back wines and liquors, [illegible] a boon to the countless recipes made [illegible] a chafing dish. They'll win the patro[illegible] age of the gustatory die-hards.

Beefsteak a la Mode—Put a pound [illegible] beefsteak cut about 1 inch thick in t[illegible] chafing dish, in which 2 spoonfuls [illegible] butter has been melted with 2 or 3 slic[illegible] of lemon. Let it cook slowly 5 or [illegible] minutes, pour over a gill of good sto[illegible] and a gill of port wine. Allow to sim[illegible] mer 10 minutes longer. When ready [illegible] serve, squeeze lemon on it.

Salmis of Game—Put remains of roa[illegible] partridge in chafing dish with sma[illegible] piece of raw ham chopped fine, sma[illegible] onion. Put in little lac bag, with clo[illegible] of garlic, 3 bay leaves, 3 cloves, blac[illegible] of mace. Add ½ pint of water, let [illegible] all boil slowly ½ hour. Remove th[illegible] sac aux fines herbes, add 2 tablespoon[illegible] fuls of butter, made into a smooth past[illegible] with 1 tablespoonful of flour and glas[illegible] of white wine. Stir constantly for fe[illegible] minutes.

Canvasback Duck—Take a duck, whic[illegible] has been previously roasted for [illegible] minutes in oven, divide in pieces; ad[illegible] butter, with 2 gills of port wine an[illegible] little currant jelly; season with salt an[illegible] pepper, cover the chafing dish and coo[illegible] from 5 to 10 minutes.

Around the Punch Bowl

Veal Kidney Stew—Put 2 tablespoonful[illegible] of butter in chafing dish; add sma[illegible] onion, minced fine; when hot add vea[illegible] kidney cut in thin slices; let them coo[illegible] for about 5 minutes, turning often. Whe[illegible] browned, add mushroom catsup, spoon[illegible] ful of fluid beef, dissolved in littl[illegible] cream. Season with salt and pepper[illegible] and before serving add glass of madeir[illegible] or sherry.

Festivities this year will be incomplet[illegible] without a punch or bowl. Let it b[illegible] sparkling and fragrant to sharpen th[illegible] wits and loosen the tongues and mellow

the spirits. In case father has forgot[illegible] ten, here are some pointers:

Champagne Bowl—To a pound of lump sugar add 2 bottles of moselle wine, [illegible] bottle of burgundy and 2 bottles of champagne; cover the bowl well and put it on ice.

Sherry Bowl—The rind of 6 lemons is infused 4 hours in ¼ quart of boiling water; pour it in a bowl; add the juice of 2 lemons, 1 pint of sherry, 3 gills of old Jamaica rum, 3 gills of brandy, [illegible] pound of lump sugar, 3 pints of cold water and 1 pint of boiling milk; and mix everything thoroughly, strain through a flannel and put on ice for [illegible] hours.

Claret Punch — Pour 2 bottles of claret into an enameled pot, squeeze the juice of 3 lemons, add 1 pound of sugar; heat the wine to boiling point without letting it boil, take it from the fire and add ½ bottle of best arrack.

Admiral Punch—Boil 1 bottle of claret with ¼ pound sugar, a stick of cinnamon and piece of vanilla [illegible] hour; add the yolks of 6 eggs that have first been beaten in a tumbler of cold wine; beat the drink into foam over the fire, and serve it in cups.

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COLLEGE TRAINING

Donald F. Rose in the Atlantic Monthly: Some of the neighbors want to know how I am going to give my seven boys a college education, not to mention their five sisters. I shall answer that when somebody proves to me that a college education, in itself, is worth what it costs in time and trouble and money.

I know that many men send their sons to college, sometimes for no better reason than that they never went themselves. They think they must have missed something, because nearly all Americans nowadays believe in higher education more or less as they believe in a lot of other things which they never think about, such as groundhog day and the gold standard and the Einstein theory.

I, too, believe in education, but if my boy goes to college at my expense I want him to get what he is there for. He will have to show me, then, that he is fit for four years' exposure to the advantages, absurdities, trials and temptations of higher education. I won't send him to college; I may let him go if he puts up a good fight and argument for it.

The last few years have exploded the theory that university training guarantees a boy or girl a good job. Graduates of select girls' colleges are standing behind the counters of department stores, while smart girls with six months' business training are sitting at office desks and earning their keep.

Boys with college degrees, but no rich relatives or influential friends, are competing on nearly equal terms with lads who skipped out of high school as soon as the law would let them.

BRIGHT THOUGHT

Millionaire—"That portrait doesn't look like me. That face is expressionless, stupid looking lowbrowed."

Artist—"Take it at half price and call it one of the founders of your family."

NOT FOR EXTERNAL USE

Boston Transcript: "One hears some funny things abroad," W. P. L. writes. "I had dropped in at an English te[illegible] shop. A gentleman at the next tab[illegible] gave his order and the waitress r[illegible] peated: 'Yes, sir, a sponge and a bat[illegible] For a moment I thought I was in th[illegible] wrong place, but presently learne[illegible] that what the gentleman had ordere[illegible] was a sponge cake and a Bath bun."

Don't waste your time [illegible] figures. They seldom lie, except in gas meters.

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CLOTHES do not make the STARS

Greatest Successes in Motion Pictures Are Recorded by Women Who Have to Depend More on Their Ability to Act Than on What They Wear

By Alice L. Tildesley

ONE of Hollywood's favorite indoor sports is naming the ten best-dressed women of the screen.

Pages are devoted to outlining the reasons for the claims of this or that actress to knowing how to wear clothes; more pages are filled with fashion photographs proving these claims. Girls and women everywhere are induced to buy copies of garments worn by these exalted clothes models in the hope that they will look as lovely.

"But what have clothes to do with acting?" demanded Sam Goldwyn, who has selected many successful stars.

"I think it's a foolish business, picking the screen's ten best-dressed women," he continued. "The screen shouldn't demand exotic style creation. It shouldn't make style freaks or clothes horses of its women.

"Show me Hollywood's ten best-dressed women, impartially selected for no other reason than that they are smart and chic and know how to wear clothes, and I'll show you at least seven completely unimportant actresses. Being smart and chic is a business; an absorbing occupation in life. It isn't something that is incidental to being an actress.

Ability Necessary

"I BELIEVE that great elegance in clothes would disqualify any one from being a great actress.

"It's the same way in other lines. The most fashionable and the most socially acceptable player is usually a second-rater as far as artistic or popular standing goes. You know that the fellow who is funniest in the dressing room or at lunch is often a pretty dull entertainer on the screen.

"My latest importation, Anna Sten, has no interest in things to wear. She tells me that where she comes from, a woman washes her face and puts on her hat and then she's ready to go out. No fussing around for hours in a beauty parlor. No worrying about which dress to put on.

"She can act, because she has had to depend on acting and not on what she has on in order to be a success!"

So, instead of picking out the ten best-dressed women of the screen, Dorothy Arzner, Hollywood's most famous woman director, has chosen the ten women in Hollywood to whom clothes are relatively unimportant.

"I do not mean that these women are not well dressed, or that they do not know about clothes," explained Miss Arzner carefully, "but none of them needs to rely upon what she wears in order to be effective on the screen.

"They are Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo, Anna Sten, Miriam Hopkins, Ruth Chatterton, Katharine Hepburn, Beulah Bondi, Helen Hayes, Judith Anderson and Louise Fazenda."

There is no argument about Marie Dressler. She hasn't the face or figure of a clothes horse, but even when she was young and shapely, what she wore was never so important as what she did.

"Greta Garbo is foolproof so far as clothes go," points out Miss Arzner; "she can wear anything, no matter how weird it is, and still make herself seen and felt. Witness the fantastically exotic raiment of Mata Hari or the shabbiness of Anna Christie. You never feel clothes-conscious when Garbo is on the screen."

Greta seldom bothers about style off the screen, for that matter. She likes to wander about in a covert coat and old beret, which effective disguise permits her to stand in line at the box-office before a theatre showing one of her own pictures with being recognized.

"Being beautiful," said Greta, in an interview granted in the days before such things were prohibited, "is too very much trouble!"

As to Anna Sten: She is the first actress to come to America from Russia, trained entirely in Soviet State stage and screen institutions. Her picture "Karamazov" gave her world prestige.

Mr. Goldwyn, after signing her, worried lest she, a distinctly Slavic peasant type, earthy and feline, should be lost in Hollywood among the pink-and-white dolls, the young goddesses and the sophisticated artists. He gave her sixteen months training, made fifty-one tests for lighting, for hair, for dramatics, for diction, for singing and for dancing, before she even began her first picture.

Styles and Personality

THEN when she had worked for three weeks on actual picture-making he wasn't satisfied. He threw out everything that had been made, crossed off the investment and engaged Dorothy Arzner as director to begin all over again.

"Most Hollywood directors know sex as a series of pretty pictures," complains Mr Goldwyn. "They know how to give women that glazed, lovely look they have on the covers of magazines or candy boxes.

"That isn't what I want from Anna Sten. So I employed Dorothy Arzner, who is not content with pretty pictures, as you might set a thief to catch a thief. She should be able to get the complex psychology of this woman."

Anna seems to believe that clothes have any importance. When she was in Berlin, she posed for some pictures for Chanel, who rewarded her with a suit specially designed for her, a beautiful thing of beige with a rainbow vest and small cloche hat. Anna arrived in New York wearing this suit and a pair of tennis shoes!

"The shoes are comfortable; why not?" she replied to amazed protests.

When she was invited to her first Hollywood party, where she would presumably meet the important stars of the film city, she wore a sweater and skirt and no make-up. She fails to see why an actress should be expected to display gowns. That, says she, is for the girls who sell them.

Anna is tall, slender and svelte, with heavy, silky yellow hair and wide blue-gray eyes and a face that seems to mirror her thoughts. She is the Russian intellectual, cold or fiery at command of the mind.

"And what," she queries, "have clothes to do with acting?"

"You can't bury personality under styles," commented Miss Arzner.

"Miriam Hopkins wears clothes well and is often seen in parts that require dressing; but she is at her best as a gamin-urchin type, as in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.'"

A la Hepburn

OFFSCREEN, Miriam is as casual about clothes as Greta Garbo or Anna Sten, except upon occasion, when she can be as exquisitely gowned as the best of our Hollywood pets.

Ruth Chatterton and Helen Hayes have played roles in which they go from youth to old age. They have demonstrated, in different pictures, their freedom from the power of clothes by playing characters who never put on anything but a nurse's uniform or plain gingham frocks.

"Neither of these girls is particularly interested in fashions, and yet both are hailed as chief among our screen actresses," the young director observed.

"Katharine Hepburn can dominate any dress she chooses to wear. Fortunately, she attempts no ostentation in clothes. In her latest and biggest success she had only one important gown. The rest were meant to be a blank."

Around the studio, Katharine wears denim overalls and a smock. On the street she is likely to be seen in strange-looking hats, her sandy hair straggling. Yet it was Katharine who skyrocketed to fame in a single night.

Judith Anderson nearly always wears black. It sets off the ivory tones of her complexion, her dark eyes and black hair, and she wears it so often that it takes on the nature of a uniform. You remember Judith, but you don't know whether or not she has on the same dress she wore last week, or last night, or even last year. It doesn't matter.

Her charm is such that no one notices her clothes.

It is seldom that Beulah Bondi has a chance to wear nice clothes on the stage or screen; yet at a Hollywood party she appears almost exotic in long earrings and slinky black velvet.

And people forget that Louise Fazenda isn't really elderly, or fat or dumpy, because they see her in character make-up so much.

If any of these ten girls were "on tour" and the wardrobe trunks were lost, the show could still go on. The audience would not miss the clothes, because with each of them the acting is more important.

"Yet if you have no great gift," warns Hans Kraly, writer of famous screen stories, "it behooves you to be well dressed and well groomed. Personality and talent are the chief things, of course, but to those without these, being a clothes horse is an asset.

Like Pretty Clothes

"A GREAT number of persons go to motion-picture shows to see clothes. They select pictures which advertise beautiful clothes, so that they may copy them.

"However, if you have a reputation for being well dressed, don't let down in public! Don't let people say: 'I saw her and she looked like heck!' Protect the thing that you have.

"You won't be an actress, in the true sense of the word, but you'll have a job."

Louise Fazenda listened to all this with twinkling eyes.

"It's probably true that women who are noted for their ability to wear things well can't help but be a bit clothes-conscious, if not self-conscious, on the screen," she admitted.

"They realize that part of the act is the dress, and they must remember to keep the knee out, the stomach in and the arm back, if the line is to be right. They know how the dress should look to be seen to the best advantage, and subconsciously that is the important thing, so how can they let go in any big scene?

"There's a different atmosphere when you are wearing nice things. The attitude of people on the set isn't the same. If I am cast as a slavy, or a poor old washerwoman, the company is likely to hail me as 'Fazenda,' hit me on the back and play jokes on me, and I can find my own chair and wait on myself. If I'm permitted to wear good-looking garments, there's always some one ready to get my chair for me, bring me a drink of water, ask me to lunch and take care of me generally. Yes indeed, there's something to be said for clothes!

"When you can't get any support from a wardrobe, however, you find you must act or you won't get any credit.

"In character work, though, I find certain garments an immense help in creating illusion. Today, the big studios have a marvelous assortment of things to choose from, but friends still save me stuff from their attics and only recently I came across a wonderful old lace shawl in an antique shop. It was the sort of thing you could imagine a pompous old dowager wearing to impress the visiting Duke, you know. I'll be wearing it.

"I used to have a grand time collecting freak clothes in the old days. One day I was on a street car when I saw a woman in a funny old coat. It had a fur collar, sort of moth-eaten, and sleeves that would look amusing if you flapped your arms; the cut was just a bit weird. I was about to play a flighty old maid in a picture and that was just the thing I needed. So I bought it right then and it almost created the character for me.

"I usually visualize a character I am to play as like some one I've seen or known, and I build her from life."

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"Katharine Hepburn can dominate any dress she chooses to wear. Fortunately, she attemps no ostentation in clothes," says Miss Dorothy Arzner, Hollywood director

If Louise Fazenda is cast as a poor, old washerwoman, people on the set let her wait on herself. Permitted to wear good-looking garments, there is always some one ready to give her attention

"Marie Dressler hasn't the face or figure of a clothes horse," says Miss Arzner, "but even when she was young, what she wore was never so important as what she did"

Ten Stars Who Do Not Depend on Clothes

Marie Dressler
Greta Garbo
Anna Sten
Miriam Hopkins
Ruth Chatterton
Katharine Hepburn
Beulah Bondi
Helen Hayes
Judith Anderson
Louise Fazenda

Science a Blight on Romance

Toledo Blade: Over the air, not many evenings ago, John McCormack sang and sang beautifully, of course, the "Lament of the Irish Emigrant". In the song there is this stanza:

"The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye."

Alas the Lady Dufferin's song! Alas for the famous Irish tenor's bewitching melody! Dr. Knight Dunlap, professor of psychology of Johns Hopkins university, says: "Don't look for the lovelight in her eyes because the eyes do not have it."

Thus the fancy of the poetess and the dream of man are wrecked by one blighting blast of prosaic incredulity out of the cold heart of science.

Since when did psychology become unimaginative?

JANITOR'S PAY EXCEEDS PRESIDENT'S

Financial World: The best NRA story of the week is probably the one about the president of a small town bank, who said he couldn't sign the blanket code because it would mean that the bank's janitor would get a bigger salary than he did, and that would upset the morale.

Unsung Heroes.

Detroit News: We have looked over many a rugged individualist in our time, and a halfback and two guards were usually running his interference.

SAYS THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

Tom: "I saw Brown the other day treating his wife the way I wouldn't treat a dog."

Jack: "Great Scott! What was he doing?"

Tom: "Kissing her."

MAKING COLONEL BOGEY BLUSH

"How's your daughter's golf?" asked one grande dame of another.

"She says she is going around in less and less every week."

"I don't doubt that. I asked about her golf."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Some men admit that they are self-made while there are others who blame it on their wives.

A man has to put up with a good deal in this world and put up for a good deal more.

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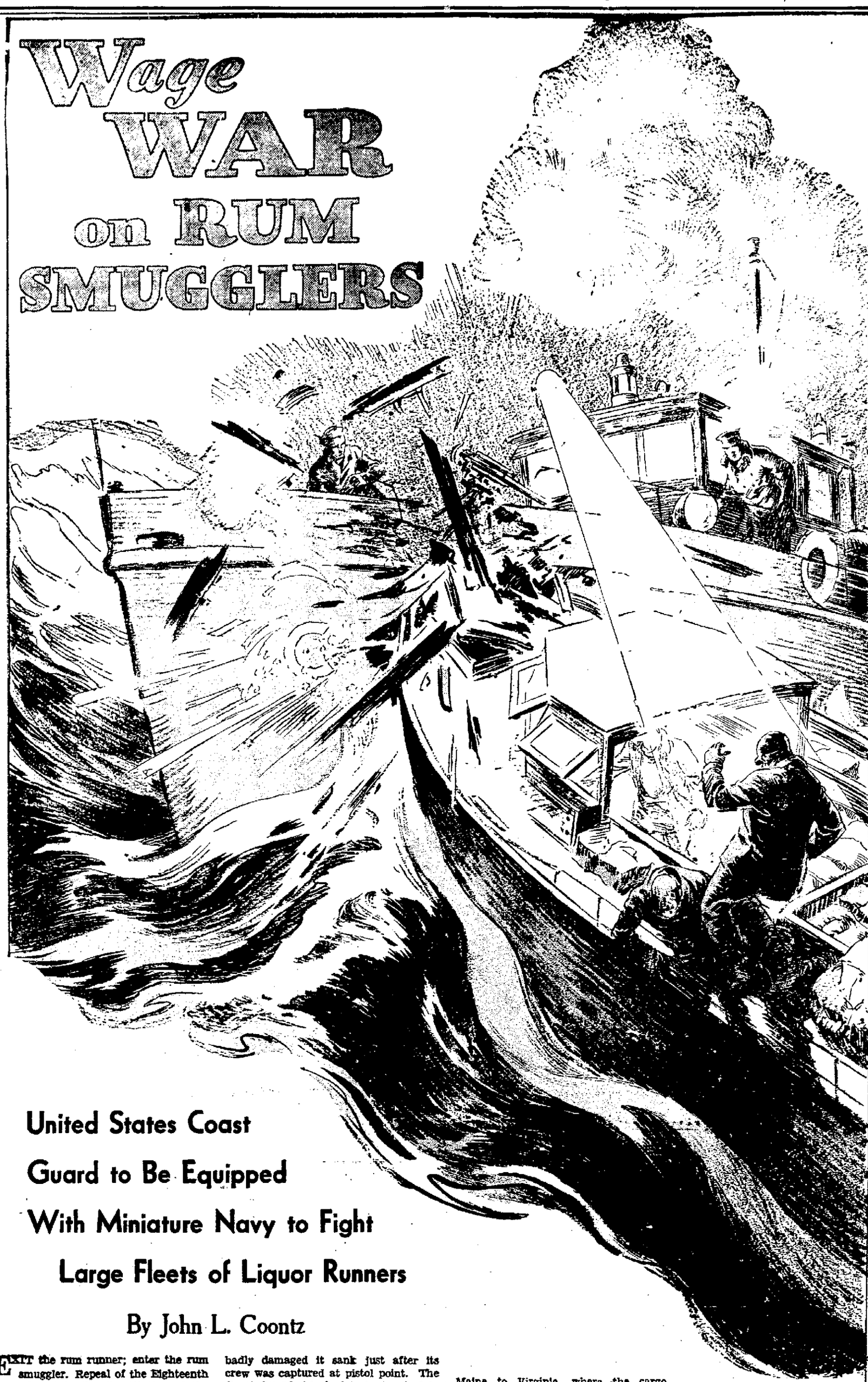
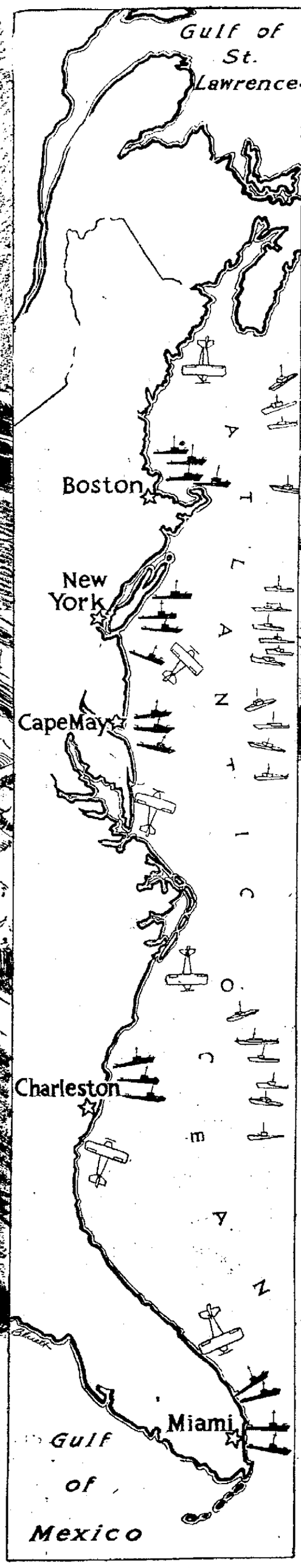
Wage WAR on RUM SMUGGLERS





Rum smugglers, becoming desperate in their efforts to land their cargoes on American shores without paying the high tariff, do not hesitate to engage in close action with Coast Guard cutters. The map shows strategic points along the Eastern seaboard where the rum fleets are mobilized

United States Coast Guard to Be Equipped With Miniature Navy to Fight Large Fleets of Liquor Runners

By John L. Coontz

EXIT the rum runner; enter the rum smuggler. Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States has not lessened the work of the United States Coast Guard. It has, if anything, greatly increased the labors of the Coast Guard. That may sound like a strange paradox, but, after all, it is not so strange.

In the days of prohibition rum runners sought to land huge quantities of illegal liquor on American shores for the purpose of satiating the thirst of all those who had the price to pay for supposedly good liquor. Since liquor is again legal, the same interests want to get it into the United States, but they do not want to pay the high tariff duties imposed by the Federal Government. So rum running becomes rum smuggling, and it is being attempted on a scale much larger than in the days of prohibition.

Smugglers Desperate

THE rum smugglers are becoming more desperate than the rum runners ever were. Owners of the huge cargoes in liquor aboard ships standing off the coasts know that unless they can get this liquor into the United States without paying the high tariff on it, they will be unable to compete with the prices on domestic-made products. If they do pay the duty on it, they know that their prices necessarily will be so high that they will be unable to find ready markets.

Unless they get it unloaded before Congress meets, they fear that still higher tariffs may be levied. They are desperate, and it is this desperation that is giving the Coast Guard more trouble than that branch of the Federal service had in prohibition days.

As an evidence of chances the rum smugglers are taking, witness the recent ramming of a Coast Guard vessel in Long Island Sound, when a rum smuggler deliberately attempted to sink the Coast Guard vessel. The smuggler was so badly damaged it sank just after its crew was captured at pistol point. The Coast Guard ship had to be beached to prevent its sinking.

Let us see for a moment how repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment has become an incentive for attempts at rum smuggling.

The present tariff on liquor from foreign sources is $5 per proof gallon. The present revenue tax is $1.10 per proof gallon. This makes a total Federal tax revenue of $6.10 per gallon. Congress, however, when it meets in January, is not likely to let this tax stand. There is a demand for more revenue; and one of the sources of that increased revenue is looked for in liquor taxes. Hence, it is reasonable to expect a heavier tax on imported liquor after January.

If the smuggler can get his liquor into the country before the new tariff is imposed he has a chance to add just that much more to his profits. How appreciative he is of this fact may be gathered from his activities during the dying days of prohibition. During the first three weeks of October, says a report from the United States Coast Guard headquarters, 62,000 gallons of foreign liquor were seized on the North Atlantic coast as compared with 6600 gallons for the entire month of September. Canadian liquor shipped to St. Pierre and then transshipped to the United States by rum runners totaled 253,389 gallons in September as compared with 94,680 gallons in August and 90,000 gallons in September, 1932. This liquor is stored for sale under the new dispensation.

"Smuggling activities today," says a Coast Guard official, "are being attempted on all coasts of the United States from Maine to Florida, from Florida to Texas, and from California to Washington. On the Eastern seaboard the liquor is shipped in bond from Canadian distilleries to St. Pierre, where it is loaded on foreign rum-running vessels, mostly British, which proceed to the coast of the United States from Maine to Virginia, where the cargo is transferred to high-speed American contact boats or to cargo carriers of ostensibly reputable coastwise steamship companies and introduced illicitly into various United States ports.

"There are about ninety foreign vessels engaged exclusively in this contraband trade on the Eastern seaboard. Hundreds of specially constructed high-speed motorboats, fishing vessels and coastwise vessels are employed in attempting to unload the cargoes of these foreign hovering vessels.

"Every one of these foreign rum-running vessels is equipped with high-frequency radio sets and is in constant communication with illegal radio stations in the United States. Thousands of persons are employed exclusively in this smuggling business.

"On the seaboard of the Southern States from Florida to the Virginia coast, smuggling is carried on constantly between the Bahamas and West Indies and the United States by foreign vessels, domestic vessels and airplanes. The proximity of the Bahamas to the Southern seaboard of the United States greatly facilitates smuggling operations and makes necessary a constant day-and-night patrol.

Many Ships Operating

"ON THE Gulf coast there are thirty-six foreign vessels engaged exclusively in bringing contraband cargoes from Belize, British Honduras, to the coast of Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and the west coast of Florida.

"On the Pacific coast contraband cargoes are introduced into the States of Oregon, California and Washington from mother ships anchored off the Mexican coast, which transfer the cargoes of distilled spirits to American contact boats off the coasts of these respective States, or land the cargo directly on the United States coast."

How will the Government combat this situation? The answer is a new high-powered miniature navy to be operated by the Coast Guard. This navy will be built as part of the Public Works program.

The program calls for the expenditure of about $15,000,000 on seventeen high-powered fighting vessels and thirty-one seaplanes. Some of the new ships will carry planes, the first of this type used in the United States or any other country.

The planes are a direct result of air smuggling activities in Southern waters. Flying weather there is good the year round. The distance from Bermuda and the West Indies to the United States is not great. Boats ply constantly in the lanes of traffic between the islands and the mainland, so there is little danger from forced landings.

To meet this situation the Coast Guard is adopting the policy of fighting fire with fire. Planes carrying liquor can be followed over the course by planes. Operating from a ship base therefore, more effective control follows as a natural corollary where planes are used by the Government.

The new planes will be of a smaller and faster type than the huge twin-motored patrol boats that have been used during the last two years. They will be of sturdy construction, for more often than not they will have to combat wind and wave in the performance of duty. In addition to serving as patrols of the air on the lookout for smugglers, they also will be used to watch for derelicts, trace stolen boats and perform other functions of Coast Guard service.

New Air Bases Planned

FOUR new air stations will be created: Biloxi, Miss.; Port Angeles, Wash.; St. Petersburg, Fla., and Galveston, Tex. The station at Port Angeles will permit the Government to guard the Puget Sound area and will be the Pacific terminus of the airlines to Alaska.

A keen sense of detection as well as bravery is required in the Coast Guard. A recent incident that shows the high standards of training and character required of the Coast Guard service is found in the report of the Coast Guard patrol boat CG-125 sighting two suspicious motorboats leaving the vicinity of Keyport, N. J., a few weeks ago.

Working its way through Raritan Bay, the patrol boat, after hailing the two craft, went alongside and made the customary examination.

Everything seemed satisfactory, but the suspicions of Chief Boatswain's Mate C. J. Barrett, officer in charge of the patrol, were aroused by conditions aboard the two craft. Completing his examination, he maneuvered the patrol boat as close as practicable toward the shore, a small boat was launched and in a driving rain Barrett with three of his men landed near Union Beach, N. J., where approximately 200 men, in a high state of excitement, were gathered. Investigation disclosed empty, wet contraband sacks along the beach.

Thrilling Battles

FEELING certain that a cargo of contraband liquor had been dumped overboard near the shore, Barrett immediately posted his small landing force of three men along the beach to prevent any one entering the water. One man offered him a bribe of $1000 if he would leave the scene. Barrett spurned the offer, realizing that he was dealing with a powerful and well-financed group of smugglers. He accordingly sent a radio message to Staten Island headquarters requesting assistance to handle the increasing number of men who were gathering on the beach and attempting to salvage the contraband.

But not all conflicts with the smugglers end as well as did Boatswain Barrett's. There is the famous Homestead case, which, no doubt, will remain in Coast Guard records as one of the most obstinate and yet tactfully administered cases of conflict with the smuggling syndicate.

It was a raw afternoon in February when the Coast Guard patrol boat Redwing contacted the Homestead off Montauk Point, L. I. The officer of the Redwing signaled the master of the Homestead that he would like to board her. The Homestead officer ignored the request and started the engine. Quickly the Redwing overhauled the suspect. But the master of the Homestead remained obstinate and refused orders to lay a course to New York, or to permit the officer of the Redwing to come aboard. Instead, he swung his vessel in a southeasterly direction and proceeded at a speed of about six knots.

The Coast Guard officer radioed headquarters for instruction. Immediately came back the reply: "Bring in the Homestead irrespective of resistance."

That was enough. The master of the vessel was again requested to lay a course to New York. Sufficient time was given for him to consider the message and the consequences that would follow should he refuse. He did refuse. A shot from the three-inch gun shattered the steering gear aft, disabling the Homestead. The Redwing played her searchlights and asked the master of the craft if he was ready to take a towline. He rejected the offer. He also refused to put a ladder over and permit a party to board his ship. The Redwing stood by and radioed for help. The following day the Seminole arrived; a boarding party was made up and the case of the Homestead became Coast Guard history — fulfillment of duty without the destruction of life or the loss of property.

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HEAVY BURDEN ON MODERN GIRL

Margaret Culkin Bauning in Harper's Magazine: I know what a great burden is on the girl of today; and for all her apparent nonchalance, she knows it too. She must carry all the new responsibilities we can conjure up for her, earn her living, and somehow restore and improve much of the charm that harsher feminists tossed aside.

She must be able to earn her way, pay her own fare, mark her own ballot, and yet have every quality of feminine companionship. She must meet the terrible competition of emotion in the world today, which is worse than it ever was because of the early start it gets and the prolongation that both men and women now insist upon.

If we had a safe, settled adult world to open to a girl, if we could promise her even a choice between a small job and a good man's love, it would be different. But we are so confused ourselves that we cannot distinguish between the basic and the temporary. We know only this: that few of the dangers girls ever faced have been destroyed and new ones have been added.

Sometimes it seems to me that a girl today has to know all that any woman ever had to know, except making soap and candles and spinning yarn. And I think she could do those things if they were necessary.

LOSS OF DIGNITY WORST EFFECT

Lillian D. Wald in the Atlantic Monthly: As one sums up the effects of unemployment on the individual and the community, it seems to me that the loss of the dignity of man is the first and most tragic. With this is bound up the loss of home, of ties, of position, the humiliation of the long bread lines, the appeal to relief agencies, the overwhelming sense of failure.

Next I should put, as a result of loss of home, a further break in housing standards, with families herding together for shelter rather than for a home. From that comes loss of family unity, of self respect, of ambition and pride.

Under the strain of prolonged unemployment has forced upon young people the conviction that society, which helped rear and educate them, has no place for them.

When a man begins to lose ground he is naturally dissatisfied with his lot.

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Sunday Journal and Star

22 COMICS 12 PAGES in colors

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1933

Rosie's BEAU

BY GEO. McMANUS

THINGS WE CAN DO WITHOUT--

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Bringing Up Father

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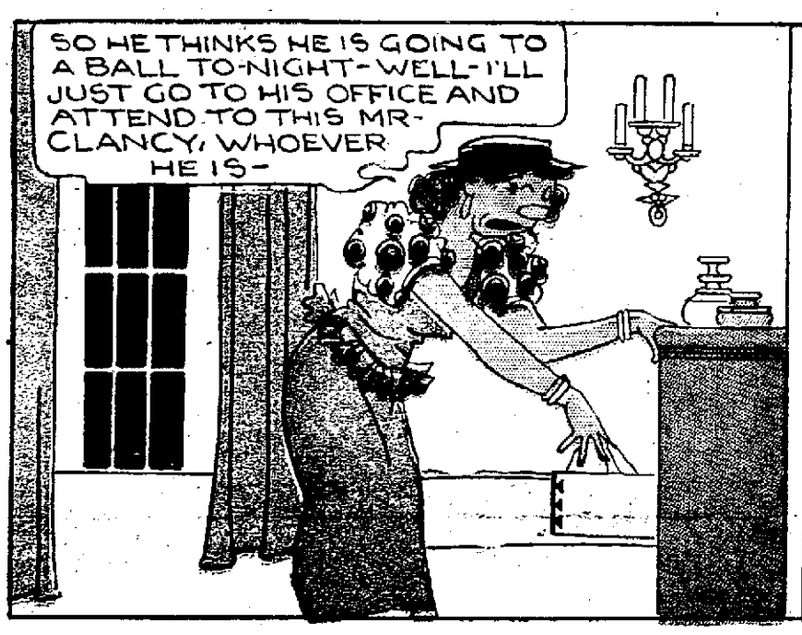

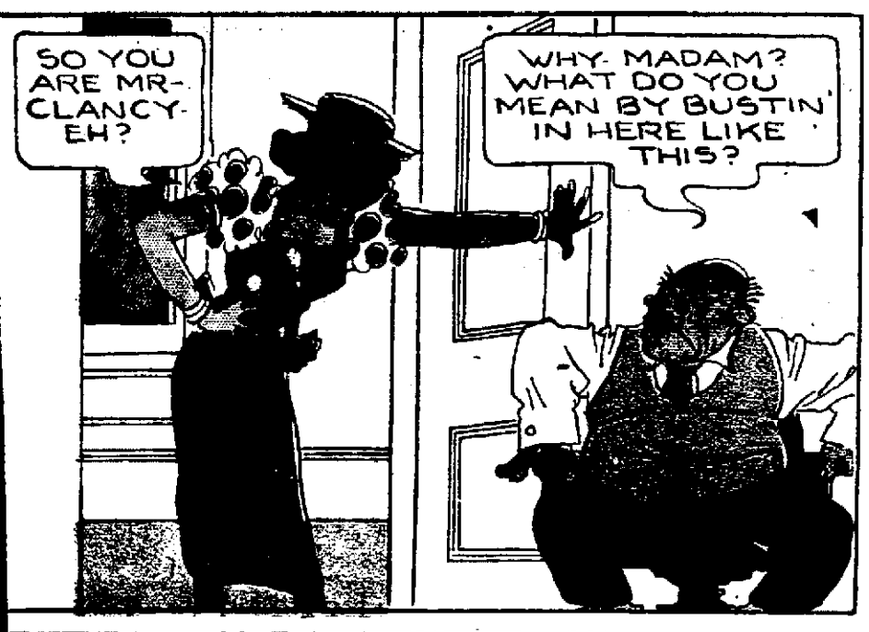

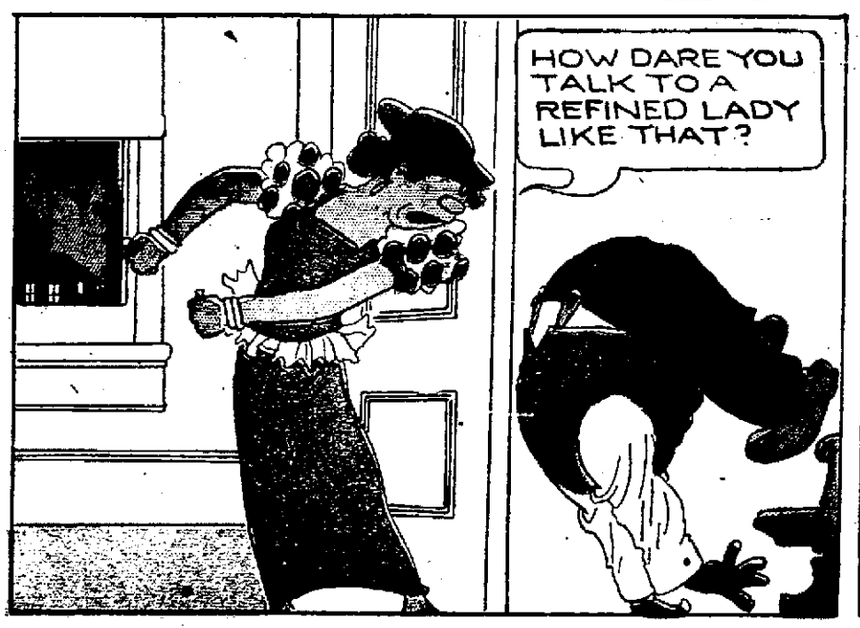

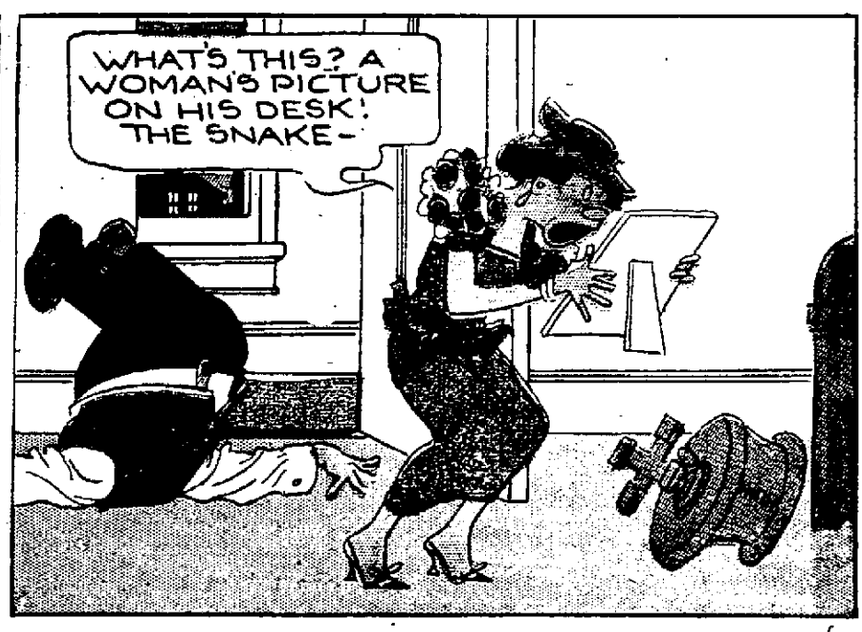

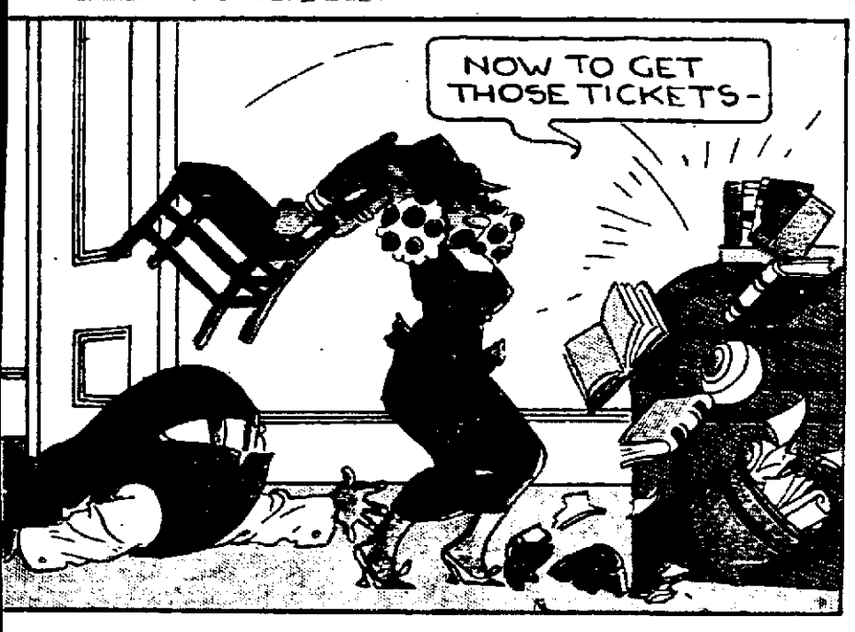

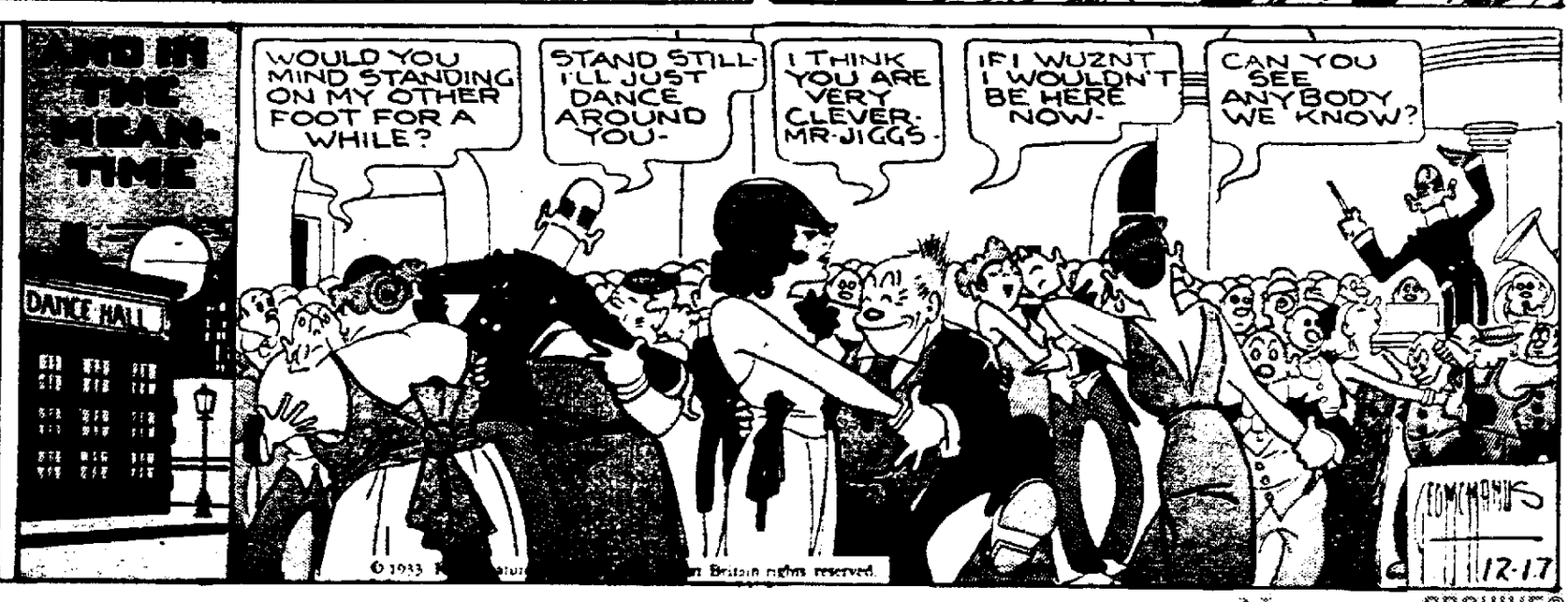

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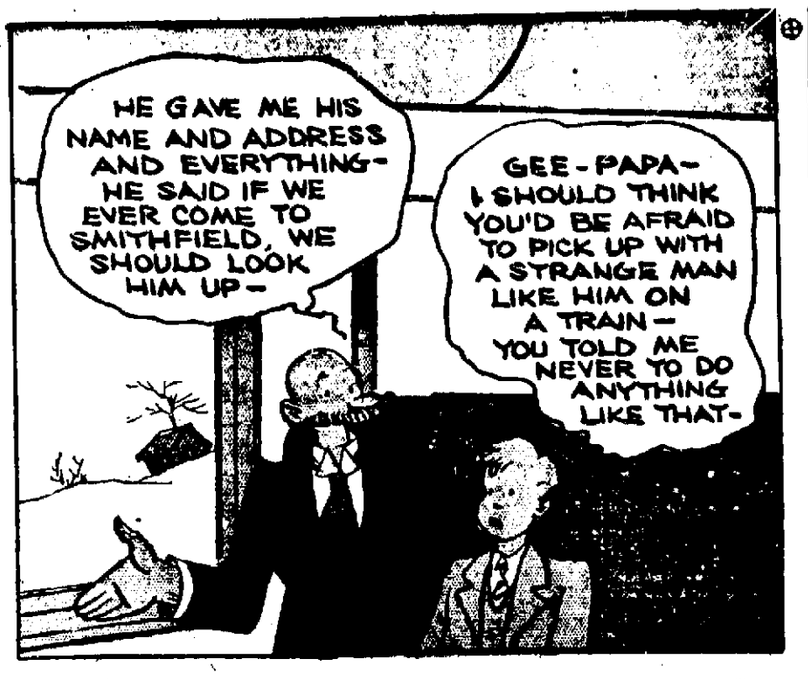

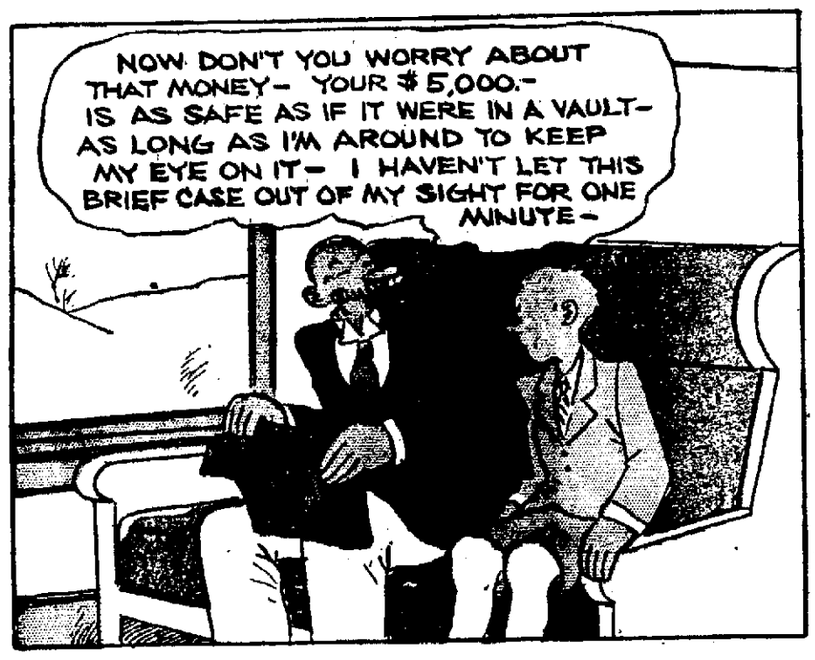

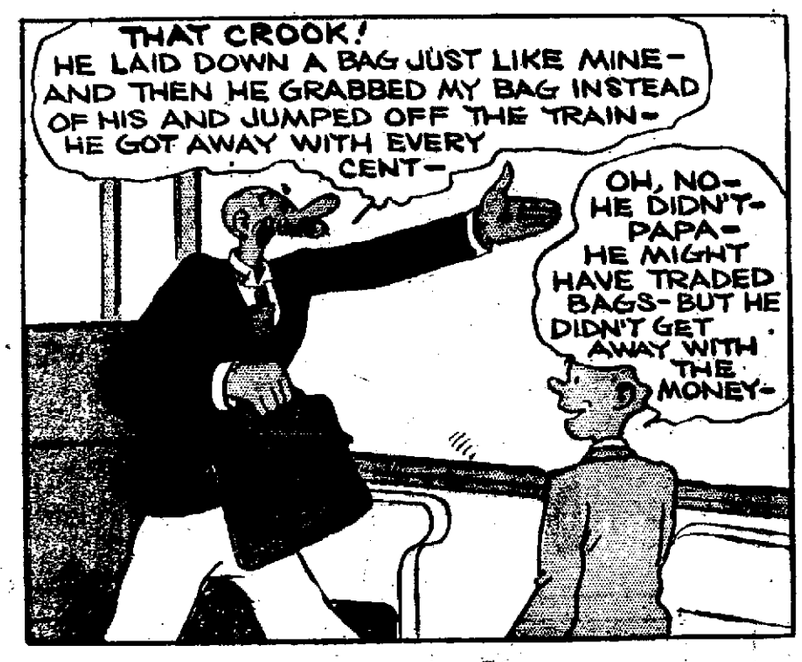

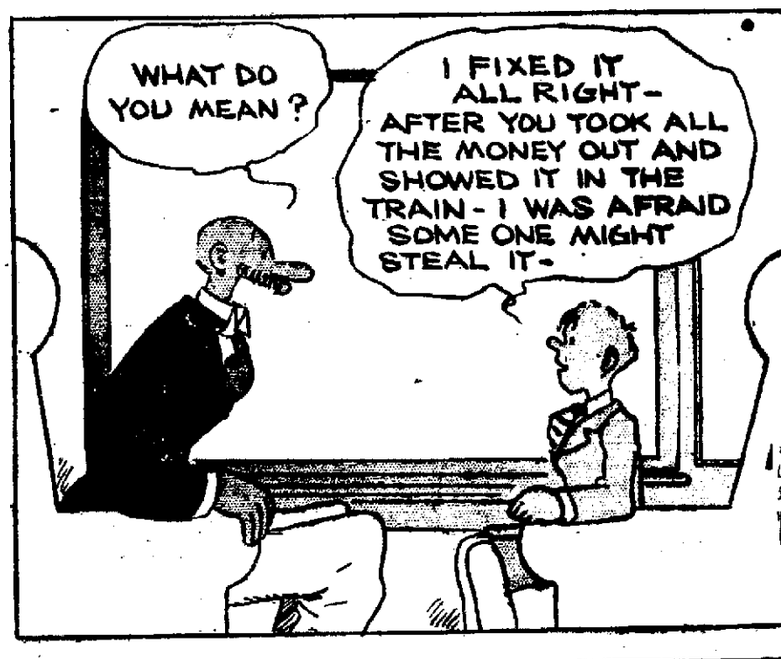

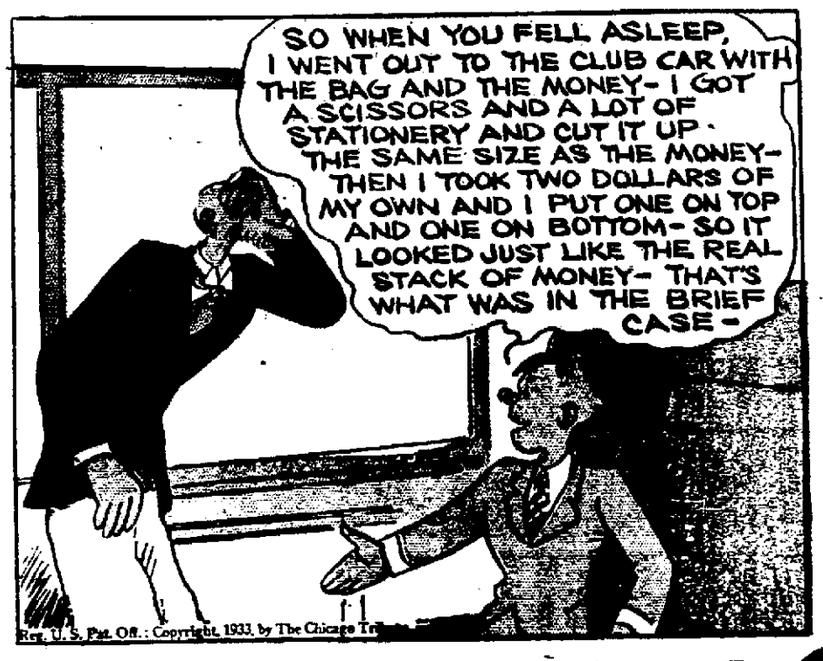

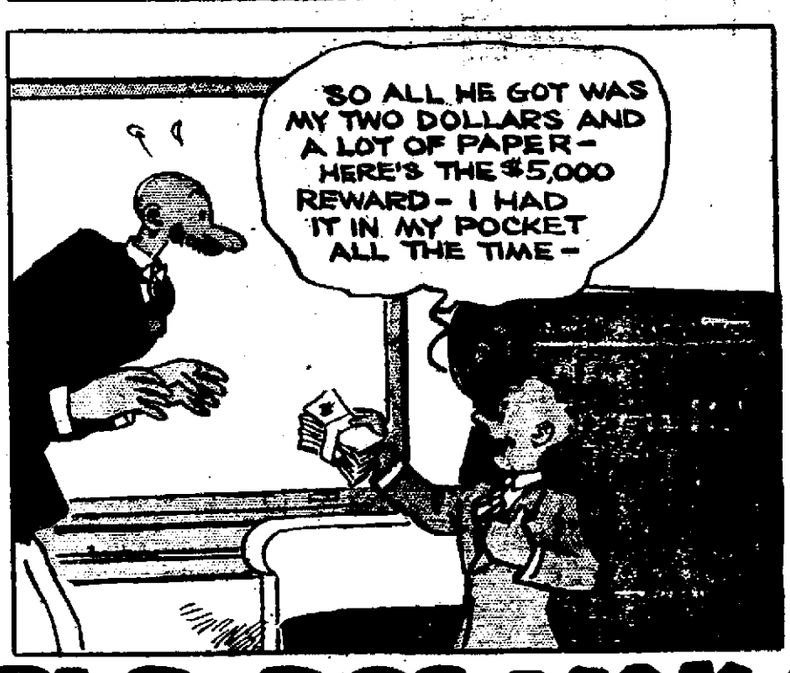

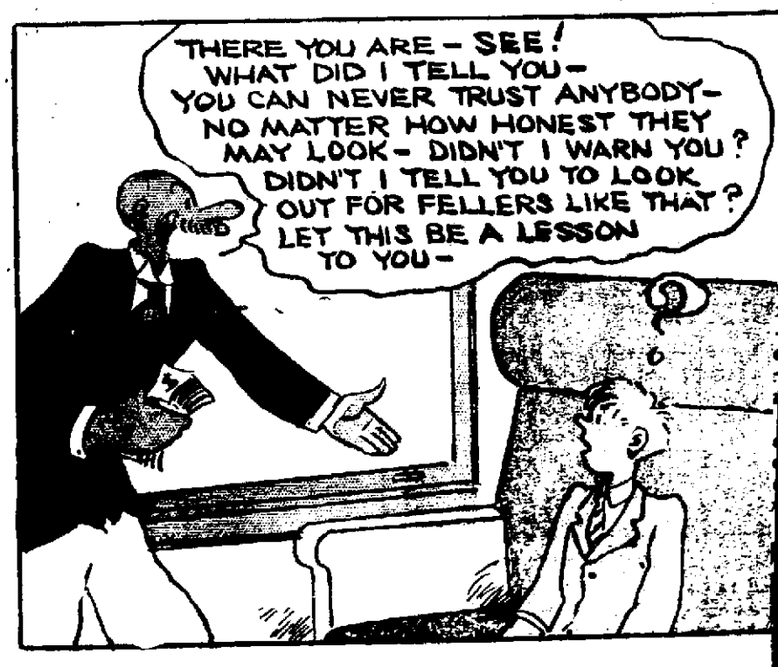

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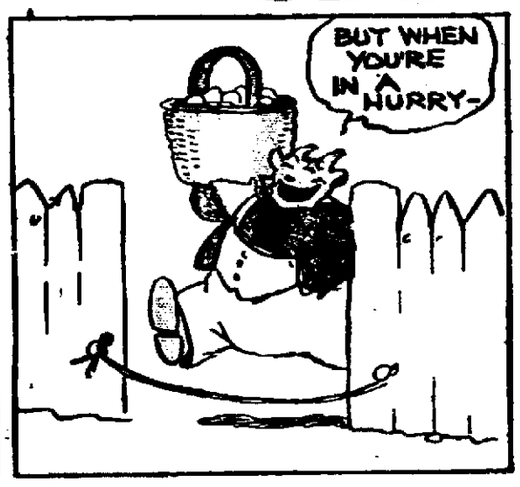

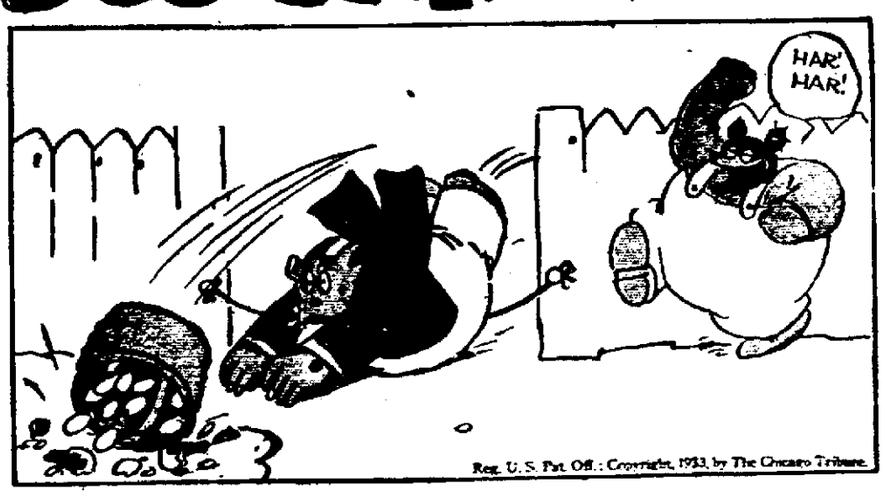

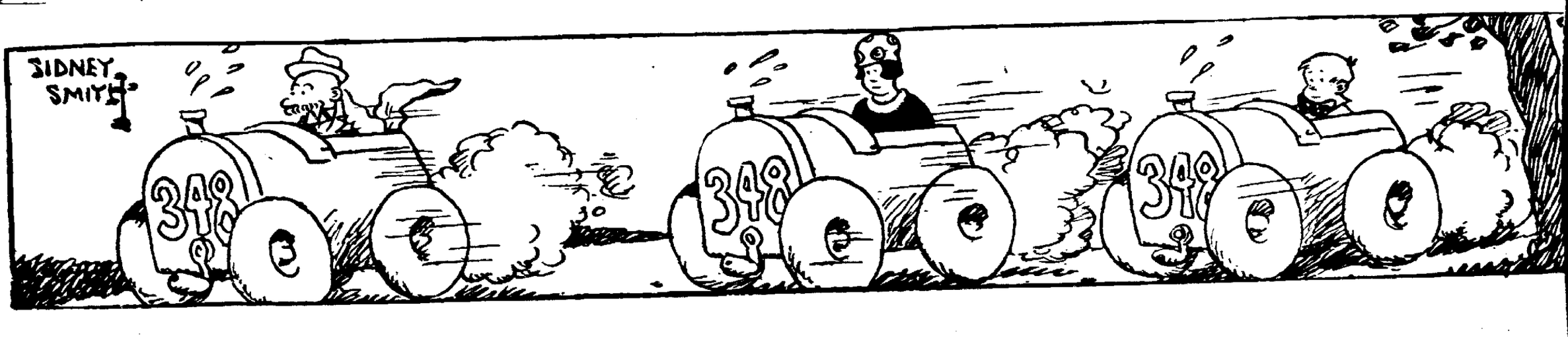

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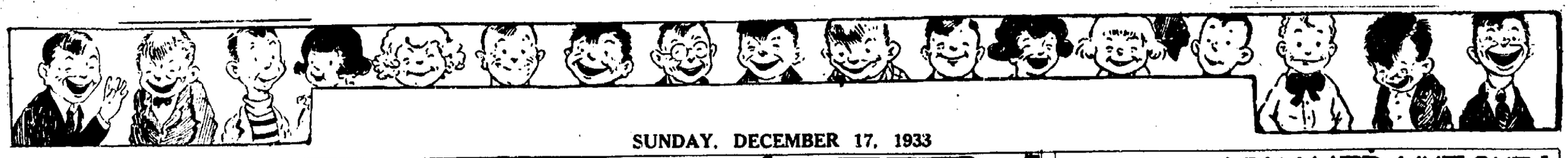

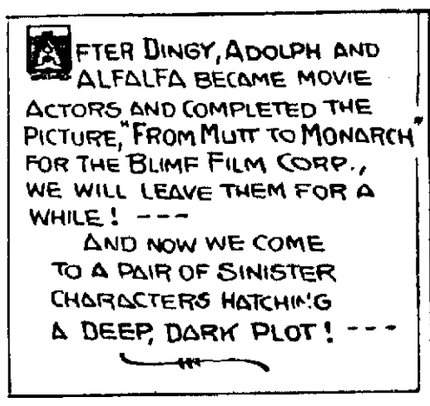

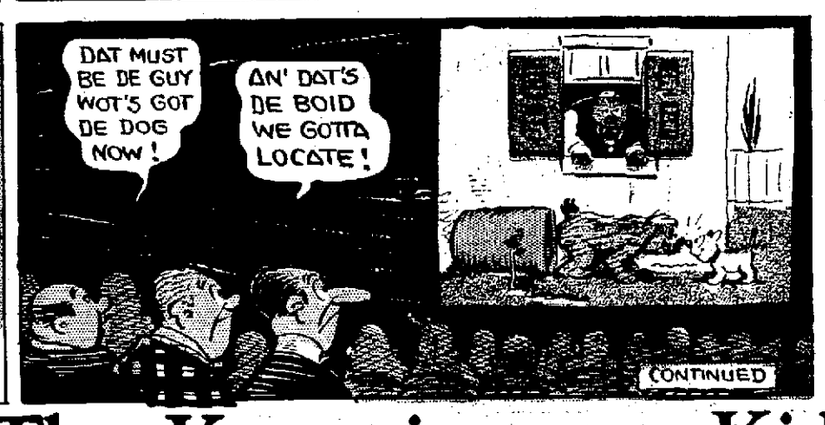

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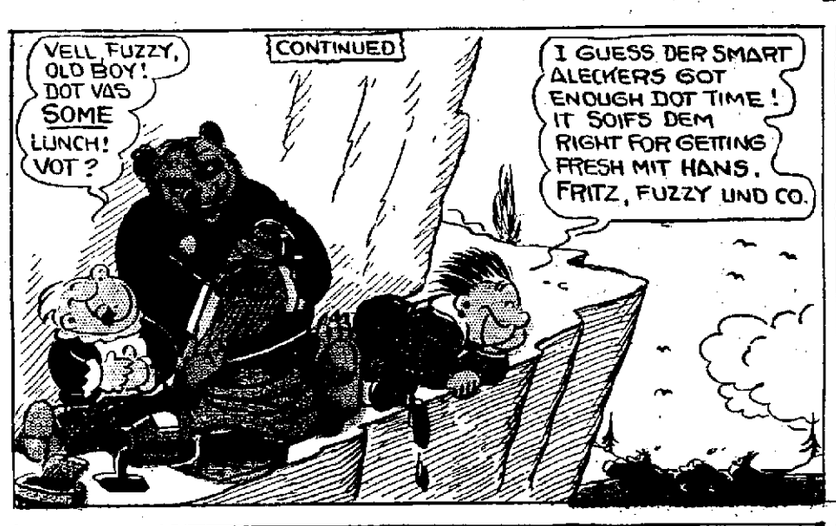

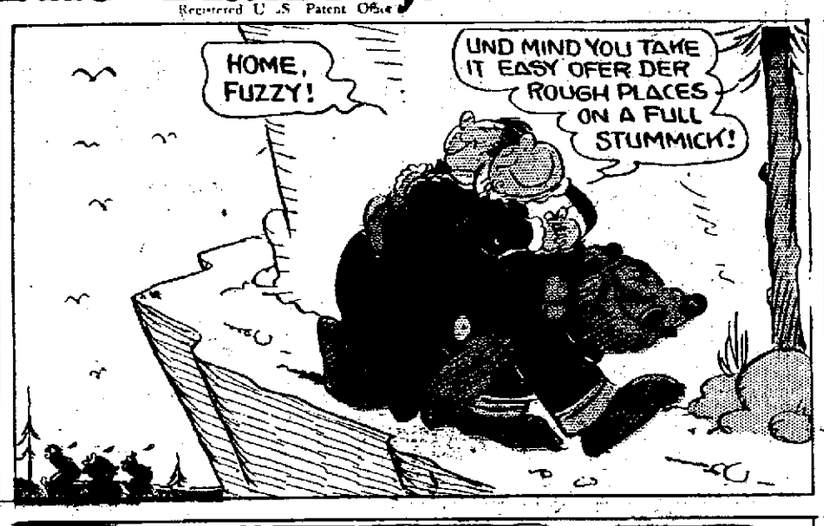

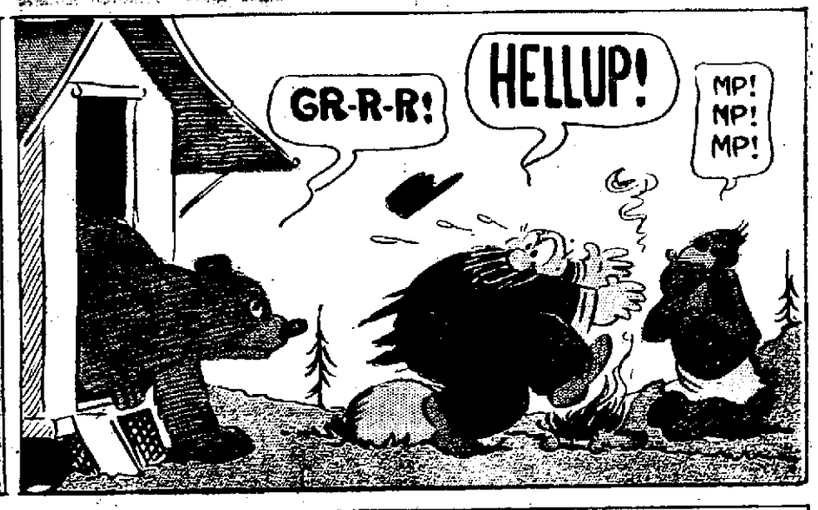

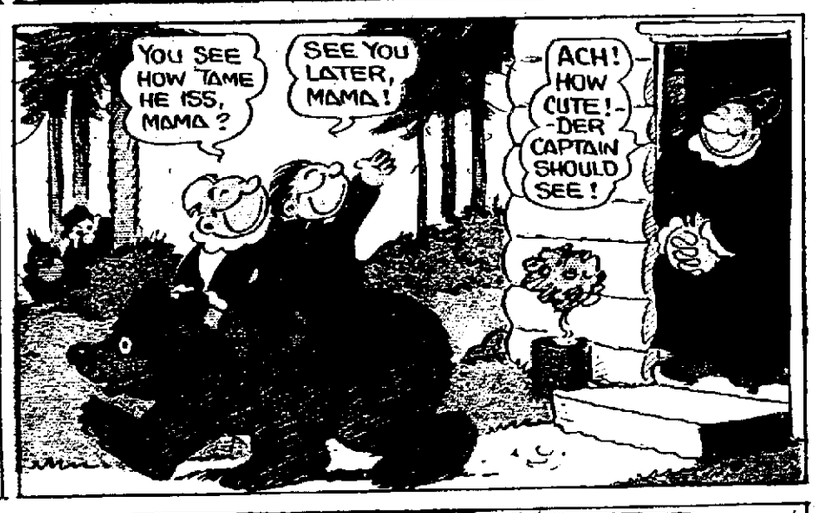

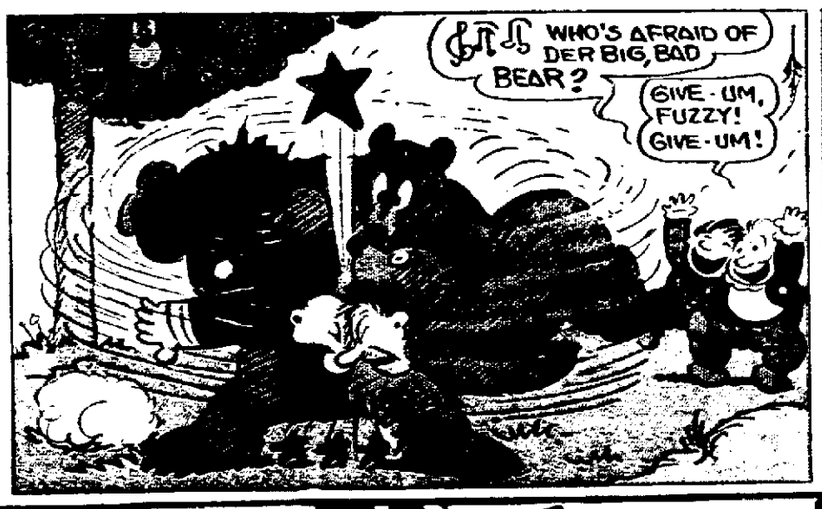

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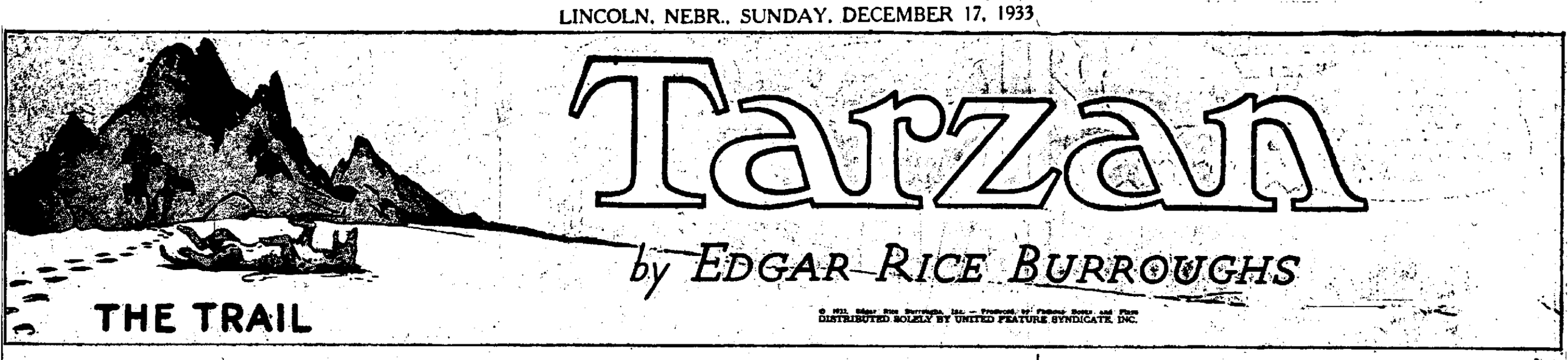

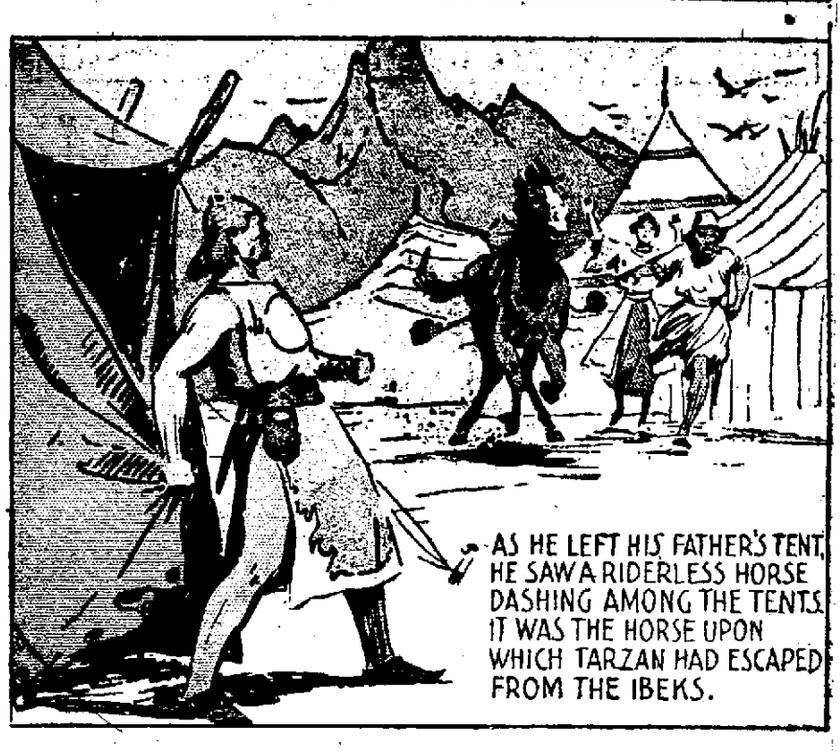

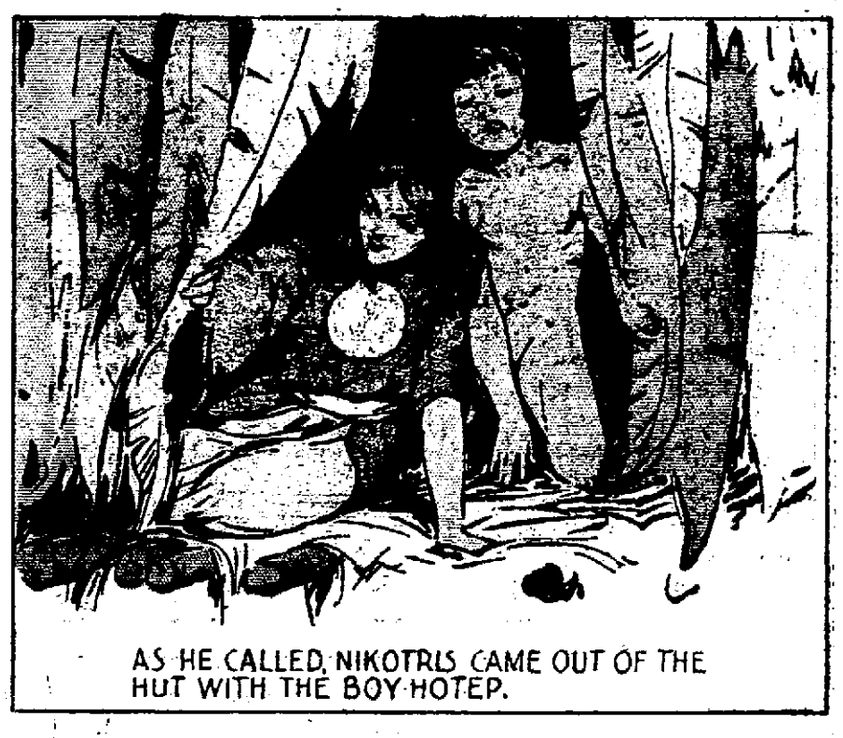

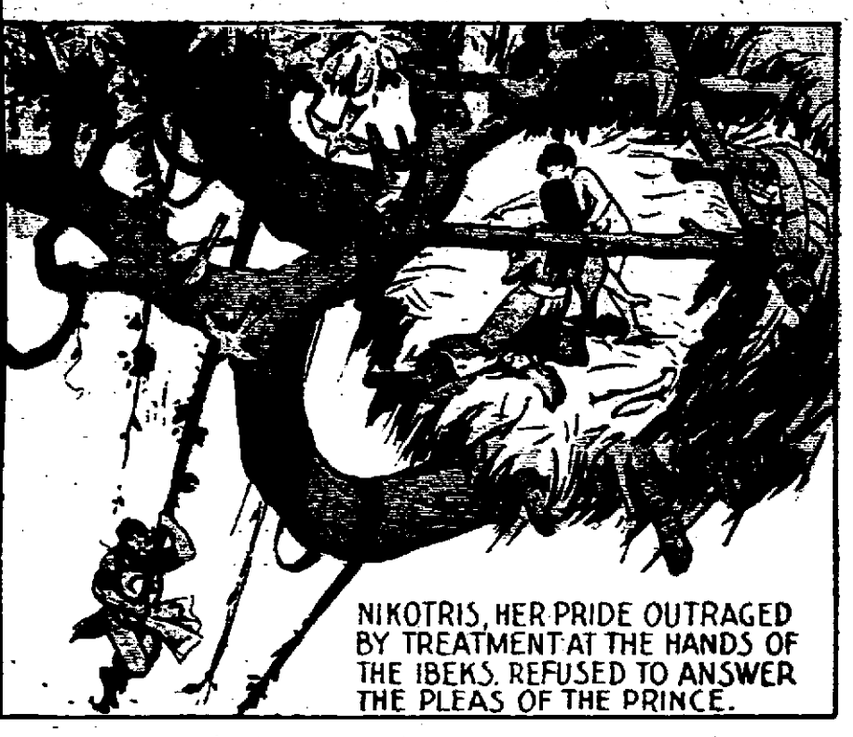

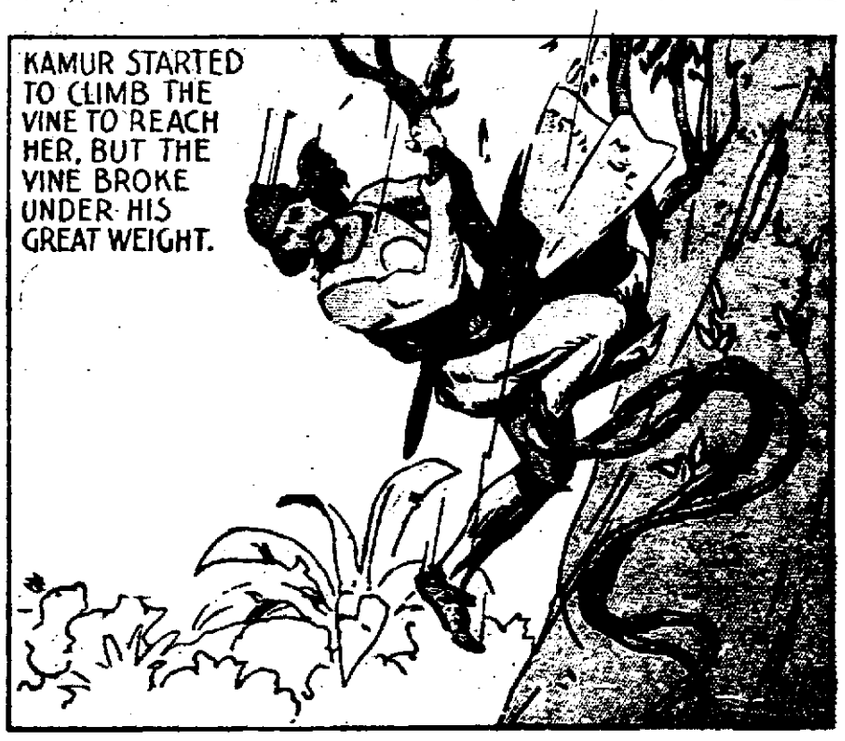

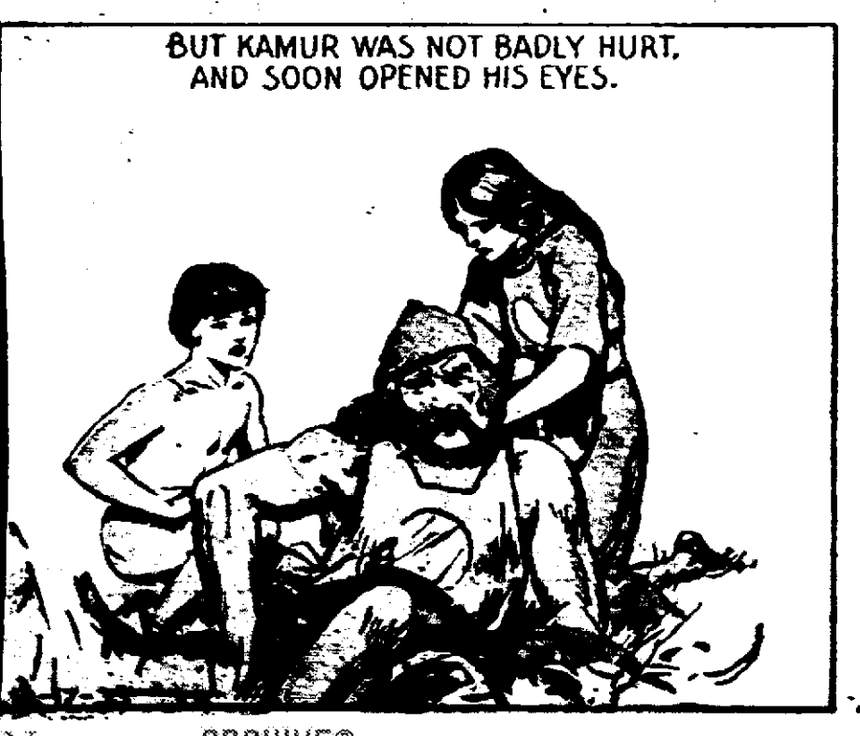

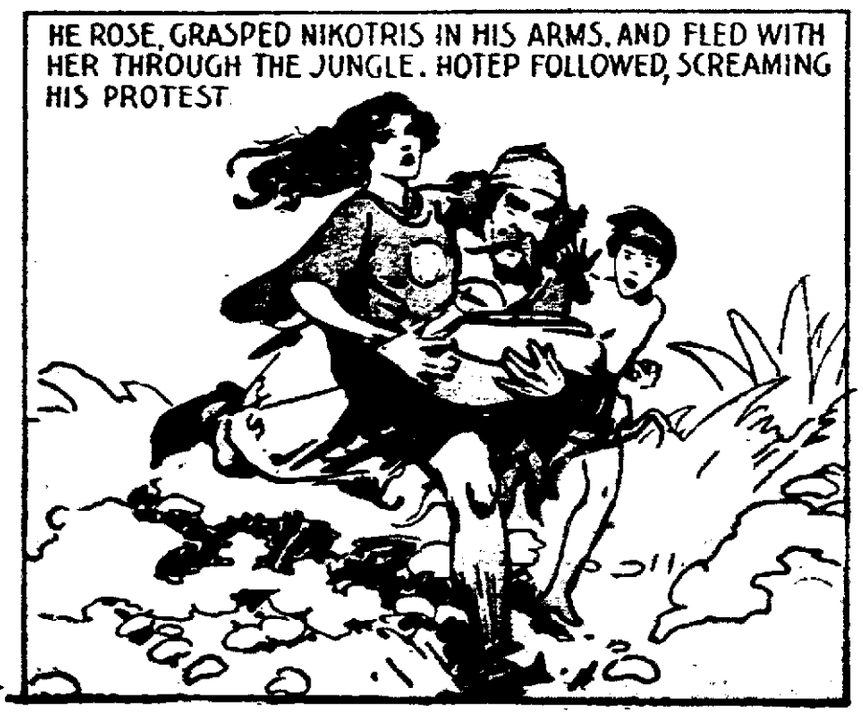

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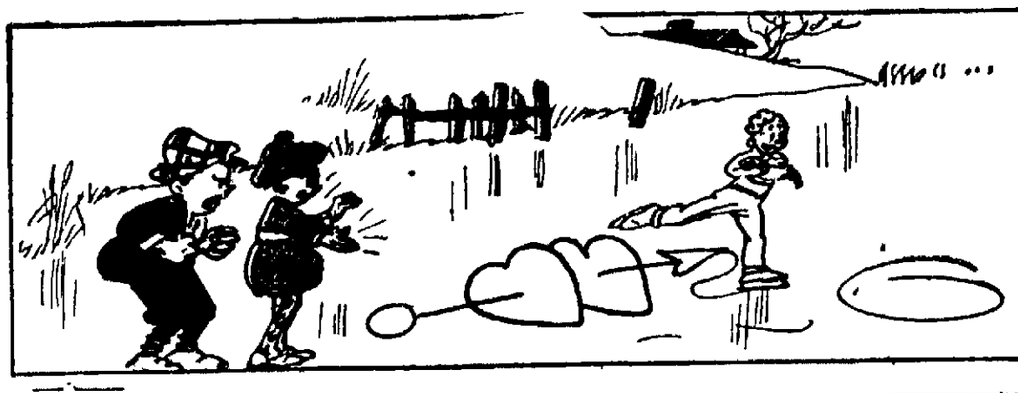

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By Gene Byrnes

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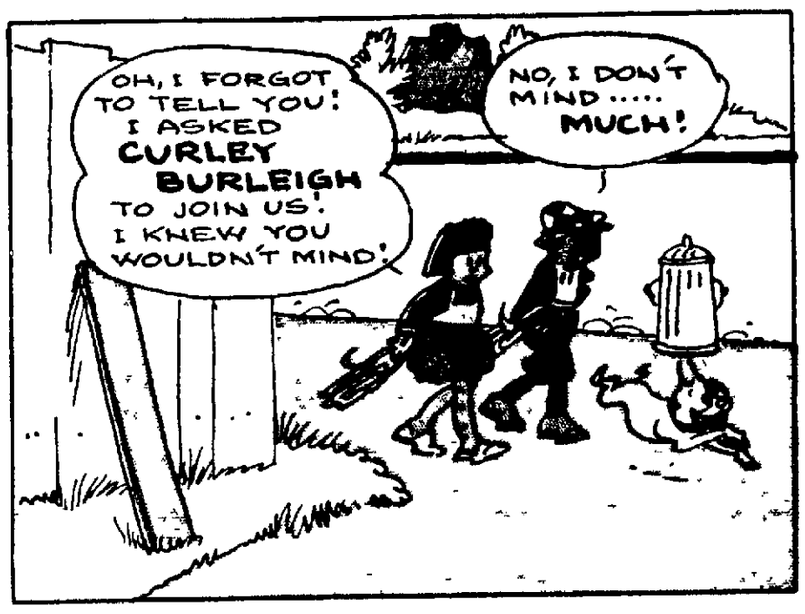

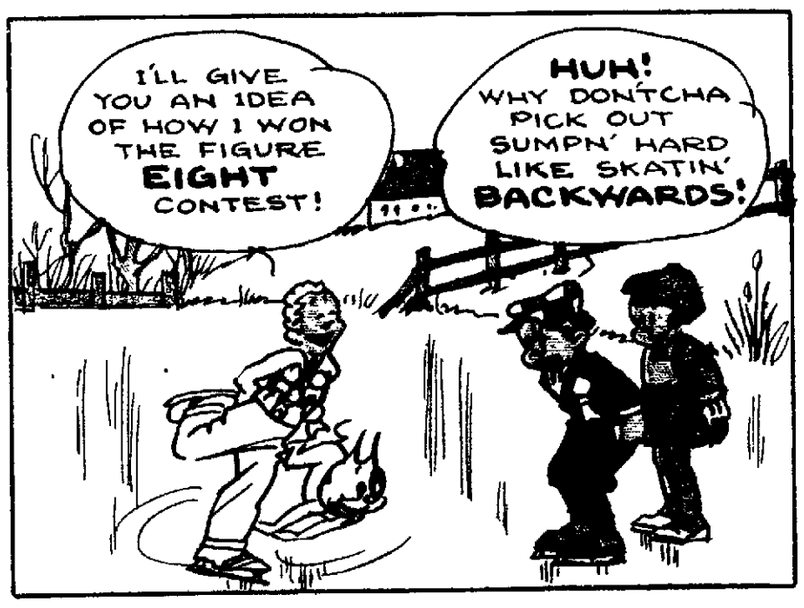

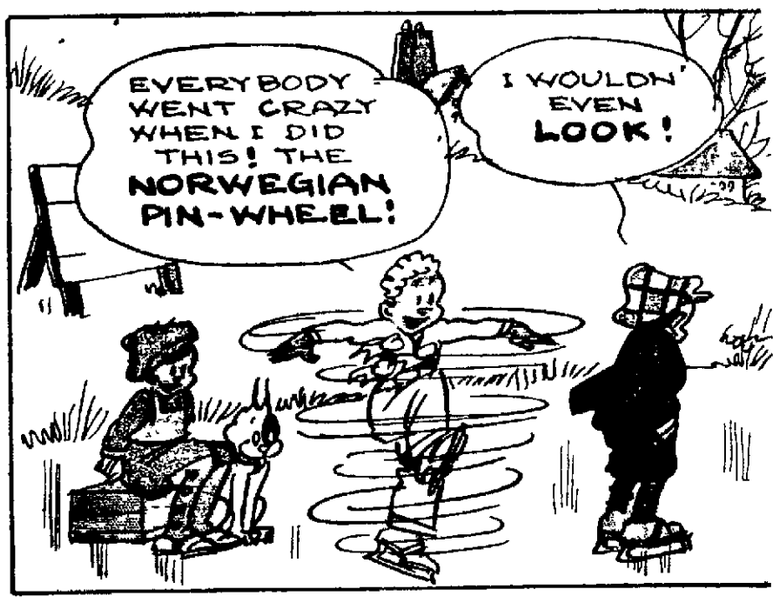

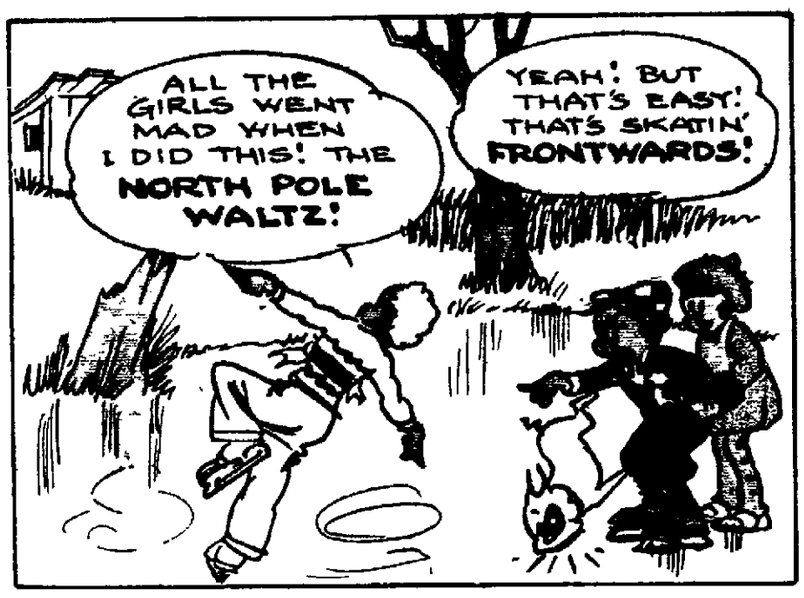

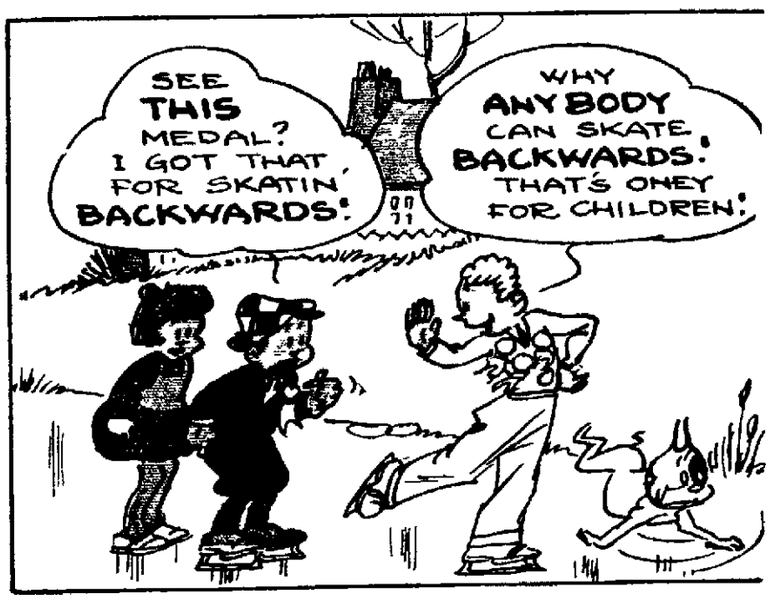

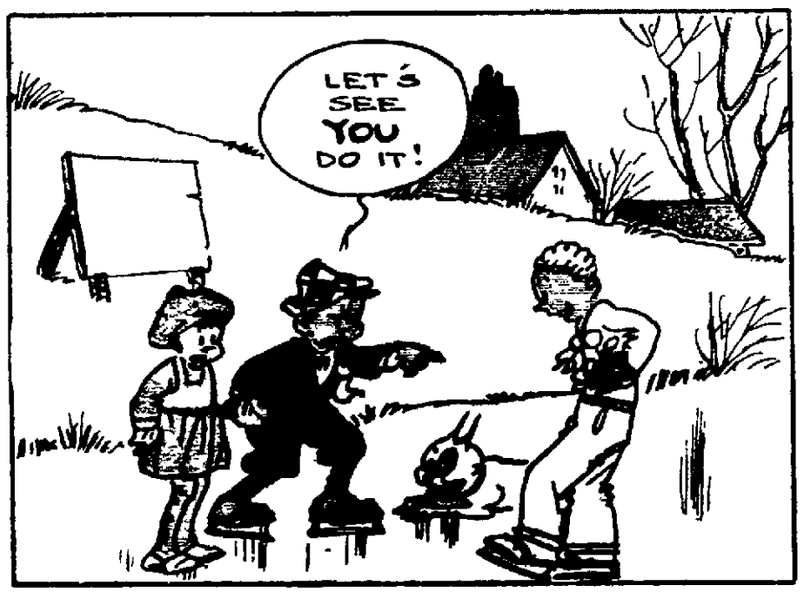

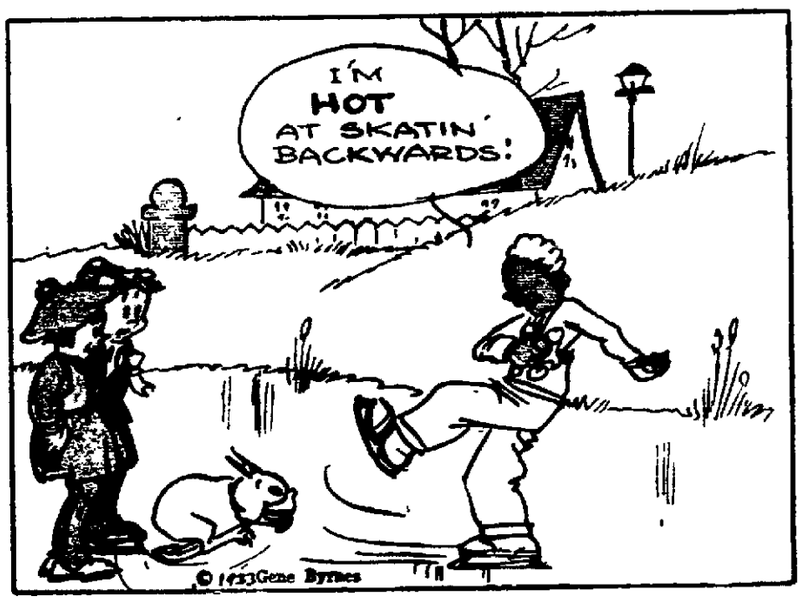

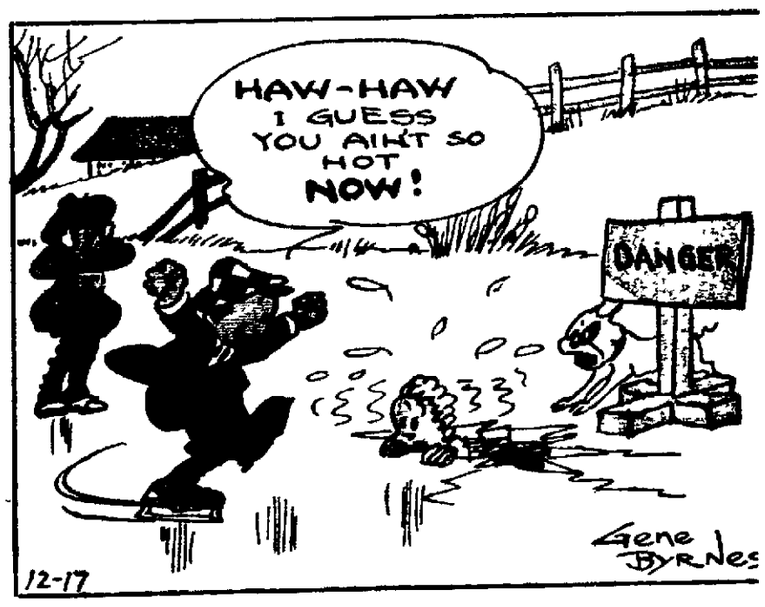

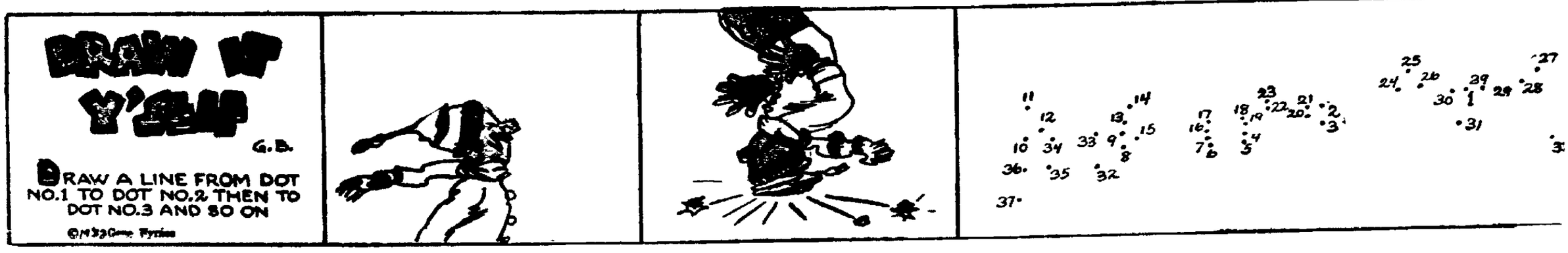

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High-Gear Homer

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TAILSPIN TOMMY

BY HAL FORREST and GLENN CHAFFIN

LAST WEEK WE OFFERED YOU A GLIMPSE OF AFRICAN WILD LIFE TOMMY AND SKEETER ARE SEEING AS THEY JOURNEY OVER THE DARK CONTINENT IN THEIR PLANE--THIS WEEK THE BOYS LAND TO TAKE SOME MOVING PICTURES.

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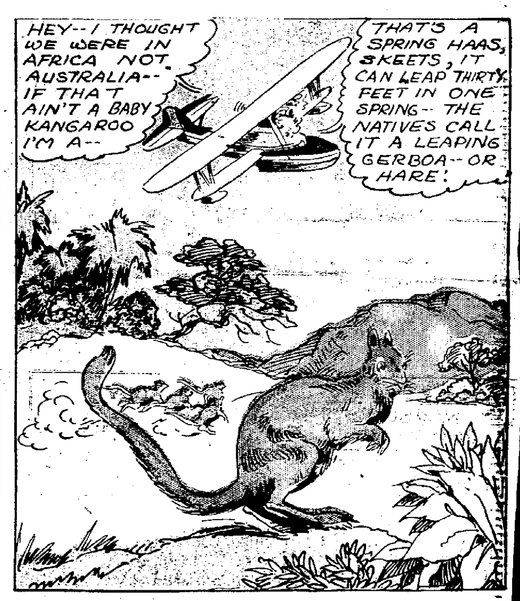
EARLY-BIRDS

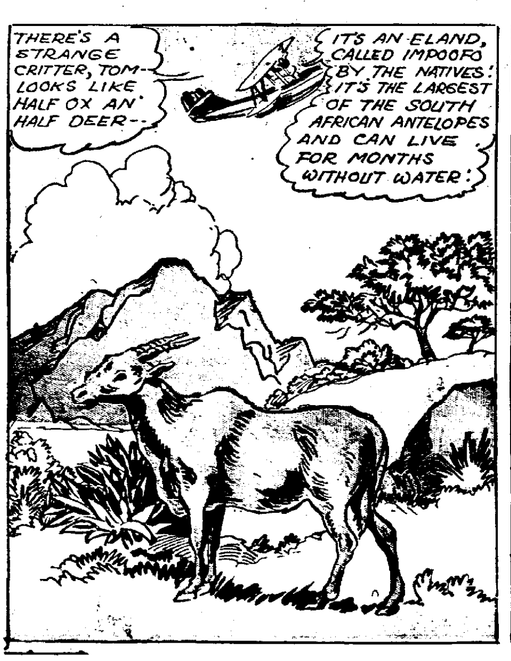
JOHN WILKINS 1825

PROGRESS of FLIGHT—

SOPWITH-SNIPE—

A SINGLE SEATER BRITISH BIPLANE, EQUIPPED WITH A B.R. MOTOR, 200 H.P. AND WITH A TOP SPEED OF, 135 M.P.H. IT WAS DESIGNED AS A PURSUIT JOB AND INTRODUCED EARLY IN 1918





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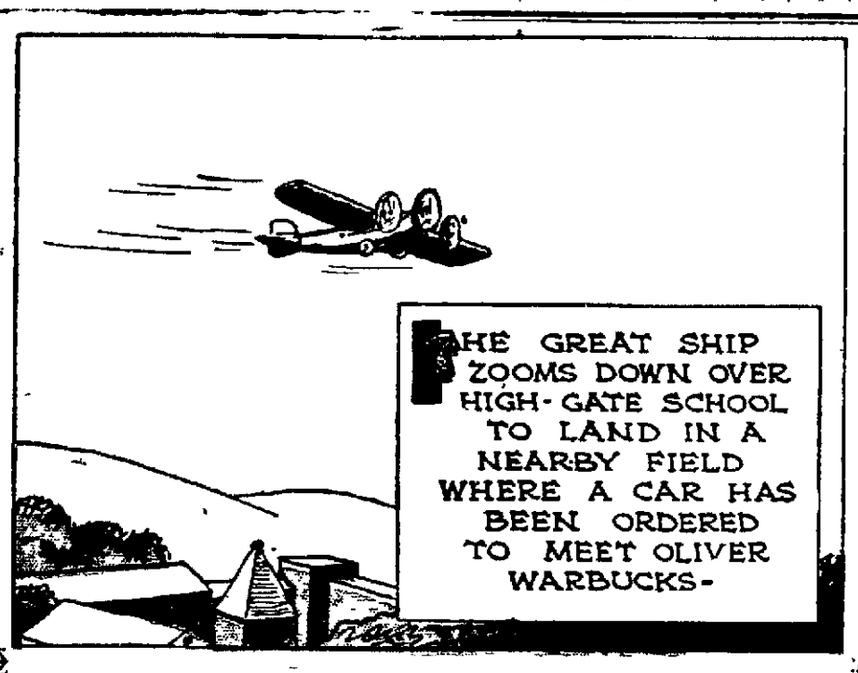
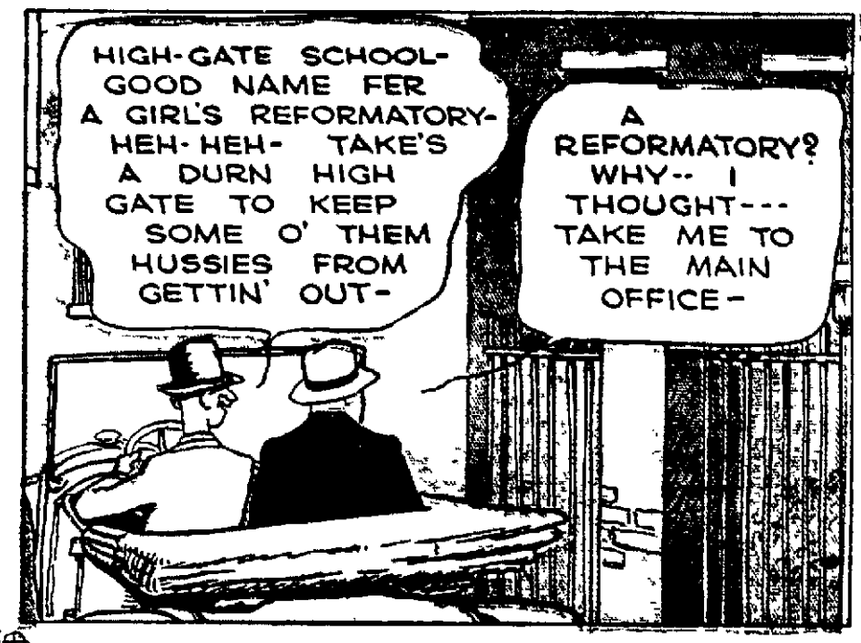
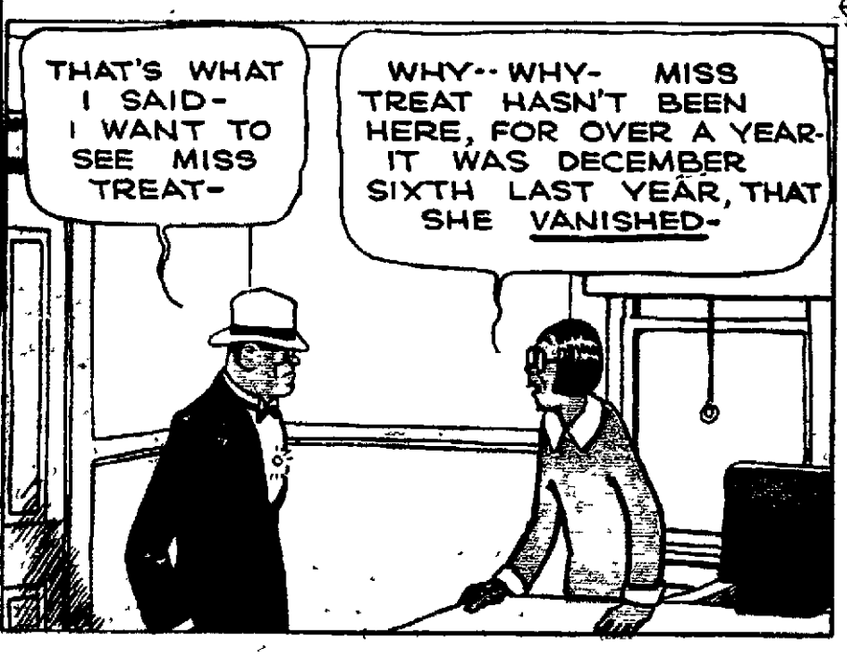
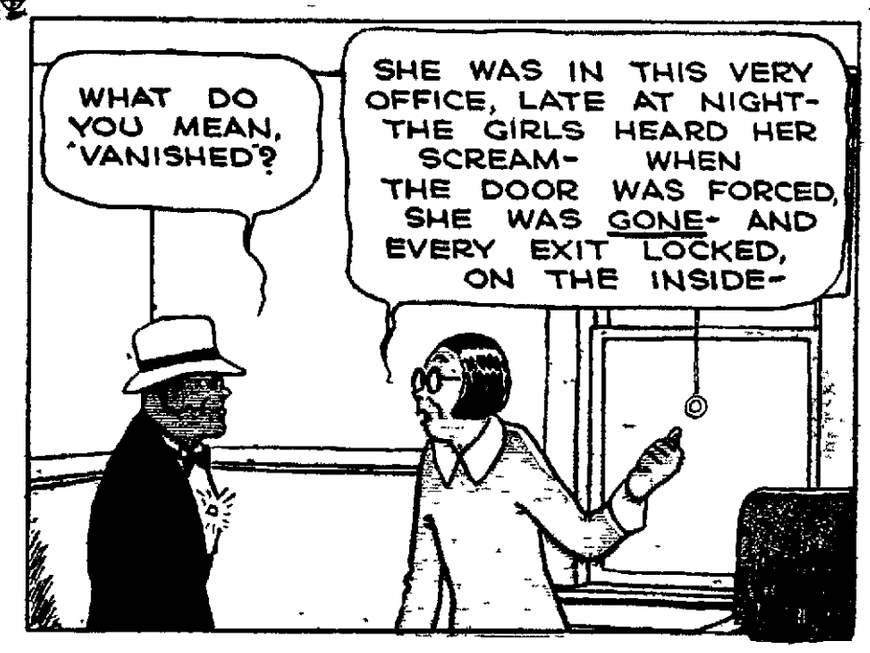
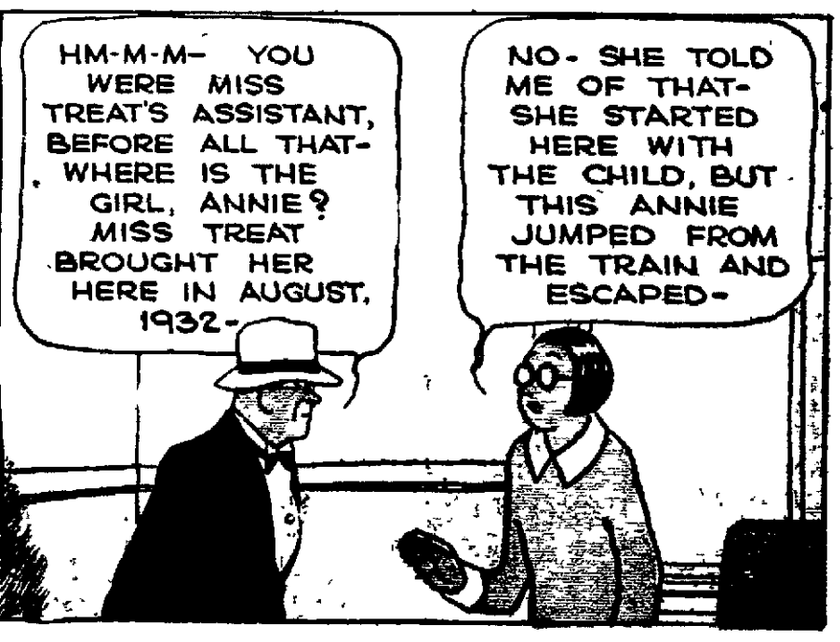
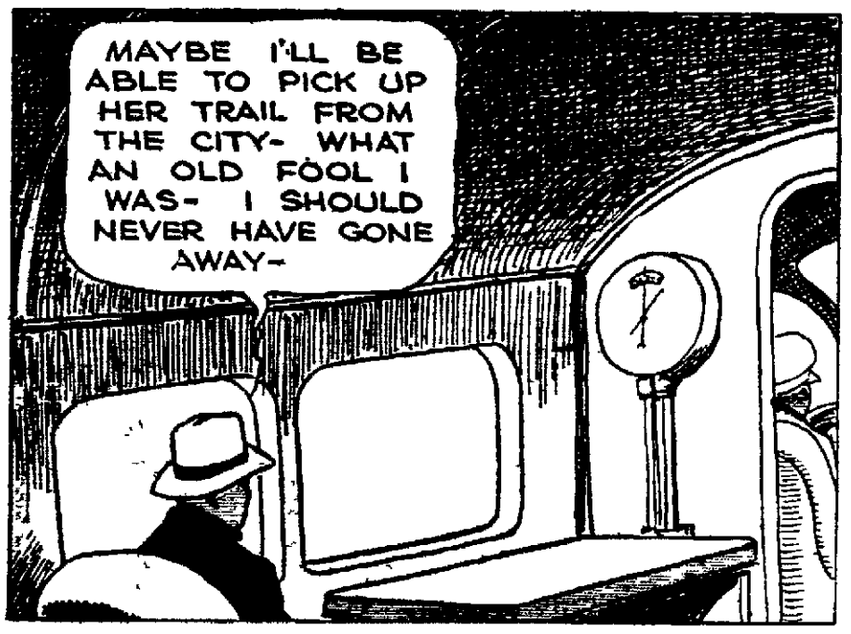


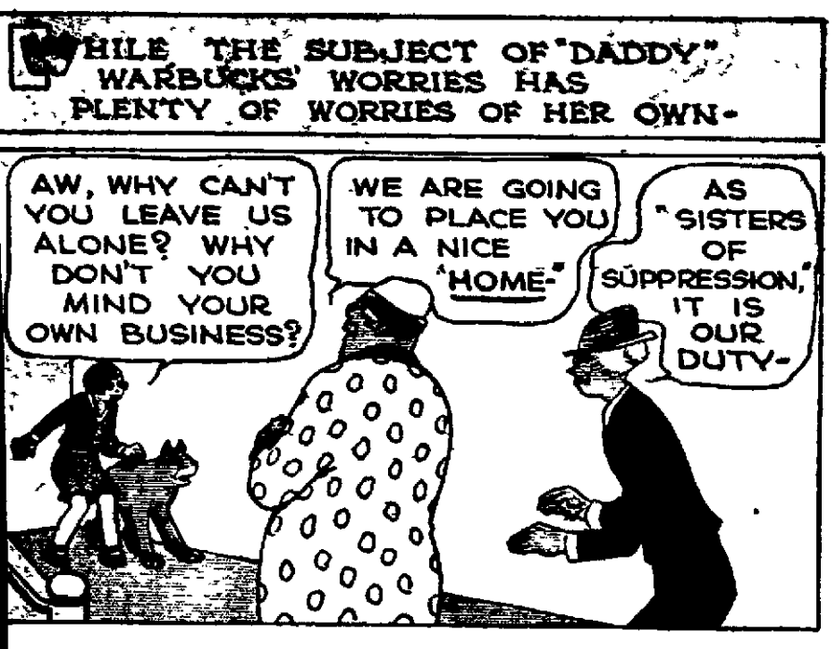


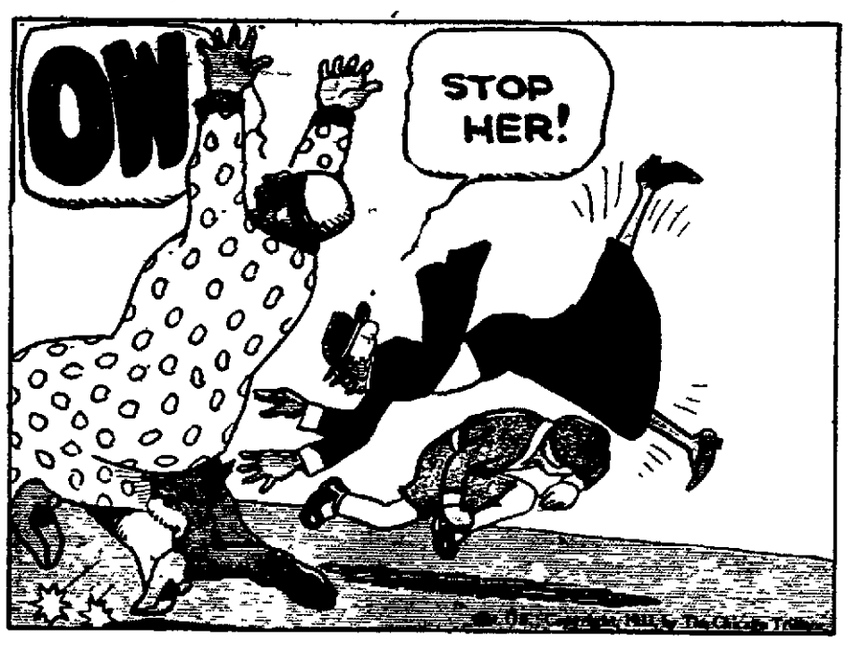




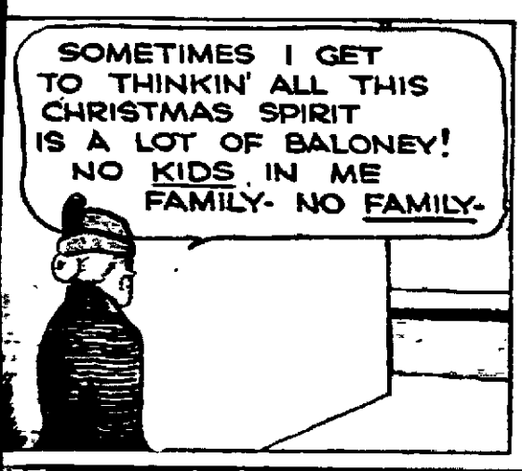


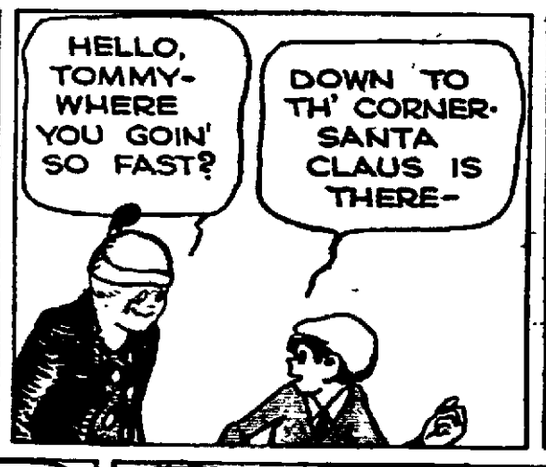


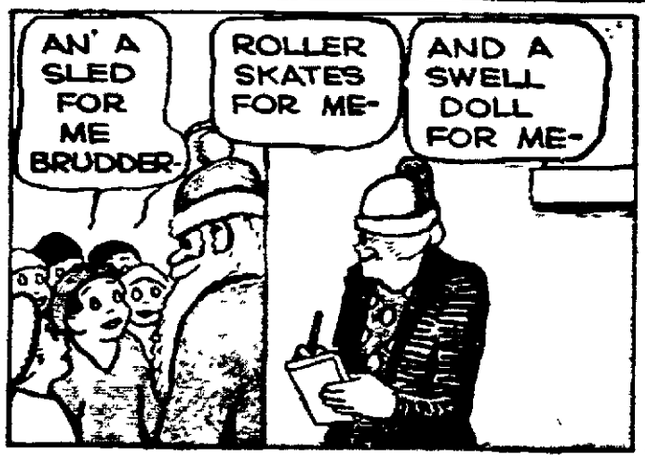


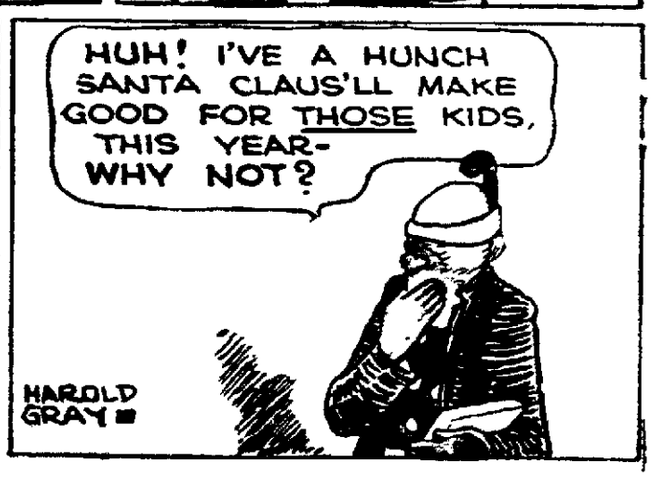


Maw Green

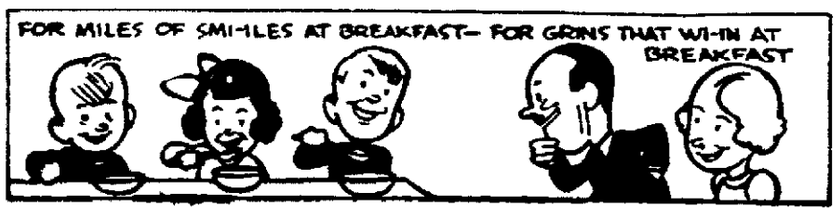


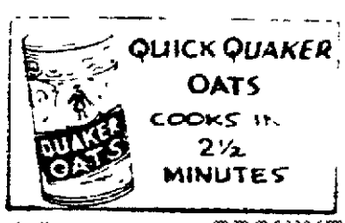






EMEMBER THAT OLD TUNE "HE BEAR WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN"? ALL RIGHT, SING THESE WORDS TO IT...





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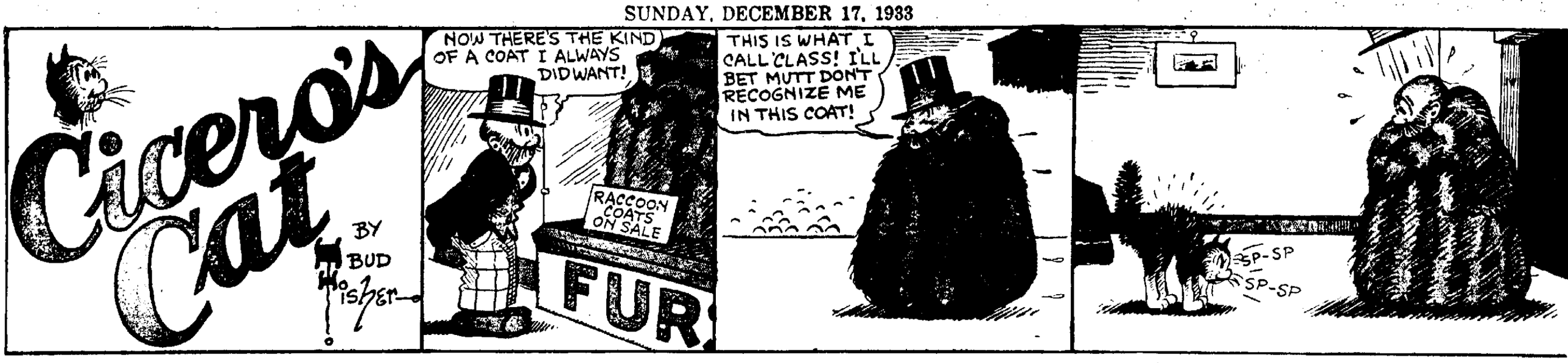

MUTT AND JEFF -:- As an Accountant Mutt Keeps a Fine Mentally Unbalanced Sheet— -:- By BUD FISHER

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SUNDAY. DECEMBER 17. 1933

ALEXANDER SMART, ESQ. By Doc WINNER.

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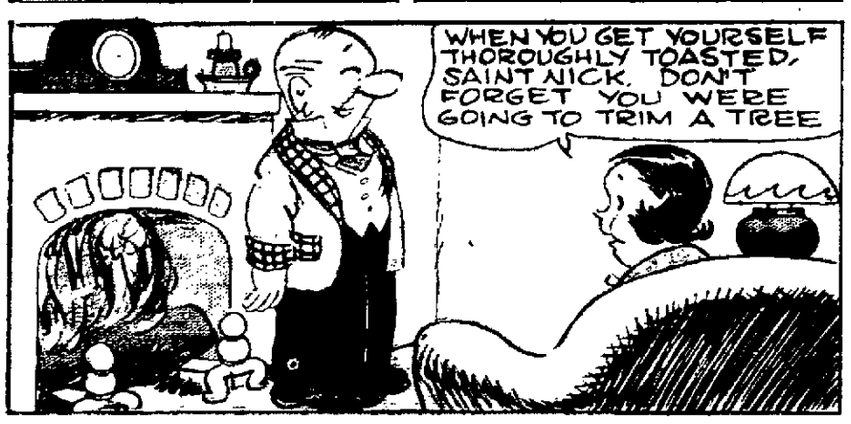

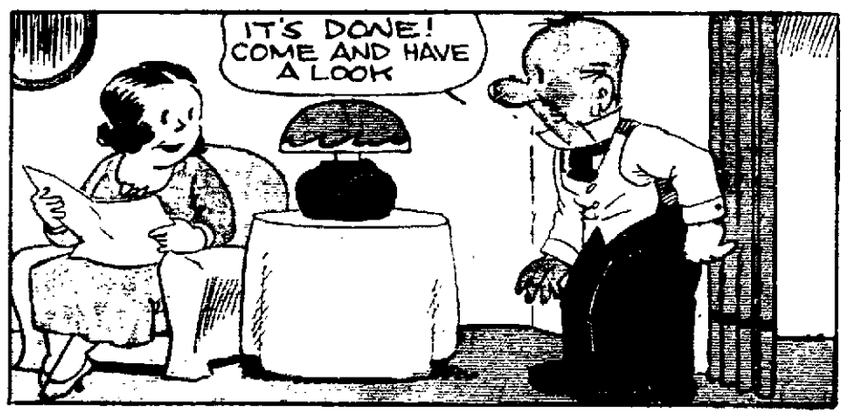

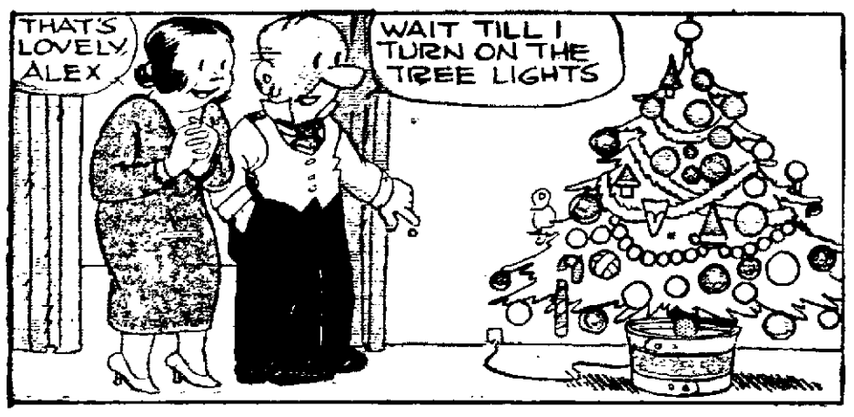

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THE ELMER GAME

OBJECT GUESSING. THE PLAYERS ARE SEATED AROUND THE ROOM. ONE STARTS THE GAME, AFTER GLANCING ABOUT, BY SAYING, FOR EXAMPLE, "I SEE SOMETHING IN THIS ROOM THAT IS BLACK, CAN YOU GUESS WHAT IT IS?" THEN, IN ORDER THAT THERE WILL BE NO UNFAIR SHIFTING OF OBJECTS IN MIND, HE WRITES THE NAME OF THE OBJECT ON A SLIP OF PAPER WHICH HE HOLDS UNTIL SOMEONE OF THE OTHER PLAYERS GUESSES THE OBJECT. THE PAPER IS THEN PRODUCED TO VERIFY THE CORRECTNESS OF THE ANSWER AND THAT PLAYER IS NEXT TO CHOOSE AN OBJECT.

Elmer

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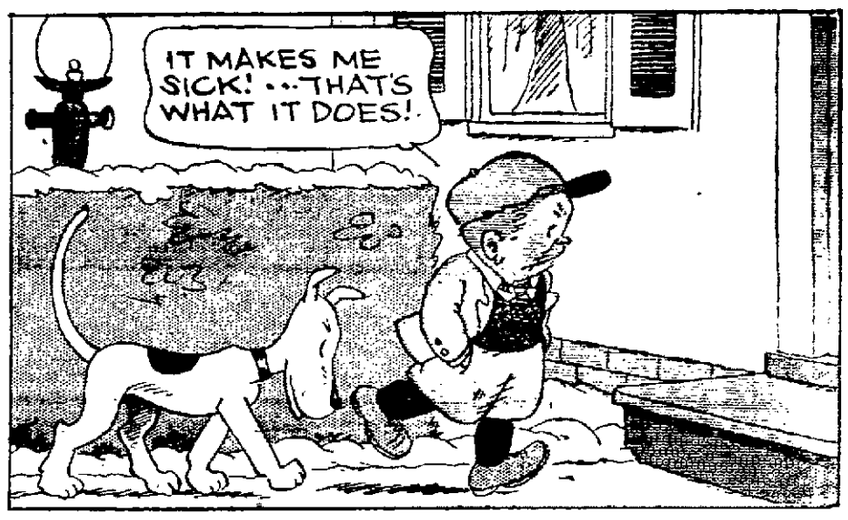

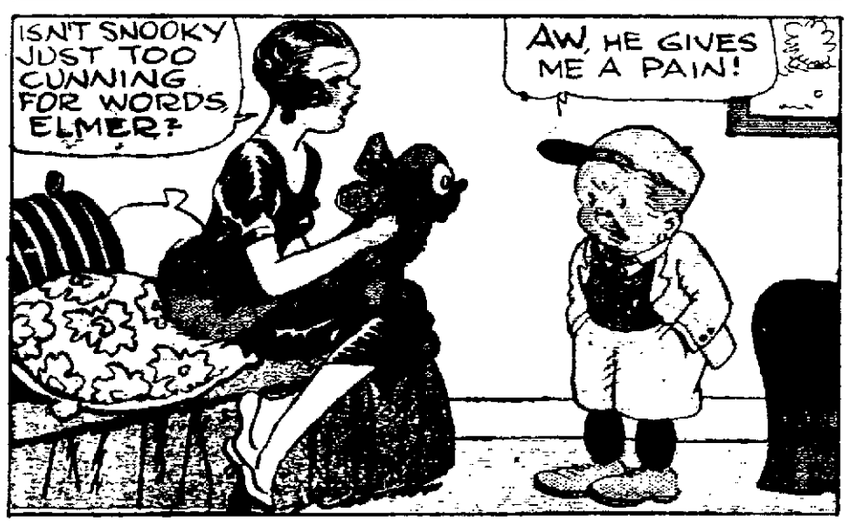

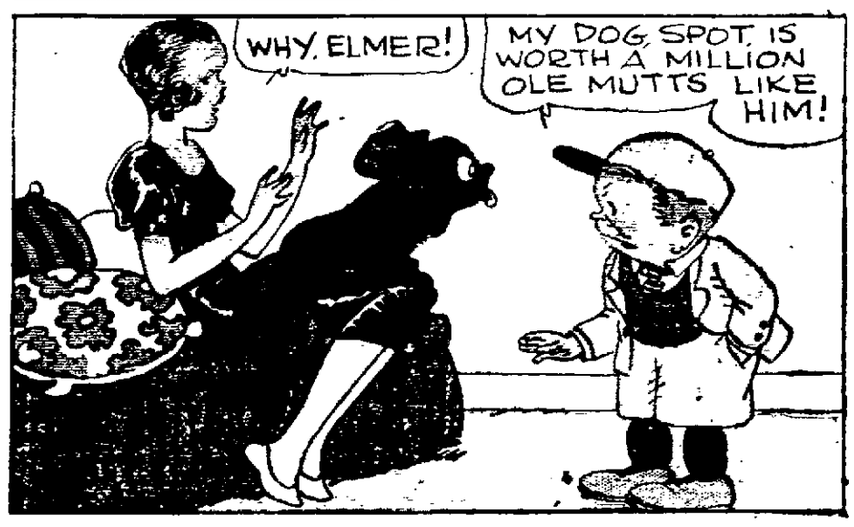

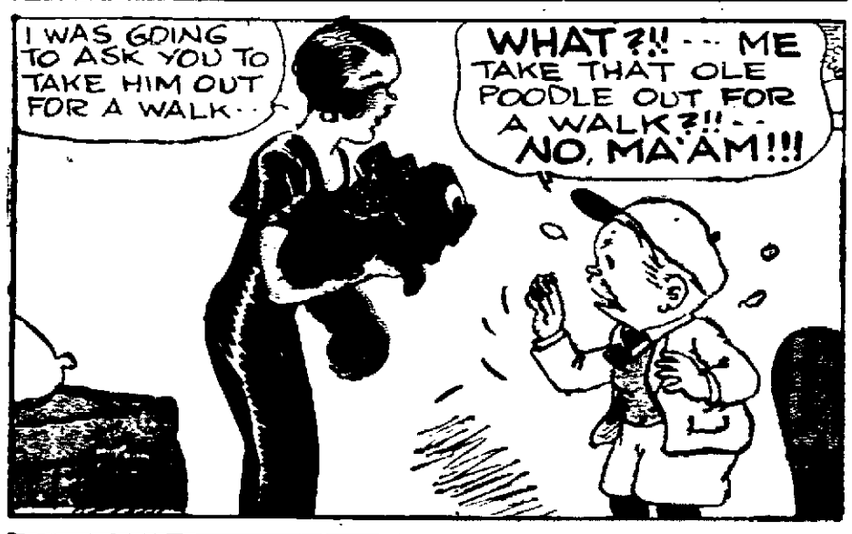

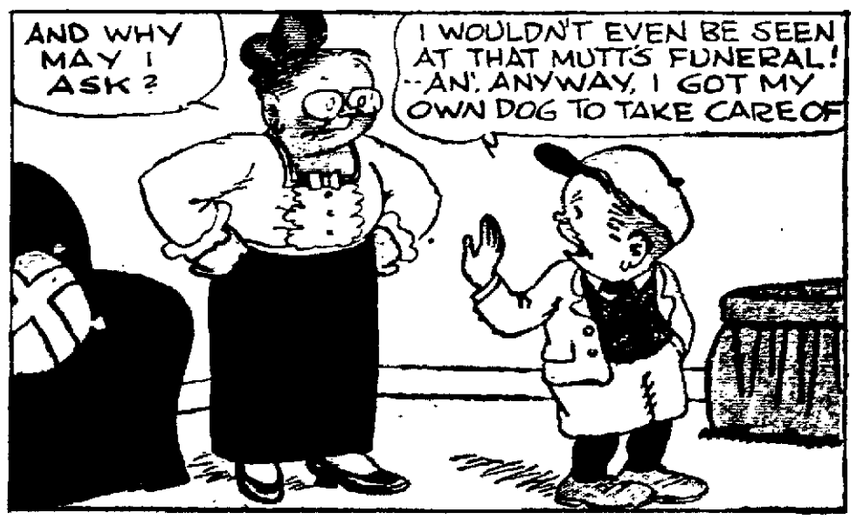

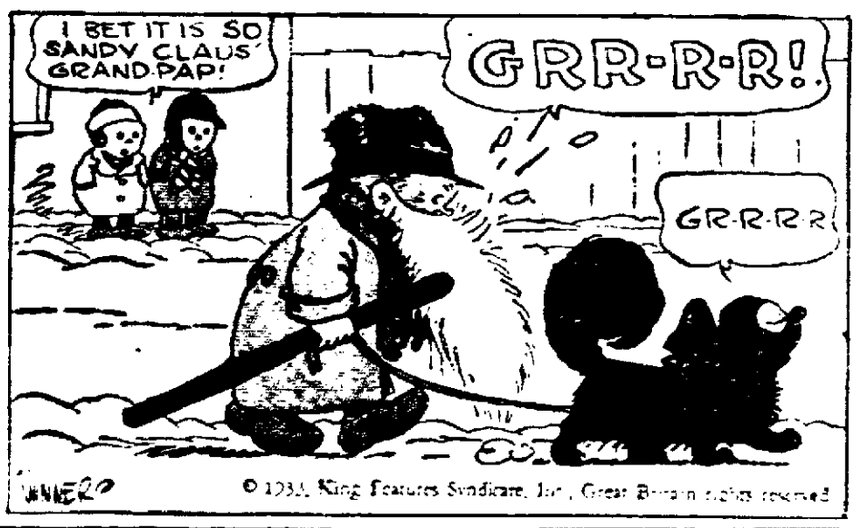

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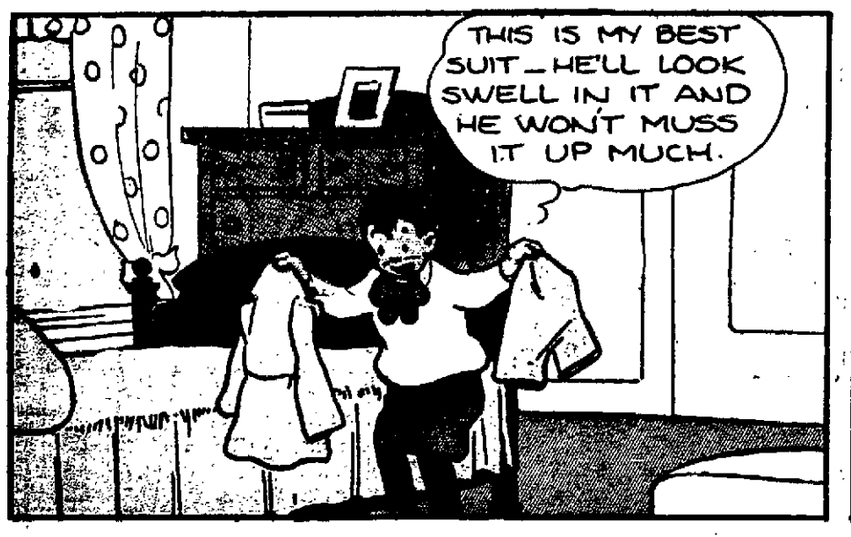

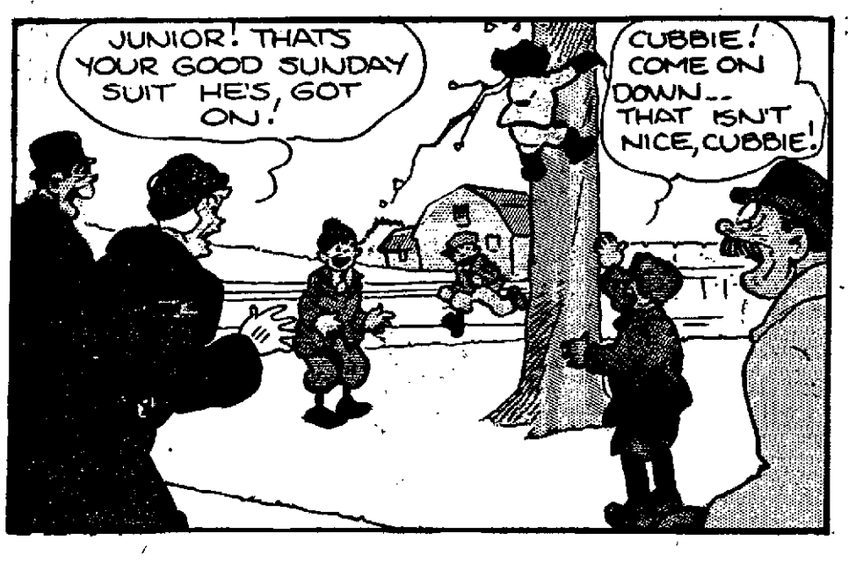

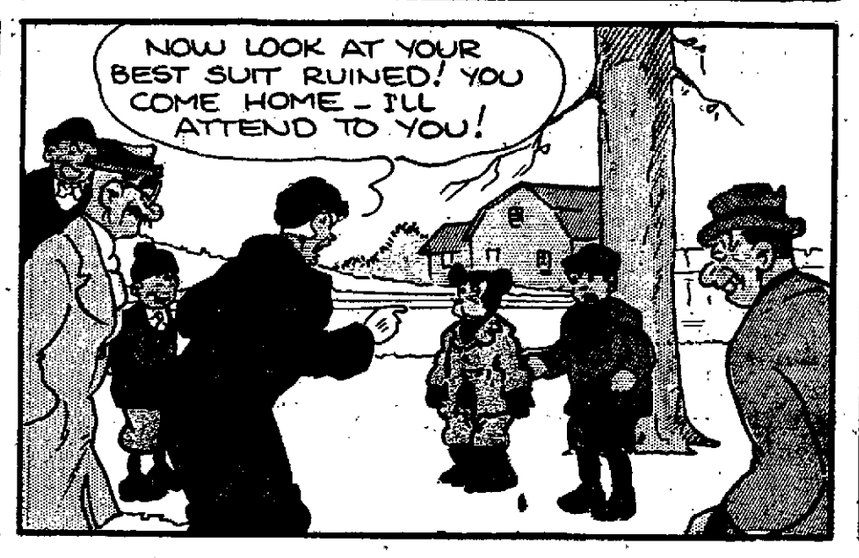

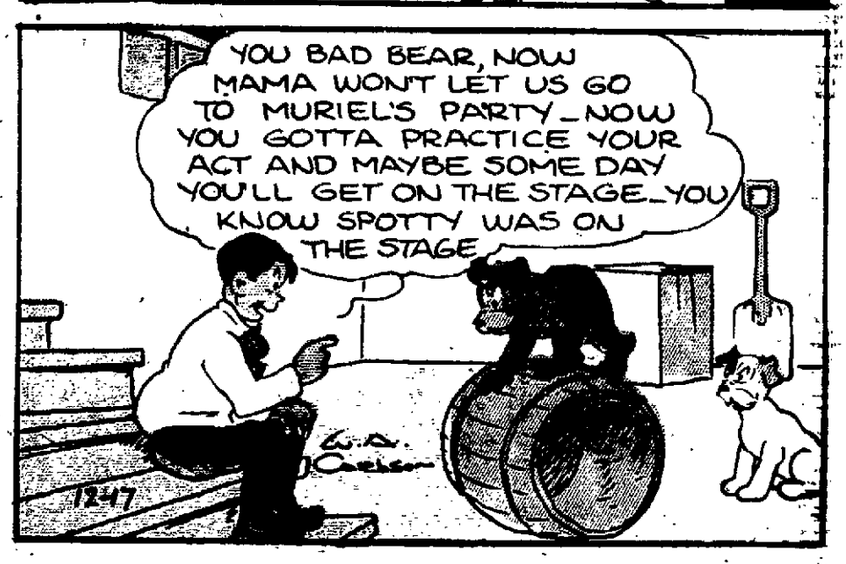

TOONERVILLE FOLKS

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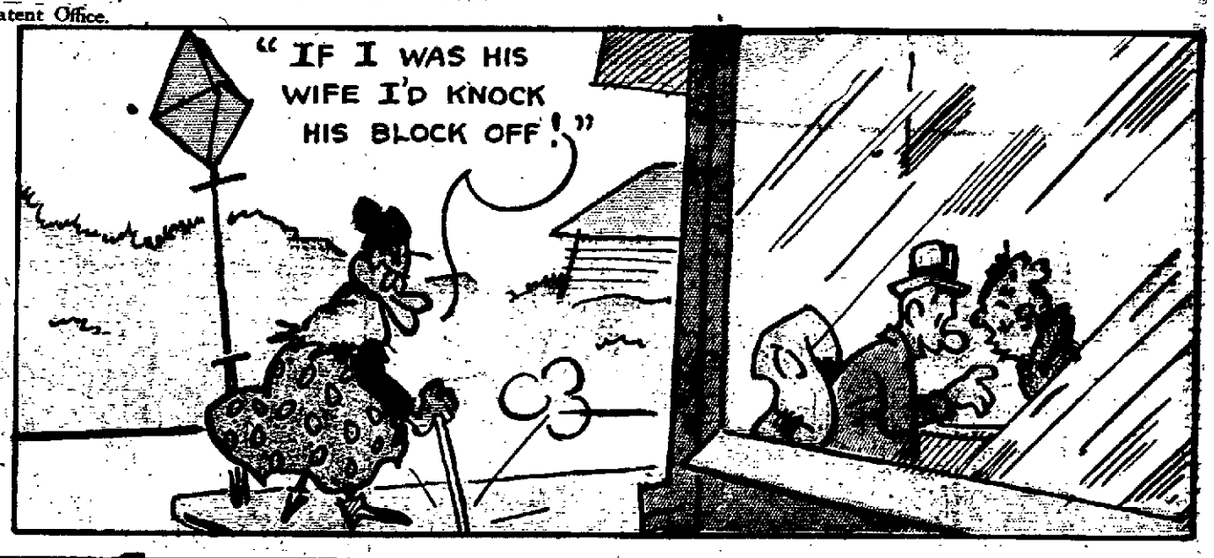

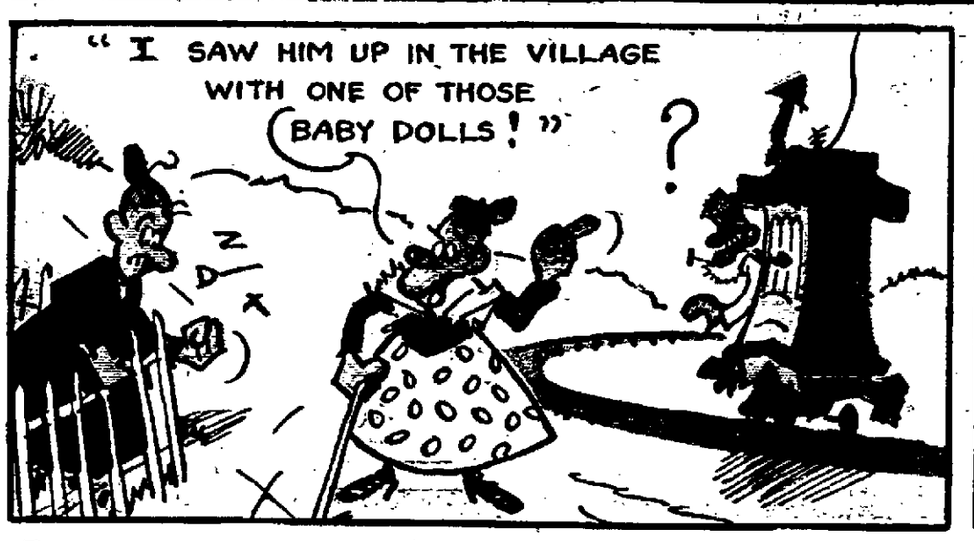

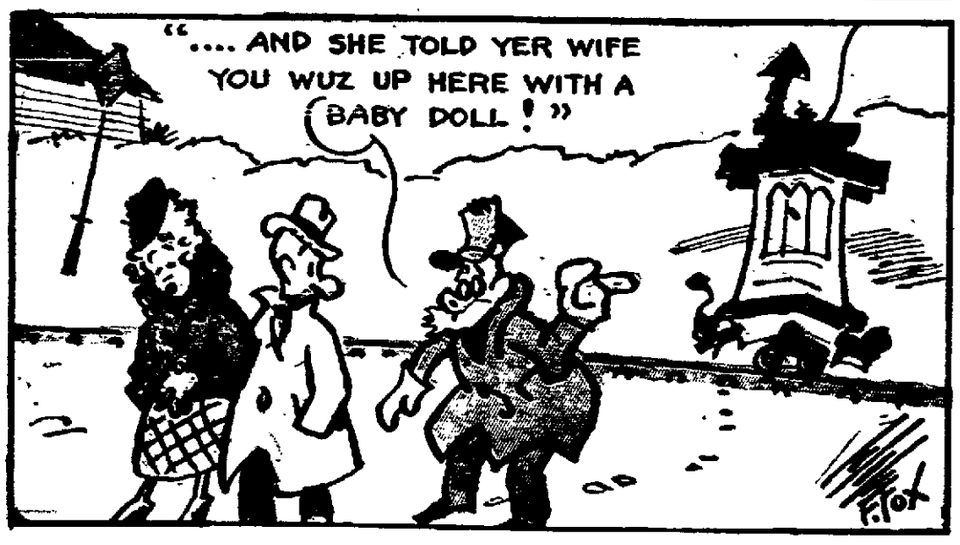

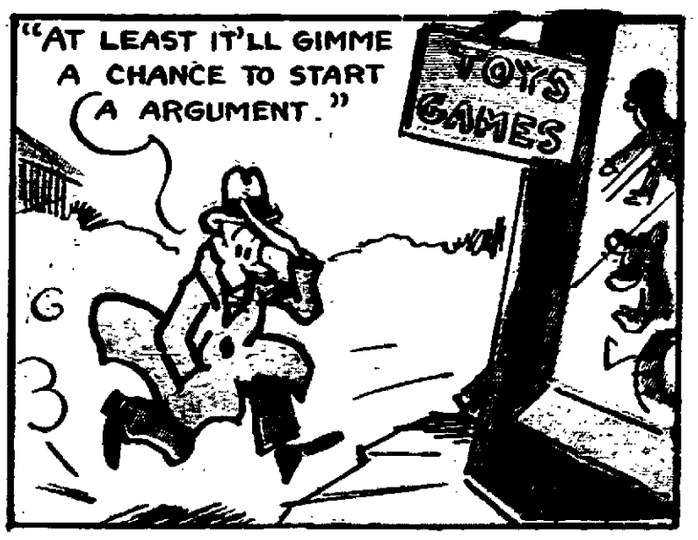

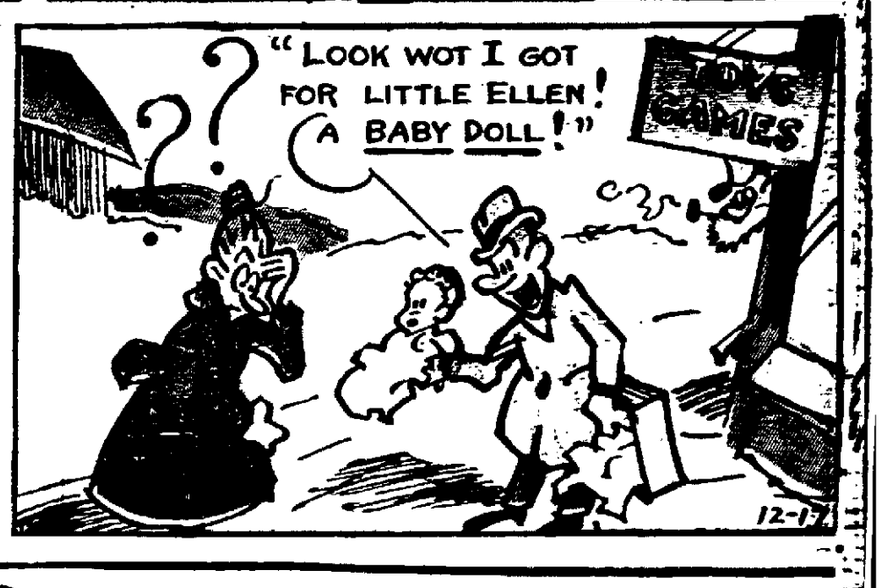

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